Feb. 25, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

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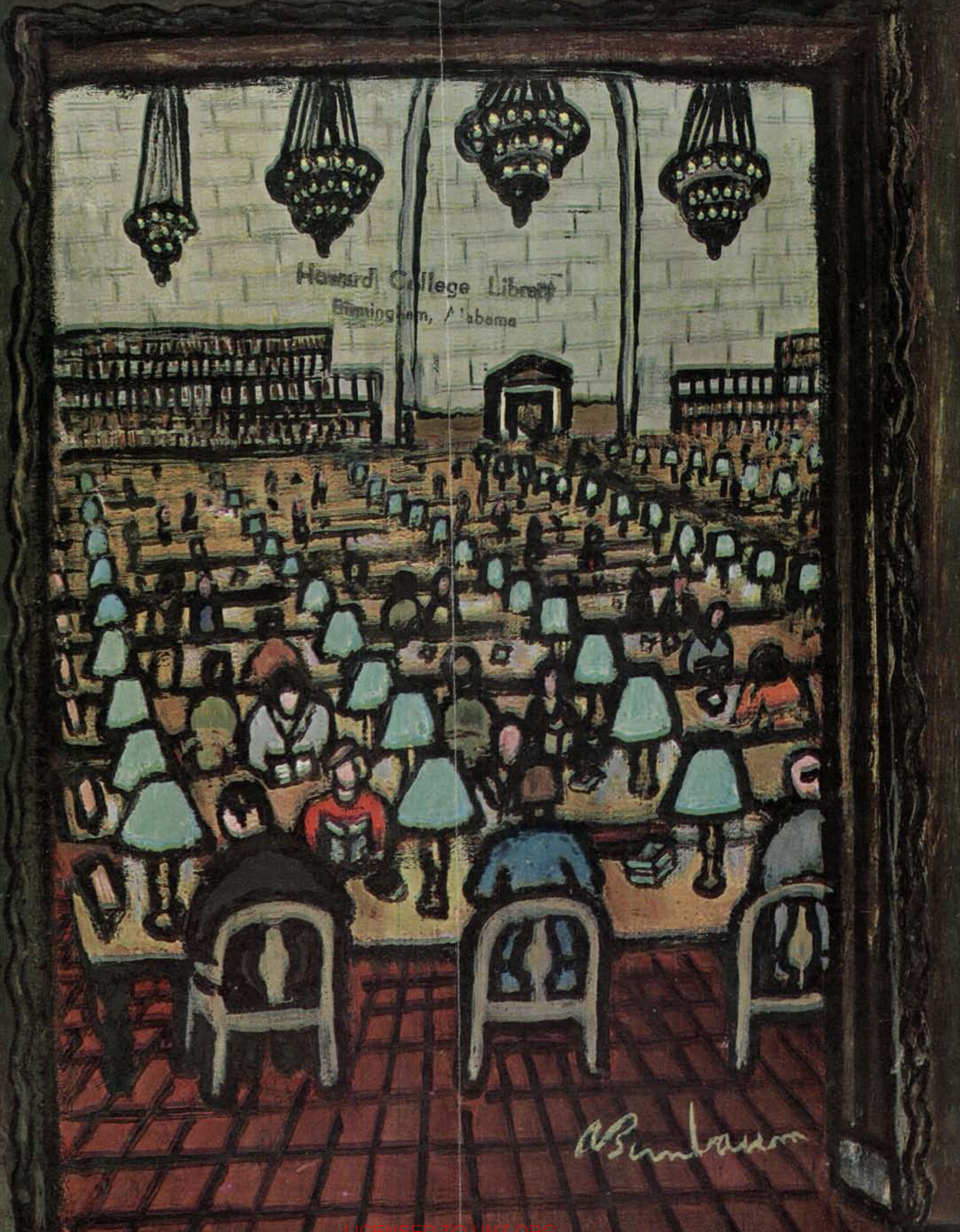
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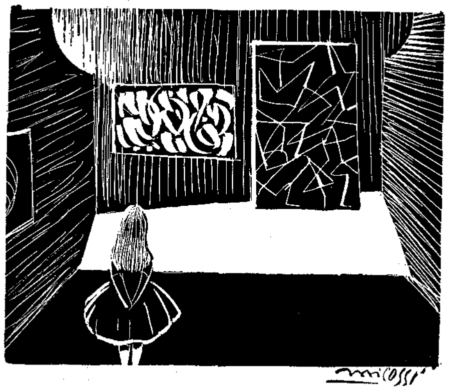
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—Loring Mandel's melodrama, an adaptation of the Allen Drury novel, deals with political shenanigans in Washington when a group of conservative senators tries to prevent a professor who has shown some Leftist leanings in the past from becoming Secretary of State. None of the characters—and there are more than thirty of them—has much substance, and the playwright's ideas of governmental procedure are highly implausible. However, Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy make an exciting group of Senatorial battlers. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's tender and touching adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley are notably effective in the drama. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Becket—Portraying, respectively, the Archbishop and the King in Jean Anouilh's dishevelled account of the twelfth-century struggle for dominance between Church and State, Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn employ such different styles that they never do blend their performances satisfactorily. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comédie-Française—A three-week repertory of plays presented by S. Hurok by arrangement with the French government. The schedule through March 4: A double bill by Molière—"L'Impromptu de Versailles" and "Les Fourberies de Scapin," Thursday and Friday, Feb. 23-24, at 8:30; Saturday, Feb. 25, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 26, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Molière's "Tartuffe," Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 8, and Wednesday, March 1, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Racine's "Britannicus," Thursday, March 2, at 8; Friday, March 3, at 8:30; and Saturday, March 4, at 2:30 and 8:30. A simultaneous translation will accompany each performance; receivers may be rented. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Closes Sunday, March 12.)

Critic's Choice—A laggardly business in which Henry Fonda functions as a newspaper drama reviewer driven to distraction because his wife has written a play that he considers abominable but that he thinks he should review. Mr. Fonda and such fellow-performers as Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton try hard, but they are only occasionally amusing. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A felicitous and funny divertissement in which two highly original comics spoof everything from modern drama to the P.-T.A. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Once There Was a Russian—Sam Spewack's comedy, with Walter Matthau, Françoise Rosay, and Julie Newmar. Directed by Gene Frankel and produced by Leonard Key, Morton Segal, and Kenneth Schwartz, in association with Mel Howard. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Period of Adjustment—A Tennessee Williams play that is advertised as a serious comedy. It is often silly when it tries to be serious and glum when it tries to be comic, but Barbara Baxley and Robert Webber, and Rosemary Murphy and James Daly, who portray two star-crossed married couples in the South, are laudable performers. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday March 4.)

Rhinoceros—All kinds of droll and perceptive observations about the human race by Eugene Ionesco, who doesn't approve of conformity of any kind and establishes his case with enormous ingenuity. Zero Mostel and Eli Wallach stand out in a remarkable cast, and Joseph Anthony, who directed the show, and Derek Prouse, who translated it from the French, are also to be highly commended. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—There are some strange characters on view in this drama, but Shelagh Delaney, the North Country English girl who wrote it a couple of years ago, when she was nineteen, has certainly infused them with life and put them into a convincing setting. The cast contains only five performers, and they are all excellent—Angela Lansbury, as a prostitute getting long in the tooth; Nigel Davenport, as her protector; Joan Plowright, as her daughter; Billy Dee Williams, as the daughter's colored seducer; and Andrew Ray, as the girl's sympathetic homosexual pal. Miss Plowright is especially noteworthy in a very taxing role. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Under the Yum-Yum Tree—Lawrence Roman's comedy about a San Francisco maiden who is happy to share quarters with her fiancé but wants him to keep his distance. It's all pretty arch, and while Sandra Church is now and then diverting as the determined virgin, and Dean Jones reasonably helpful as her frustrated suitor, it is Gig Young, as a libidinous landlord, who provides the play's most antic moments. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wall—Millard Lampell's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the Jews trapped in the Warsaw ghetto during the Second World War. It has some strong scenes, but it tries to interest us so swiftly in so many people that we never get to know most of them more than casually. Among the prisoners in the ghetto are George C. Scott, Joseph Buloff, David Opatoshu, and Marian Seldes. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the best man:** Melvyn Douglas, Lee Tracy, and Frank Lovejoy are the main participants in this *drame à clef* by Gore Vidal, which deals with the backstage maneuverings at an unidentified Presidential convention. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **the miracle worker:** Some seventy years ago, an Irish girl called Annie Sullivan taught a blind deaf-mute named Helen Keller how to communicate with the world. William Gibson wrote the script, and his leading players are Suzanne Pleshette and Patty Duke. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **the tenth man:** A nihilistic young lawyer is restored to life and love by an exorcism ceremony performed on a Jewish girl who is thought to be possessed by a dybbuk. With Alan Manson, Jacob Ben-Ami, and Martin Wolfson. Words by Paddy Chayefsky. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **toys in the attic:** Lillian Hellman's play about the ways in which sex and money undermine a genteel New Orleans family. Irene Worth, Maureen Stapleton, and Robert Loggia star in it. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Come Blow Your Horn—Hal March in a comedy by Neil Simon. The director is Stanley Prager and the producers are William Hammerstein and Michael Ellis. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—If it's scenic beauty you're after, you'll find plenty of it in this account of King Arthur and his court, but the play itself is rather slow-moving, even though such lively types as Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart had a hand in the production. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Do Re Mi—Jukebox entrepreneurs at work and at play. Not very stimulating, despite the best efforts of Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. The book was written by Garson Kanin, the music by Jule Styne, and the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly,

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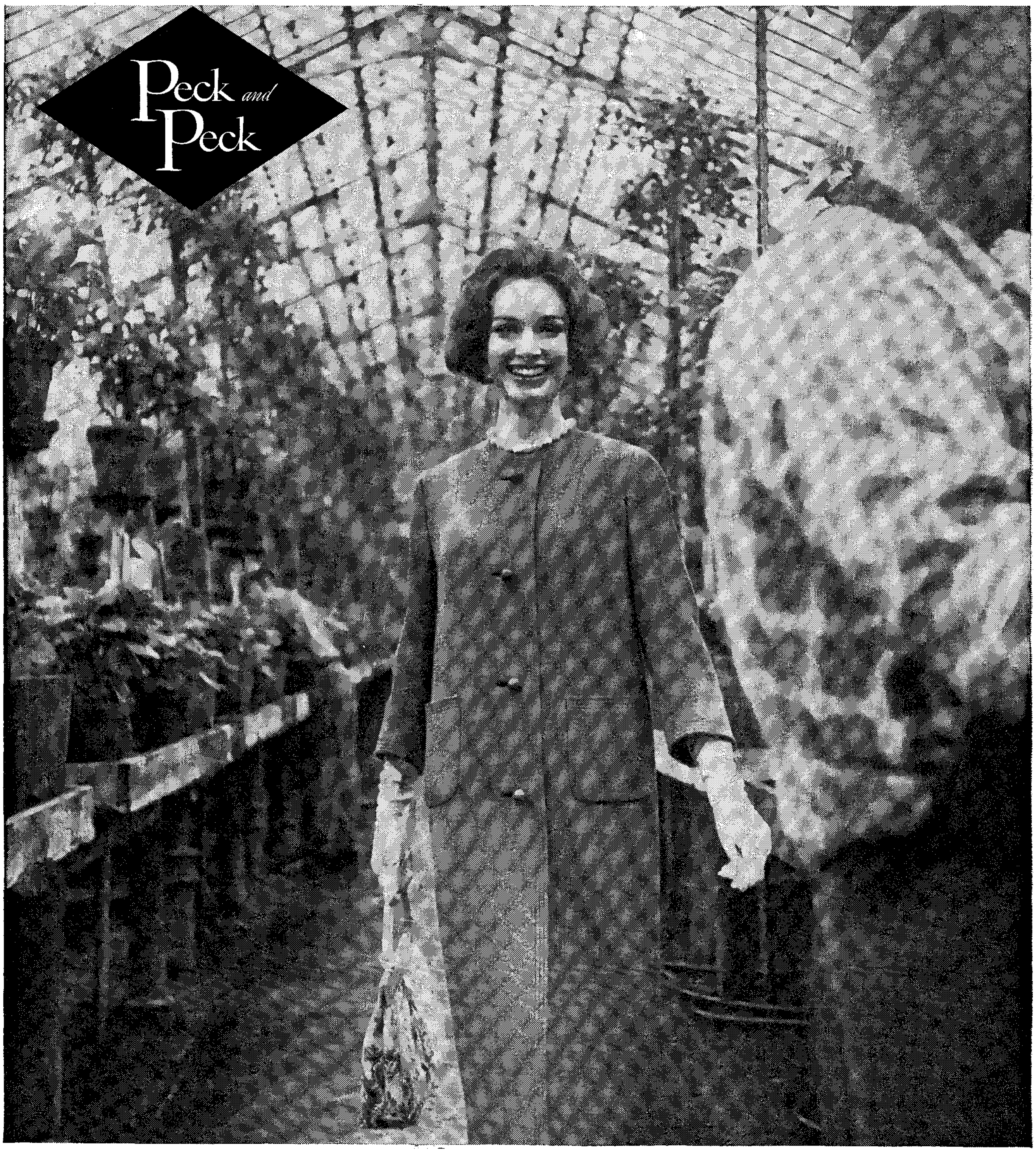

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except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—Using leers as substitutes for laughs, this importation—from France via England—describes the capers of a Parisian tart and her innumerable clients. Elizabeth Seal, an agile type, is the girl about whom the males in the cast keep buzzing. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Show Girl—The very amusing Carol Channing doing a number of lighthearted and lightweight turns, with the assistance of Jules Munshin and four Frenchmen billed as Les Quat' Jeudis. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 26.)

Tenderloin—As directed by George Abbott (who collaborated on the book with Jerome Weidman), this show about a snoopy parson given to exploring the haunts of sinners in old Manhattan is quite tumultuous but not very funny. Maurice Evans heads the large and boisterous cast, and the show has some clever settings by Cecil Beaton. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—A jolly account of the ups and downs of a backwoods Colorado girl who strikes it rich by marrying a man with a silver thumb, goes on to crash Denver and French society with a hell of a bang, and eventually survives the sinking of the Titanic. As played by Tammy Grimes, the lady is a delight, and so, on the whole, is the show. It has agreeable tunes by Meredith Willson, colorful sets by Oliver Smith, and ingenious choreography by Peter Gennaro, and has been lovingly directed by Dore Schary. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—A saga of the petroleum belt that is short on melody and wit but introduces some spectacular stage effects. Lucille Ball appears as a ruffian young woman preoccupied with making a fortune in oil, and Keith Andes, Don Tomkins, Howard Fischer, and Clifford David also participate. The music was provided by Cy Coleman, the lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, and the book by N. Richard Nash; Michael Kidd is responsible for the direction and choreography. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bye bye birdie:** Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke in a musical having to do with some people in the orbit of rock 'n' roll. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **fiorello!:** A period show about Manhattan politics, based on the events leading up to the election of LaGuardia. Howard Da Silva and Tom Bosley keep the Little Flower blooming. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **gypsy:** The career of Gypsy Rose Lee, from humble beginnings in vaudeville to ecdysiastic heights in burlesque. Ethel Merman plays Gypsy's mother. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the music man:** Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Bert Parks. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the sound of music:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us about the Trapp family, who fled Austria in 1938 to evade the Nazis and became well known as singers in the United States. With Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

13 Daughters—Don Ameche in a musical by Eaton Magoon, Jr. Rod Alexander is the director, Jack H. Silverman the producer. Opens Thursday, March 2. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The American Dream—The target of this new play by Edward Albee is that vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he demolishes with a comic agility that is not in the least hobbled by the startling bitterness underlying it. The production, directed by Alan Schneider, sustains Albee's quicker-than-the-eye mockery right up to last word. The evening is opened by another short Albee play—"The Death of Bessie Smith." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Call Me by My Rightful Name—A weedy play about the difficulties that two young symbols—one Negro and one white—have over a white girl, played with great lissomeness by Joan Hackett, who had to get her start somewhere. The author is Michael Shurtleff, who once read "The Waste Land" attentively. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

Double Entry—Rosetta LeNoire in two one-act musicals—"The Bible Salesman" and "The Oldest Trick in the World"—written by Jay Thompson and directed by Bill Penn. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Elsa Lanchester, Herself—Miss Lanchester in a rigorous, monotonous rundown of a dozen or so ballads, songs, and patter numbers. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Epitaph for George Dillon—The John Osborne-Anthony Creighton play that flickered bravely but briefly on Broadway two years ago. The hero is a largely unbelievable cad who would like to act and write great plays and who discovers, after a year or so of sponging off a lower-middle-class London family, that his dreams will never come true. The production is energetic but glancing. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

In the Jungle of Cities—The American première of this 1922 Brecht play, which deals with a mysterious struggle that takes place in Chicago between a prairie boy and an Oriental lumber dealer just before the First World War, is given a superior production—one that is possibly better than its materials deserve. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An Indian play, which incorporates stylized acting with singing, chanting, dancing, and pantomime, all of which is supposed to tell how a king and queen, symbols both, get around their philosophical and spiritual differences and achieve union. Some of the play's brain food gets lost in transit, but there is always something handsome to see and/or hear. The author is Rabindranath Tagore. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two stimulating one-act plays, excellently performed. The first was written by Samuel Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The entire enterprise employs only three actors—Herbert Berghof, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Kreutzer Sonata—Tolstoy's short novel about the sins of physical love. The conversion is by Roderick Lovell and Hannah Watt—a husband-and-wife team and the play's entire cast—and the results are a tedious mixture of recitation and melodramatic acting, performed within a black-velvet set that would have given Poe the creeps. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. Eileen Brennan ticks off the heroine with consummate art. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays

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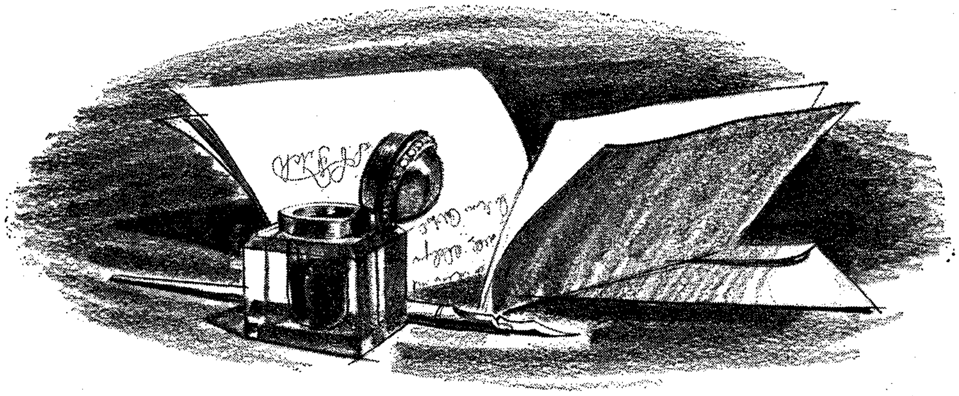

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through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Moon in the Yellow River—A symbolic play, written in 1930 by Denis Johnston, about the difficulties that arise when an Irish revolutionary (country mouse) tries to blow up a powerhouse run by a German engineer (city mouse). The setting is Ireland and the cast a good one. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Mousetrap—Agatha Christie in a retread of some very old material found in her files. There are a lonely English country mansion, uneasy guests, and a homicidal maniac who unwittingly reveals his identity about halfway through, thus casting all suspense to the winds. The play, for some very esoteric reason, has been going for eight years in London. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Octoroon—A strong, if unintentional, attempt by the Phoenix repertory company to consign to oblivion (where it belongs) this 1859 Dion Boucicault melodrama about Uncle Tom down on the old plantation. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 5.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

There Is a Play Tonight!—Joyce Bulifant in a newly discovered comedy by the late Ferenc Molnár. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Three Modern Japanese Plays—One-act plays, two of them adapted from ancient, highly poetic *no* plays, and the third from a contemporary short story. The ardor of the cast, however, is too much for its water-color materials. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—"Fourscore and seven years ago . . ." In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Tiger Rag—Nancy Andrews in a musical with book and lyrics by Seyril Schochen and music by Kenneth Gaburo. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

To Damascus—An abortive adaptation of parts of Strindberg's huge expressionistic autobiographical trilogy, "The Road to Damascus," performed on a nearly bare stage the size of a tea tray by a cast that likes to roll its eyeballs heavenward. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0283. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Two for Fun—Mata & Hari, the husband-and-wife pantomime team, in a satiric revue, with music by Lothar Perl and Silvio Masciarelli. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. OR 9-6244. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Walk-Up—A play by Gerald Sanford, directed by Matt Cimber. Opens Thursday, Feb. 23. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Note—Five characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The last kingdom on earth that hasn't been troubled by the gold-export problem. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra provide counting-house dance music.

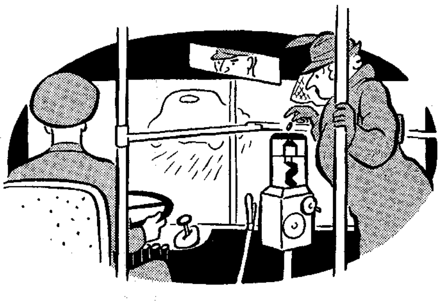
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Waltzes by Strauss, and the words that go with them, are being distributed about the Cotillion Room by Wilbur Evans, Jimmy Carroll, and a perky new nasturtium named Lorna Ceniceros. The excuse is an hour's reprise of "Rosalinda" minus, happily, most of the plot. It is front and center at dinnertime every evening, and additionally at supper on Fridays and Saturdays. There's no scenery except the customers' furs. Plenty of dance music is tossed off, too, during the night. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's polite followers are the dance musicians in the upper-bracket Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The happy talk of Ted Straeter's flowing covey of minstrels and the brisk persiflage of Mark Monte's exemplary band make the Persian Room glow in the dark of night. At dinner and supper there is Hildegarde, still invincibly ladylike, singing songs that are much more up-to-date than her customary portfolio and still coming out second best in her match with her piano. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays in the Palm Court for the cocktail hour (four to seven) and in the Edwardian Room for the dinner hour. No dancing in either abode. . . . ¶ The stilly night in the Rendez-Vous, a good-looking rest home, is mildly punctured now and then by the languid dance orchestras run by Irving Conn and Nicholas D'Amico. They start at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Jones Beachers will be drifting back to sea after Saturday, Feb. 25, and on Monday, Feb. 27, Jimmy Palmer's dance band will resume its humming-and-drumming existence. The scene is the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Twice a night, at fashionably late mealtimes, Marti Stevens, beautiful and withdrawn, accomplishes her purpose, which is balladry, with gentle finesse rather than fury. Her recital hall is the baronial Maisonette. Milt Shaw's band and Walter Kay's trio fill the rest of the evening with cut-glass dance music. On Thursday, March 2, Felicia Sanders (now of the Bon Soir, q.v.) will succeed Miss Stevens as nightingale. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The next thing to utter seclusion is anyone's for the asking in the Columns, a moonlit terrace whose tables are widely, widely spaced. Dinner music begins at seven-thirty and dance music an hour later. Gunnar Hansen's and Charles Holden's little orchestras do the 3/4 and 4/4 honors. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There's more room for the improvement of one's peace of mind among the equally widely spaced armchairs and tables of the Savoy Room, where Ray Hartley addresses a piano from cocktails through suppertime every night but Sunday.



Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The twin colonies belowstairs (the Embassy Club and the Knight Box) are still a débutante's delight. The Club serves strutters' music by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band from eight-thirty or nine until one-thirty or two; the Box serves sitters' music by Jani Sarkozi's violin from eight o'clock on. Both caravansaries are closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room, suddenly unafraid of humor, is now host to the wise and witty Adolph Green and Betty Comden, who are reverting to type (their long-ago days in night life) by singing—and clowning—a lot of the lyrics they have thought up through the years. They get going during dinner and supper; the sonorous orchestra of Emil Coleman and Theo Fanidi's band do dance music all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, decorated to suggest an Elysian field, Michael Zarin's band alternates with the orchestra of Ray Bari. The music is sedentary from six to eight-thirty, and dance-tune after that. Sundays, when the music is sedentary from six to eight and then dance-tune until one, the Baris are by themselves.

Note—From a windowside seat in the Rainbow Room, at the top of the 30 Rockefeller Plaza ski tow, New York seems more and more a Lilliputian bazaar. There's intermittent non-dance music by a trio during cocktails and dinner. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): "*J'y suis, j'y reste*" is the motto, possibly expressed not quite so succinctly, of the inmates of this distinctly Manhattan inglenook. Murray Grand's amiable East Fifties piano, which begins at eight, moves after ten-thirty into the Plush Room, a tiny and happy spa in which Jane Harvey, all of whose songs are hand-tailored, gives every lyric its just deserts. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Children of all ages, and none of them introverts, at play. They are supervised by Goldie Hawkins, headmaster and pianist-in-chief. The order of the evening is this: Bob Printz on piano from five-thirty to eight; Mr. Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a team. Closed Sundays. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, lord of the manor and of the Steinway, presides on a slight eminence at the west end of as fine a sweep of greenery as the town affords. He's there from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday administrator. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday that has been going on, daily except Sundays, for years. No one is more expert at threading the mass of celebrants than Herman Honigsberg's élite corps of ambulatory violinists, which is on the move until all hours. Whenever they cool out, a squad of ambulatory guitarists fills the breach. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine family dinner party in a combination concert stage, opera house, and dance hall. The head of the family is Aldo Bruschi, operator of piano, oboe, concertina, and basso profundo. Every week, from Tuesday through Saturday, he stages miniature operas, which right now run to Puccini and Verdi. Additionally, from Thursday through Sunday, he runs a dance group and accompanies the succession of singers who wander in and out of the spotlight. I.e., never a dull moment. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): King Henri, the original occupant of the premises, was obviously a merry old soul, to judge by the toy draw-

Richard Avedon

the ingenue look... young, flattering, but not the least naive. Two layers of sheer nylon tricot with flowering appliques of Alençon lace. Gown, 10.95. With peignoir, 25.95. VANITY FAIR MILLS, INC., 640 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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bridge, moat, and armor he left behind. The only one of his fiddlers three still extant is Norbert Faconi, whose tableside manner is par excellence. No music Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards at large, which is hard on the feet, vocal cords, and stringed instruments but generally easy on the ears. The theme is flamenco. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays.... **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The style to which we'd all like to become accustomed. The piano in the bar is run by Jules Kuti, who is on from five to eleven. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The House of Lords in a sociable mood. The court musician is George Feyer, whose parlor piano is distributed from eight-thirty through suppertime. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): An old-established pump room, rebuilt into a Moorish town house, and a rather handsome one. The bar and kitchen remain American, though, and so does the leisurely music, which is the piano of Conrad Monjoy. This goes on from six to midnight, and a trifle later on Saturdays. No music Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bouncing Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle displaying his transatlantic portfolio, mostly British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays.... **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): Skillfully sidestepping the native girl who is giving away *leis* by the armful, you press on into the interior of Polynesia, where a native restaurant and native musicians (the Polynesians seem to have been the inventors of the electronic ukulele) await you every night of the week. George Taylor, who's definitely from the mainland, plays piano in the bar every night but Sunday.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Trattoria* of style, without being obtrusive about it. The music, which is wandering minstrelsy, is provided by the voices and instruments of casual hillbillies from (where else?) the seven hills of Rome. Their work night is six to two. Closed Sundays.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A slice of life after dark in Madrid. The illusion is assisted no end by the guitar and piano that lurk within. Closed Sundays. ... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): First, second, and third Hungarian rhapsodies, sometimes simultaneously. The ceaseless ebb and flow of music is most successfully surmounted by the Old World tenor of Tibor Rakossy. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): From nine-thirty to one, this opulent little bar, a Joan Miró daydream, is in the charge of a new guitarist, Gustavo Lopez, who does night-dreaming music. No sound on Mondays.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who keeps making the grand tour from Caracas to Europe and back, is spending this winter at the piano of the Casino-on-the-Park. He's around from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, and Sunday is his day of rest.... **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): *Kaffeeklatsch* time on the East Side, augmented by musicians who never lay down their weapons and singers who never stop vocalizing. Vienna, it is plain, is really international, for the balladists are on loan from Iceland, Pakistan, Outer Mongolia, Sheepshead Bay, and even (in the person of little Vicky Autier) Paris. Closed Mondays.

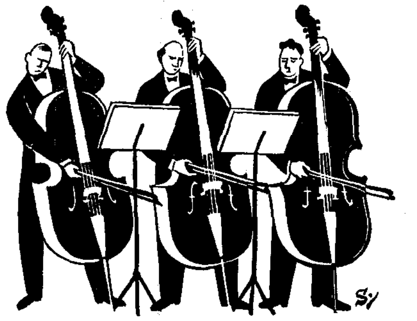
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A big, wide, wonderful world replete with seven-foot seraphs who do their vigorous setting-up exercises as unassumingly garbed as Susanna on her way to meet the Elders. Rowan and Martin, a pair of jollifiers who are now a nationally advertised product, will be added to the hurly-burly on Wednesday, March 1. Dancing.... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Bobby Darin, the American youth's companion, is piping away at the bottom of the orchestra pit. Another young touch is the presence of eight lovely wards in chancery, whose guardian must have told them that ballet is all play and no work. Dancing.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Frances Faye, whose proud boast it is that she has not yet encountered a shatterproof song, comes down upon her piano, her band, and her audience like that Assyrian. Pale by comparison are Gene Baylos, an industrious comedian not always equipped with the proper tools, and Louis Jordan's Tympany Five, of which it is possible that the less heard the better. They all go on terminal leave as of Wednesday, March 1. The following evening, a stalwart crew of musicians will help Benny Goodman reopen his memory book. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

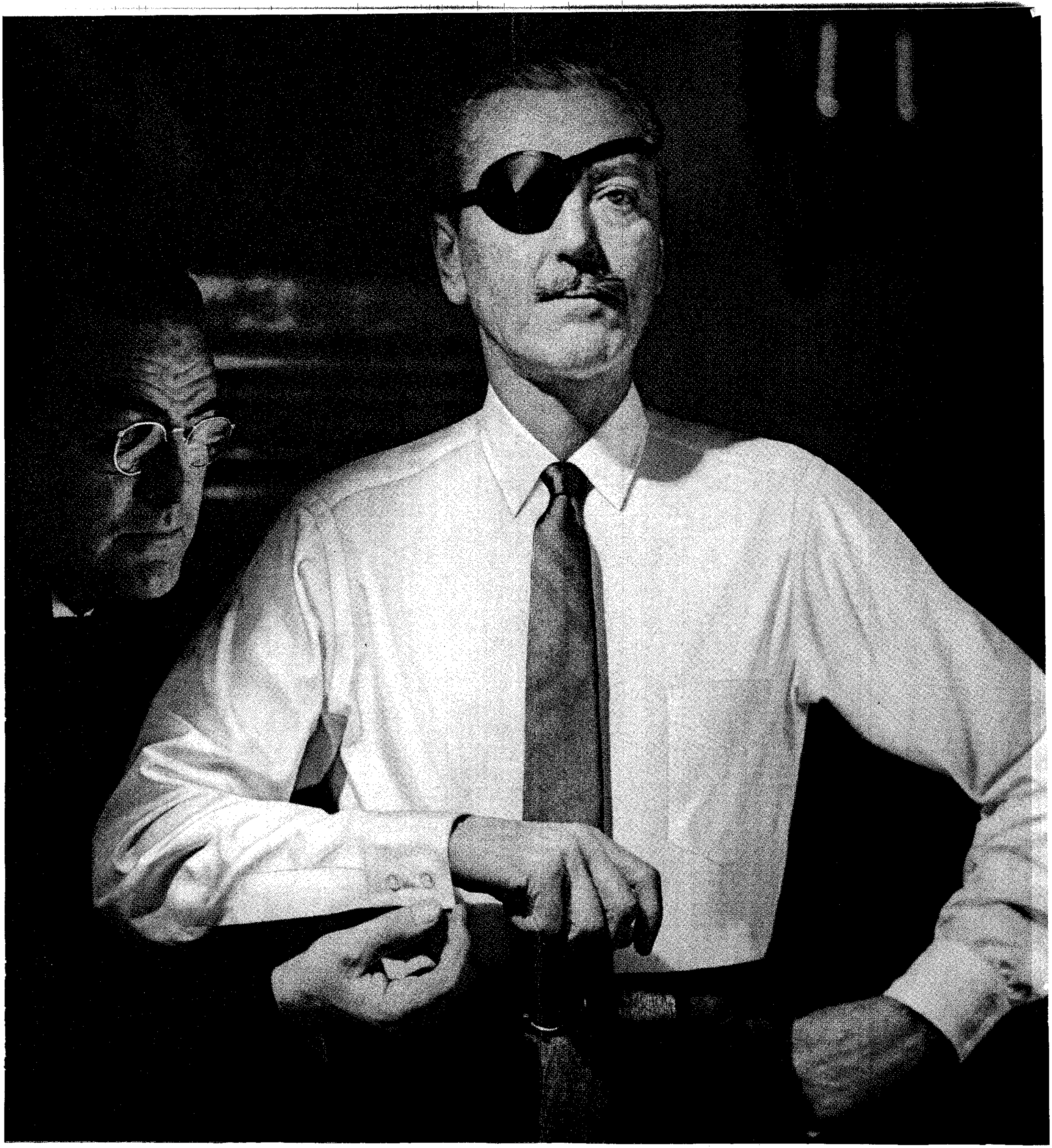
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Serpent's-tooth conversation pieces by Jack Douglas, a funny man with the courage of his convictions and the knack of letting the chips fall precisely where they belong. His minute Japanese wife, Reiko, is a genuinely gold-leaf foil for his semantics. Also on hand: the three Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, who season their beguiling session of Irish balladry with some real up-the-rebels arias, and Barbara Gilbert, a fine figure of a fussbudget with songs of indignation to match. The background is the inventive Jimmy Lyons trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his aides) and the garrulous piano of Otis Clements.... ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty's piano recites casual tone poems from six to eight, and there are sometimes milkman's matinées of piano and/or trio. No music Saturdays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): "Dressed to the Nines," which is Julius Monk's most recent and most pungent white paper on the state of the nation, pays its disrespects at nine-fifteen and midnight. The *farceurs* in the revue are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, and Gerry Matthews (Monk veterans all), as well as Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl. William Roy and Carl Norman make their two pianos sound like an orchestra. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The silly season of Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart, who play tricks not only with bass and piano but with voice, is in full flower. Their foolishness is supplemented by the keyboard work of Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, whose variations on themes by Gershwin, Kern, et al., are seventeen-jewel. The pianos begin at nine, the foolishness at ten. Closed Sundays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The nights here have lately grown milder again, even though Felicia Sanders, a singer whose well-tempered voice sees her through a remarkable lot of stress and strain, is still around. The most personable of the newcomers is Paul Dooley, wit. The old family retainers—Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, musicians to whom every night is Halloween, and Jimmie Daniels, *padrone* and tenor—are still around, too. Peter Daniels and Loumel Morgan administer the interlude piano. Miss Sanders and Mr. Dooley come to an end on Sunday, Feb. 26; Tuesday, Feb. 28, is opening night for Del Close, a humorist whose unusually high frequency requires careful tuning in. Closed Mondays.... **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): "Stewed Prunes," the second-story occupant of this Village playpen, is a tongue-in-cheek study (after all, it's mostly pantomime) of many forms of human frustration, executed by a set of three inventive young people. Seminars at nine and twelve weekdays, and at five-thirty and nine on Sundays. Tuesday is their night off.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): In the footsteps of the mighty Carmen Amaya there is passion, persuasion, and just plain *ambiance*. She and her fiery troupe inhabit the back room. Sundays, the sole event is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty.... ¶ Around ten, next door to the bar, the eerie flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the fevered songs of Domingo Alvarado convert the alcove they occupy into one of our best music rooms.... **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a Bureau of Standards for all girls who aspire to sing in public, goes about her recital with the calm that comes with a few decades of experience. Her dignified mountain fastness, high above the torrential freshet called the Roundtable, is also occupied by Sam Hamilton, her permanent equerry, and Don Evans, a pair of young men capable of putting any piano into a state of beatitude. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): "O, Oysters!," a very, very Village revue that has to put up quite an argument to justify its existence, goes its miniature way, with a cast of six, at eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and at eight-forty-five Mondays through Thursdays. Closed Sundays.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The sweet and low-down trumpet of Bobby Hackett is the salient feature of a quartet whose remembrance of things past is faultless. Bob Corwin, the solo pianist, keeps the keyboard warm as toast, and Mr. Condon, having put aside his guitar, serves now as innkeeper. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Whenever Oscar Brown, Jr., who's making his entry into night life, lays aside his Judgment Day lyrics in favor of loose-limbed fun, he's an entertainer of quality; all the time, he's a performer of quality. His compeer, Orson Bean, a commentator who's lived plenty of his young life on this stage, is exploring a couple of hitherto undiscovered green pastures in which to kick up his altogether lively heels. The Messrs. Brown and Bean depart on Sunday, Feb. 26; their heirs and assigns, due on Tuesday, Feb. 28, are the fivesome of Miles Davis, a horn of plenty when he's not absent-minded (or absent), and a new outfit—Lee Konitz, now teamed up with Jim Hall. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty.... **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mel Tormé, so full of the *elixir of life that he just can't keep it all to* himself, is singing like a bird these nights—a bird of many a strange and wonderful passage. Al Cohn, Bill Crowe, and Bob Brookmeyer are among his glowing musicians. There's further music, of sorts, from the trio of Dorothy Donegan, whose performance is part pianist and part Little Egypt. They all operate every day but Sunday.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Some real veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are whooping it up, and sometimes gagging it up, for the sake of that dear old Southland. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Flip and hip is the piano of Billy Taylor, who runs one of the most persuasive of the new-era trios. He takes his post inside the oval bar around ten. No sounds on Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Music to watch Grandma Moses to. The exhibit of primitives



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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opens up at three in the afternoon, and even at one-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays. The trios owned by Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman handle the day trick; the night job is handled by Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays) and the Bourbon Street Six, with a Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday assist by Sol Yaged's fivesome. The Bourbon Street Six comes to a halt on Sunday, Feb. 26; on Tuesday, Feb. 28, the Salt City Six checks in. On Saturdays, by the way, the room upstairs is open to accommodate the Coles and Max Kaminsky's quintet. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): When he's feeling his oats, Dizzy Gillespie gives us the best of mop-and-bop on his little tin horn. He's surrounded by four aides. The rest of the music comes from Illinois Jacquet's band, and there's a certain amount of reason for wishing that it didn't. Everyone moves out on Wednesday, March 1; next evening's most notable arrival will be the armed might of Maynard Ferguson's band, which gives itself a case of the shivers. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The rest of the world seems far away from this cozy hero-sandwich conveyor belt. The incumbent quintet is in the hands of Joe Newman, lately a Count Basie boy. Come as you are is O.K. with the owners. Closed Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Cookouts every night but Monday by the Empire City Six, whose melodic line is below the Mason-Dixon Line. Sundays, there are five-o'clock matinées as well as soirées. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): A part of the Village where the iceman cometh, and every night, too. Right now, the fare involves Gigi Gryce's quintet, whose pet instrument seems to be the candy cane. Monday is the Gryce night off. . . . **PRELUDE,** 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): Country life in America, which reminds us a lot of life in New York, now that Red Garland's trio, late of this big city, is going modern up there. No music Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Old wine in an old bottle. The tastings are held only over the weekends. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, all stops and all corks will be pulled out by, it is reported, Sammy Price (making one of his infrequent public appearances), Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Dick Wellstood, Johnny Letman, Red Richards, Gene Sedric, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

HERMAN AXELROD—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

LELAND BELL—Semi-Expressionist paintings, mainly nudes and portrait heads; through Saturday, March 4. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

WILLIAM BRICE—Paintings and drawings, all figure studies; through Saturday, March 4. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER AND JOAN MIRÓ—Mobiles by the former and paintings by the latter, in an exhibition celebrating their thirty years of friendship; through April 1. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PIERRE COURTIN—Engravings by one of the 1960 Venice Biennale prize-winners; through March 11. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings, 8 to 10.)

NICOLAS DE STAËL—A loan exhibition of abstract paintings, 1946-53, by a young French artist who died in 1955; through Saturday, March 4. (Hahn, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

EDWIN DICKINSON—A large retrospective of his paintings, in one of his rare one-man exhibitions; through March 11. (Graham, second and third floors, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK DI GIOIA—Paintings of Little Italy, in New York, and other subjects; through March 11. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

DOROTHY EISNER—Expressionistic still-lifes and landscapes; through March 9. (James, 70 E. 12th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

SAM FRANCIS—Lithographs and gouaches by this American associated with the School of Paris; through March 9. (Anderson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRED GARBERS—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 4. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

JOSEPH GLASCO—Abstract paintings and sculptures, more Cubist in style than formerly; through March 11. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES GRANT—Abstract oils and collages; through Thursday, March 2. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

JOHN GRILLO—Abstract canvases; through Saturday, March 4. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP GUSTON—Abstract Expressionist paintings with a new suggestion of the representational; through March 11. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

DAVID HAYES—Forged-metal sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

JACQUES HNIZDOVSKY—Landscapes and still-lifes, done in a semi-naïve, precise technique; through Saturday, March 4. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Cityscapes with figures, sombre and brooding, as usual; through March 11. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

JASPER JOHNS—Drawings, sculptures, and lithographs by a member of the New York School; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

WOLF KAHN—Abstract oils and pastels; through Saturday, March 4. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEX KATZ—Portraits, landscapes, and interiors; through March 11. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

GUSTAV KLIMT, EGON SCHIELE, AND B. F. DOLBIN—Water colors and drawings; through Tuesday, Feb. 28. (Este, 965-A Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

FRANZ KLINE—Oils of barroom scenes with girls, plus portrait drawings, all done in the early forties; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Collector's Gallery, 49 W. 53rd St.)

KARL KNATHS—Recent abstract oils, mainly based on Cape Cod themes; through Saturday, March 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

LORRI—Paintings and collages by a young Australian artist who lives and works in Rome. First one-man show in New York; through March 11. (Trabia, 14 E. 95th St.)

ROBERT MALLARY—Wall sculptures and relief collages; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Stone, 18 E. 82nd St.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—A retrospective dating from 1924 to 1960, in the first full-length showing of his paintings here in several years; through March 25. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MATTA—New oils, Surrealist in manner, in his first one-man exhibition of paintings in three years; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

ROY MOYER—Still-lifes and figures; through Saturday, March 4. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

RICHARD OLNEY—Still-lifes and portraits; through Saturday, March 4. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

ALFONSO OSSORIO—Abstract paintings; through March 11. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

RAYMOND PARKER—Large, imposing non-objective paintings; through Saturday, March 4. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

FELIX PASILIS—Abstract oils; through Saturday, March 4. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT RANIERI—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT RICHENBURG—Large abstract paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

ROBERT RIDLEY—Ten large canvases; through March 8. (Carmel, 82 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

MANMOHAN SAMANT—Fourteen canvases and one sculpture by an Indian artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, March 4. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

TETSURO SAWADA—Papers painted in sumi, water color, and gouache by a modern Japanese artist; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

TOBIAS SCHNEEBAUM—Semi-abstract oils; through March 18. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

MAURICE SIEVAN—Abstract Expressionist paintings, dark in tone; through Tuesday, Feb. 28. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

HASSEL SMITH—Paintings by a California artist; through March 11. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

SASSON SOFFER—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through March 11. (Parsons, 11 E. 57th St.)

DENNY WINTERS—Figures and landscapes; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

JAMES THRALL SOBY COLLECTION—Paintings and sculptures (by Picasso, Miró, de Chirico, Marini, Calder, and others) from a collection that has been pledged to the Museum of Modern Art. For the benefit of the Museum's library. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-sixth annual exhibition, comprising nearly two hundred and fifty items in various mediums by both members and non-members; through March 19. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces by three Americans—Katherine Nash, David Newman, and Fred Powell; through Tuesday, Feb. 28. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

PRIMITIVE ART—A show called "Surrealism in the Primitive Arts," consisting of sculptures, paintings, and masks from the South Pacific islands and the American Northwest coast; through Tuesday, Feb. 28. (D'Arcy, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARTISTS',** 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Thyra Davidson, Robert Hallett, Adolph Rosenblatt, and six other painters; through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Weekdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 19 E. 71st St.: Stephen Csoka, Aristedes Stravrolakes, Hollis Holbrook, and others in a midseason retrospection; through

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Leonard Baskin, John Marin, and Charles Sheeler are three of the artists represented in a showing of aquamedia (water colors, gouaches, temperas, and caseins); through March 11.... **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Oils and water colors by members of the gallery (for instance Chen Chi, Margery Ryerson, and Frederic Whitaker) who have won prizes in regional and national competitions; through March 11.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Gouaches, water colors, and pastels by twentieth-century Americans, including William Glackens, John Sloan, and William Kienbusch; through Saturday, March 4.... **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: A twenty-ninth-anniversary exhibition of paintings and sculptures by such gallery members as Isabel Bishop, Edward Betts, and Raymond Puccinelli; through Saturday, Feb. 25.... **NORDNESS**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Self-portraits and portraits of other artists by, among others, Eastman Johnson, Reginald Marsh, and Julian Levi; through March 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 10.)... **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Monotypes by Antonio Frasconi, Peter Takal, and others, loaned by the Philadelphia Art Alliance; through Saturday, March 4.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings from the sixteenth century to today, illustrating similarities and diversions in style; through Saturday, Feb. 25.... **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Miriam Bergman, Theo Hios, Barbara Hepworth, and others; through Saturday, March 4. (Closed Mondays.)... **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: 1960 Venice Biennale prize-winning works in various mediums by Alberto Burri, Antonio Music, and Pietro Consagra (to mention a few); through Saturday, March 4.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by René Acht, Modest Cuixart, Terry Frost, and others; through March 18. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of fourteenth- to eighteenth-century Italian drawings by such masters as Pollaiuolo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Canaletto, on loan from major Italian collections; starting Thursday, March 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings done since 1945, including eleven recent murals, by the Abstract Expressionist Mark Rothko; through March 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Drawings of the past three hundred years, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others, from the Museum's collection; through Wednesday, March 1.... ¶ "Masters of Contemporary American Crafts," a display of textiles, ceramics, enamels, silver, and furniture, illustrating the influence on these decorative arts of Lili Blumenau, Kenneth F. Bates, Wharton Esherick, and others; through April 23. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan exhibition of gold, jade, and bronze objects, as well as ceramics and pottery sculpture, from the Han dynasty (206 B.C.-221 A.D.); through March 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About eighty paintings from the Arensberg and Gallatin Collections, lent by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Among the artists represented are Braque, Chagall, Duchamp, Gris, Léger, and Picasso. Through April 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.—Portraits found in ancient manuscripts, and portrait drawings, from the ninth to the nineteenth centuries; through March 11. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A memorial exhibition of wall hangings by Mariska Karasz and ceramics by Katherine Choy; through March 12. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Masks, sculptures, and other ceremonial carvings from the Papuan Gulf area in southern New Guinea; through May 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—From the Museum's collections: Forty seventeenth- to nineteenth-century Tibetan tankas, or banner paintings, done by Buddhist lamas; Far Eastern art objects; and American paintings and sculptures by B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Hugo Robus, Adja Yunkers, and others. After Sunday, Feb. 26, the Museum will be closed until Sunday, March 5, when there will be a new exhibition. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"The Precisionist View in American Art," a showing of paintings, mainly from the twenties, organized by the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis. The artists include George Ault, Charles Demuth, and Charles Sheeler; through Tuesday, Feb. 28.... ¶ An exhibit (paintings, drawings, and monotypes) in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Maurice Prendergast; through April 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Giulietta Simionato, Kurt Baum, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 24, at 8: A new production of Puccini's "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Anna Moffo, and Franco Corelli. (A benefit sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild for the Production Fund.)... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 25, at 2: "Martha" (in English), with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Eileen Farrell, Giulietta Simionato, Eugenio Fernandi, Anselmo Colzani, and William Wildermann.... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 26, at 8: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Laurel Hurley, Barry Morell, Mario Sereni, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Monday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Mignon Dunn, Jan Peerce, Robert Merrill, and William Wildermann.... ¶ Wednesday, March 1, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Thursday, March 2, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Giulietta Simionato, Mary MacKenzie, Barry Morell, Robert Merrill, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Friday, March 3, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Leontyne Price, Helen Vanni, William Olvis, and Lorenzo Testi.... ¶ Saturday, March 4, at 2: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Anna Moffo, Franco Corelli, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Saturday, March 4, at 8: "Elektra," with Inge Borkh, Gladys Kuchta, Jean Madeira, Hermann Uhde, and Ramon Vinay.

MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC OPERA WORKSHOP—The second of two performances of a double bill—Nicholas Flagello's one-act opera "The Sisters" (with a libretto by Dean Mundy) and, as a curtain-raiser, Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's "The Secret of Susanne." Produced by John Brownlee, conducted by Mr. Flagello, and staged by Carlton Gauld. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8. For free tickets, call EN 9-2202.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At **CARNEGIE HALL**: Vladimir Golschmann conducting on Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 24, at 2:15; and Sunday, Feb. 26, at 3 (no soloists).... ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, March 2, at 8:30; Friday, March 3, at 2:15; and Sunday, March 5, at 3 (no soloists). ... ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Sat-

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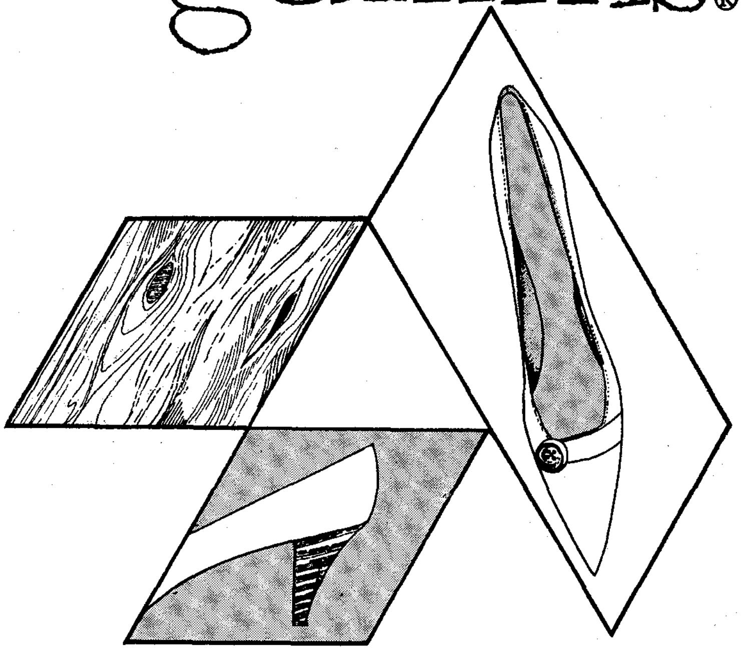

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urday, March 4, at 8:30 (with Ozan Marsh, piano). . . . **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC:** Vladimir Golschmann conducting. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Robert Nagel, trumpet; Reri Grist, soprano; Loren Driscoll, tenor; and other vocal soloists. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY—Nicola Rescigno directing the second of two performances of Bellini's "Beatrice di Tenda," in concert form, with Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne, sopranos; Enzo Sordello, baritone; and Richard Cassilly and Michael Carolan, tenors. The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 1, at 8:45.)

LES INDES GALANTES—Thomas Dunn directing the Festival Orchestra and Chorus in the United States première of Jean Philippe Rameau's opera, in concert form, with Judith Raskin and Maria Ferriero, sopranos; Charles Bressler and George Shirley, tenors; Robert Trehy, baritone; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 1, at 8:30.)

MANHATTAN ORCHESTRA—Jonel Perlea conducting a program of contemporary music, with Ellen Ballon, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Wednesday, March 1, at 8:30. For free tickets, call EN 9-2202.)

COMPOSERS' SHOWCASE—Robert Craft conducting an orchestra in a program of works by Carl Ruggles, with Helen Boatwright, soprano, and Lionel Novak, piano. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, March 2, at 8:30.)

BACH FESTIVAL—Szymon Goldberg conducting an orchestra and playing the violin, with Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, pianos. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 4, at 8:30.)

DON COSSACK CHORUS AND DANCERS—Serge Jaroff directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

LE VIN HERBÉ—Hugh Ross directing the New York première of Frank Martin's dramatic cantata, performed by singers from the Schola Cantorum of New York and an instrumental ensemble, with Maria Stader, soprano, and Ernst Haefliger, tenor. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—James B. Welch directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 3, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

KOHON STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

DUO CASSADÓ—Gaspar Cassadó, cello, and Chieko Hara, piano. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

RALPH KIRKPATRICK—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

RAFAEL PUYANA—Harpsichord. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 24, at 5:45.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The fifth concert in the series, this one by the Vienna Octet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

QUARTETTO ITALIANO—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

SERATA MUSICALE—A program of operatic arias sung by Lina Benelli, soprano; Cesare Bardelli, baritone; Salvatore Baccaloni and Bonaldo Giaiotti, basses; and others. A benefit for the Greater New York Council of the Boy Scouts of America. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

THE CLANCY BROTHERS AND TOMMY MAKEM—Folk singers. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

MUSIC IN OUR TIME: 1900-61—The third in a series of seven concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Max Pollikoff, violin; Charles Rosen, piano; and composers Louis Calabro, Eliot Carter, and Paul Creston. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

DIMITRI BASHKIROV—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 8:40.)

GRAMERCY CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

MISCHA ELMAN—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

GRISHMAN-RYCE DUO—Alan Grishman, violin, and Joel Ryce, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

VIENNA OCTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 3, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 4, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—A program of Elizabethan and Jacobean music. The last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, March 4, at 8:30.)

ODETTA—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 4, at 8:40.)

NOTE—William Masselos will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 5, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 27, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERTS—Thelonious Monk's quartet. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Dizzy Gillespie's orchestra, in a program of Gillespie compositions. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 4, at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 24, at 9: Knicks vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 7: St. Louis vs. Cincinnati and Knicks vs. Boston.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 26, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 1, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

INDOOR POLO—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8.)

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, March 29. The Barbara Frietchie Handicap, Saturday, March 4.

TRACK MEETS—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Knights of Columbus. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 3, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Saturday, March 4, at 7:30. For tickets, call CI 5-1540 Mondays through Fridays, noon to 1.)

TRAPSHOOTING—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 25-26, at 11.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—By the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting, with George Tapps and his dancers. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 4, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.) . . . **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA:** Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 4, at 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES:** "Emperor's Nightingale," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E.

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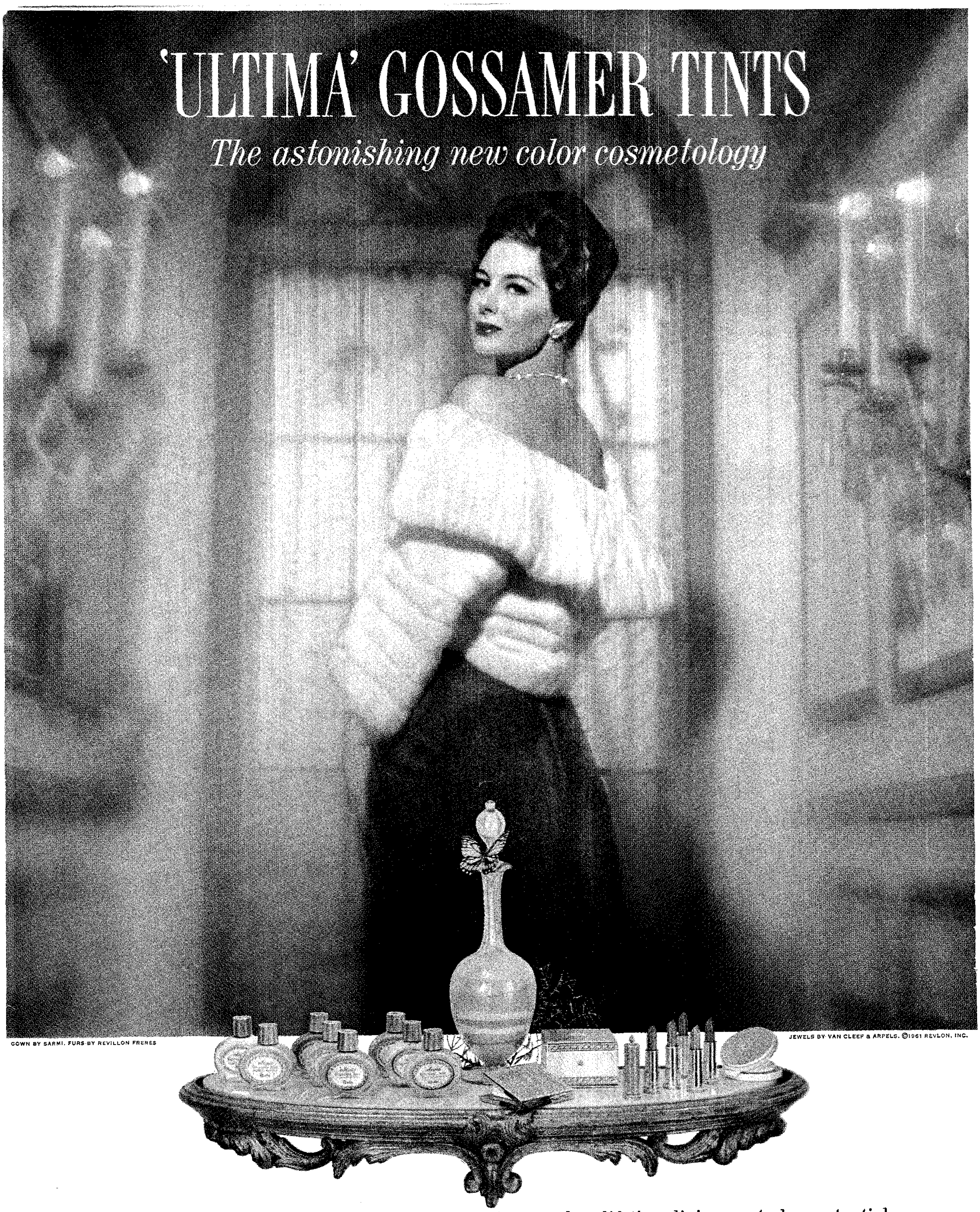
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

74th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.)... CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD: "Ching-ling and the Magic Peach." (Royal Playhouse, 62 E. 4th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3.)... HORIZONS: "Alice in Wonderland." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Sunday, Feb. 26, at 12:45.)... MARTINIQUE THEATRE: "Aladdin and His Magic Lamp." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3 and Sundays at 12 and 1:30.)... MERRI-MIMES: "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... MERRY WANDERERS CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Hiawatha." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.)... MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.)... PENNYWHISTLE PLAYERS: "Witches Are for Wearing," Saturday, Feb. 25.... ¶ "It's So Nice to Be a Fish," Saturday, March 4. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Afternoons at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call UN 1-5770.)... PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 11.)... ¶ "Puss in Boots." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 3.)... THEATRE EAST: "Little Red Riding Hood." (211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Astronomy in the News." Starting Tuesday, Feb. 28, there will be a new show, "Our World and the Moon." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—E. E. Cummings reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

NATIONAL ANTIQUES SHOW—The annual affair, at which two hundred and fifty dealers, spread out over a couple of acres, will show such items as old tools, paperweights, Civil War memorabilia, music manuscripts, and miniature paintings on ivory. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 25, through Sunday, March 5. Weekdays, 1 to 11, and Sundays, 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, at 1:45: French furniture, gold and other bibelots, French faïence, table glass and silver, porcelains, linens and laces, paintings and drawings, tapestries, and Oriental and Aubusson rugs; the property of Mr. and Mrs. Victor A. Sax and others.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Ballad of a Soldier—The camera is the star of this almost plotless Soviet account of a young soldier's short leave from the front, but what a venturesome, memorable star it is in the hands of director Grigori Chukhrai! The principal actors, Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, are so young and so appealing that one willingly forgives the excessive simplicity of their brief love story. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Ben-Hur—This winning entry in the 1959 Oscar Stakes cost a lot of money to condition, and it certainly covers a lot of Near Eastern ground. Time: three hours and thirty-two minutes. Charlton Heston is up in the climactic chariot heat. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Breathless—A New Wave import from France that deserves all its superlatives. The story, about an attractive, dangerous young car thief and his American paramour, is less important than the manner of the film, which makes all its telling points by implication and sheer style. Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg are sad and winning as the lovers, and Jean-Luc Godard, by writing and directing this *chef-d'œuvre*, establishes himself at once as the most exciting film-maker west of Ingmar Bergman. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Don Quixote—A chance to see a superb Russian actor, Nikolai Cherkasov, in a consistently subtle and affecting performance as Cervantes's mad, sad knight. Director Grigory Kozintsev is equally impressive for his color photography, which is just as well, since the story itself never builds up much dramatic steam. This Soviet movie was filmed in the Crimea and suffers from a sloppily dubbed translation. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Entertainer—A rendering, in savage blacks and grays, of life among the lower orders. Laurence Olivier, playing the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer, is at the very top of his bent and makes every moment of the squalor to which we're subjected seem worthwhile. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Feb. 28, tentative.)

Exodus—Perhaps the only way to face this interminable account of the founding of modern Israel is to take along a light lunch. You'll need sustenance around about the middle of the third hour, because goodness knows there's little enough in the plot to feed on. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb head a large and luckless cast. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

General della Rovere—A magnificent picture on all counts—subject matter, direction, acting, and photography. The scene is Genoa, the time is 1943, and the story tells of a sleazy Italian collaborator with the Nazis who learns, little by little and half against his will, how to become a good man and, in dying, a great one. The director, Roberto Rossellini, has brought out the best in two great actors, Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer, and the rest of the cast is exemplary. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through Feb. 26.)

I'm All Right, Jack—An English film, as funny as you're likely to see in many a day, in which the dizzy operations of a missile plant, mismanaged by capitalists and slowed down by workers, are explored most spiritedly. Peter Sellers is at once hilarious and pathetic as a shop steward who dreams long dreams of making Britain a workers' paradise, and Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, and Richard Attenborough are diverting as the well-heeled types who stand in his way. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 28, tentative.)

The Misfits—Clark Gable's last performance and Marilyn Monroe's best performance make this picture about a lonely young divorcée and an aging cowhand worth seeing, in spite of a soft and sentimental script by Arthur Miller. Montgomery Clift, Eli Wallach, Thelma Ritter, and director John Huston give notable support in a losing cause. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

School for Scoundrels—Another prime example of English comedy-making. Ian Carmichael and Terry-Thomas set each other off to perfection, the former playing the part of a polite young ditherer, the latter playing a fierce and resourceful man-about-town. Fearful of being bested by Terry-Thomas, Carmichael applies for admission to the College of Lifemanship, presided over by the famous Stephen Potter (Alastair Sim). In the course of what is probably the worst-played and funniest tennis match on record, Carmichael's mastery of the art of one-upmanship reduces his rival to a bad-tempered pulp. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 23.)

Sons and Lovers—The best things about this English-American version of D. H. Lawrence's 1913 novel are the author's first-rate dialogue, which has been left pretty much as written, and the performances of Trevor Howard, as an alcoholic Nottingham coal miner, and Wendy Hiller, as his long-faced wife. Dean Stockwell plays their son—a lad who suffers from Oedipus complex—in a dour, nervous, high-school fashion. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 24-25.)

The Sundowners—Local fauna—kangaroos, koalas, dingoes, and thousands of sheep—share top billing with some travel-poster scenery in this almost too wholesome tale about a family of Australian drovers. Director Fred Zinnemann has concentrated on the countryside, but there are also excellent performances by Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, Peter Ustinov, and Michael Anderson, Jr. Really a film for children, but it's a glum grownup who won't find some pleasure in it. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting March 1, tentative.)

Tunes of Glory—A splashy, old-fashioned, uneven film about a peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. What puts it on everybody's "must-see" list is the astonishing bravura performance of Sir Alec Guinness as a complex, sentimental bully who pulls down his world about his head. John Mills is remarkable, too, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson assist in the skirmishings. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Two-Way Stretch—A broad and happy farce, showing exactly how to break out of a progressive British prison, steal a truckload of diamonds, and break back in again, all in the same night. Peter Sellers is wickedly funny as the chief jailbird, and he gets talented help from Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

REVIVALS

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Feb. 23-26 and Feb. 28-March 1.)

The Asphalt Jungle (1950)—Jewel thieves prowling around a Midwestern city. Directed by John Huston, and with Louis Calhern and Sam Jaffe in the cast. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 1.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer, and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 28, tentative.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; *through March 1.*)

No Time for Sergeants (1958)—Andy Griffith as a Southern hillbilly who makes the Air Force rue the day it took him into its ranks. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 23.)

The Savage Eye (1960)—A semi-documentary that shows what happens when a lonely divorcée takes up residence in Los Angeles. Barbara Baxley plays the heroine. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting March 1.)

Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—Burt Lancaster as a Broadway gossip columnist, and Tony Curtis as a press agent who acts as his stooge. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 23.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Valli. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 28, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Western Film"—Through Feb. 25: "The Taking of Luke McVane" (1915) and "Between Men" (1915), both directed by, and with, William S. Hart. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 26: "Keno Bates, Liar" (1915), directed by, and with, William S. Hart; and "The Toll Gate" (1920), directed by Lambert Hillyer, with William S. Hart. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
THE MISFITS.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Cimarron," Glenn Ford, Maria Schell.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"101 Dalmatians," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Circle of Deception," Bradford Dillman, Suzy Parker.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	1			

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 28 (tentative): **I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.**
From March 1: To be announced.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through March 1: "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 28 (tentative): **THE ENTERTAINER.**
From March 1 (tentative): **THE SUNDOWNERS.**

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian).

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Feb. 25: "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.
From Feb. 26: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
BREATHLESS (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Feb. 27: "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.
From Feb. 28: "Modigliani of Montparnasse" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Lilli Palmer.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Millionairess," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 28 (tentative): "Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.
From March 1 (tentative): **THE SUNDOWNERS.**

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 1: "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 1: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Feb. 23-26 and Feb. 28-March 1: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and "Side Street Story" (in Italian), revival, Totò.
Feb. 27 (showings at 7:30, 9, and 10:30): Experimental films by Maya Deren.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Feb. 23: **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS**, revival; and **SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS**, revival.
Feb. 24-25: **SONS AND LOVERS**; and "The Lost World," Michael Rennie, Jill St. John.
Feb. 26-28: "North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger; and "Desire in the Dust," Raymond Burr, Martha Hyer.
From March 1: "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason; and "Between Time and Eternity," Lilli Palmer.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 28 (tentative): **THE THIRD MAN**, revival; and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival.
From March 1: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 1: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Feb. 28: **THE ENTERTAINER**; and "The Young Have No Time" (in Danish), revival, Ghita Norby.
From March 1: **THE SAVAGE EYE**, revival; and "The Sins of Rose Bernd" (in German), revival, Maria Schell, Raf Vallone.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
TWO-WAY STRETCH.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
DON QUIXOTE.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Hand in Hand," John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
TUNES OF GLORY.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through Feb. 26: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian).
From Feb. 27: "Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through March 1: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 1: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE**, revival; and **JULIUS CAESAR**, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 25: "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire; and "It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.
Feb. 26-March 1: "Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March; and "Last Train from Gun Hill," revival, Kirk Douglas, Anthony Quinn.

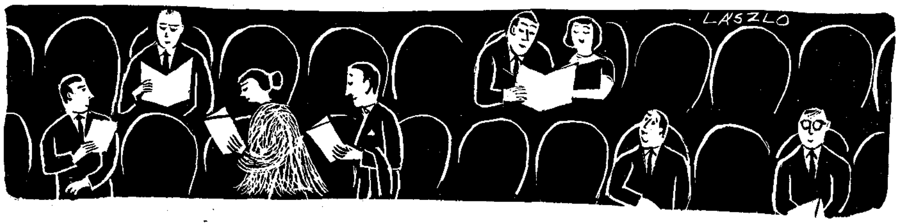
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 23: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**; and "The Tailor's Maid" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica.
From Feb. 24: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Parts I and II (in Russian).

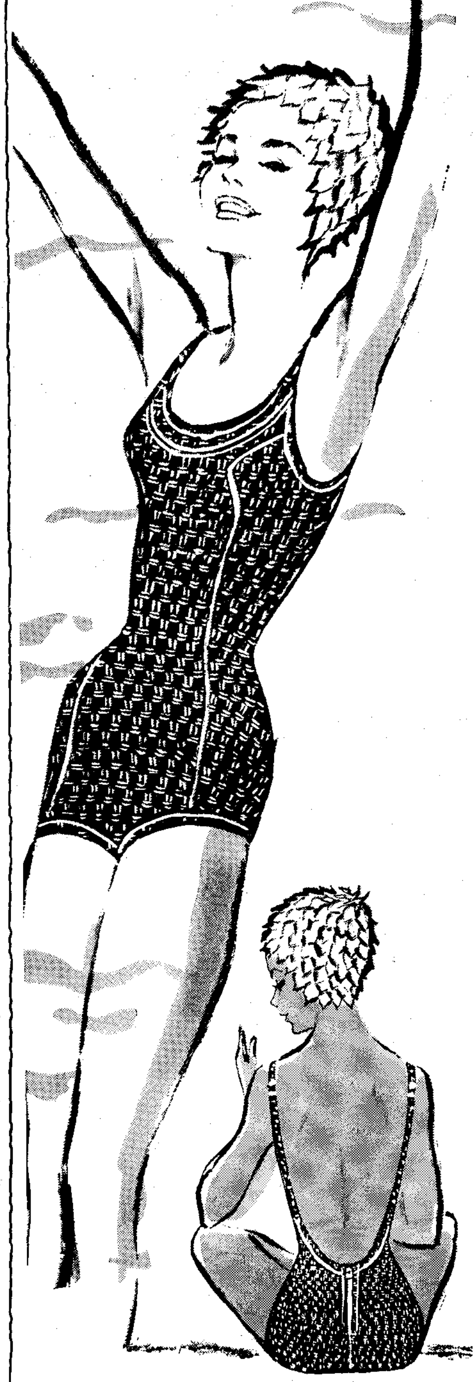
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through March 1: "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason; and "Between Time and Eternity," Lilli Palmer.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 28: **THE ENTERTAINER.**
From March 1: **THE SAVAGE EYE**, revival; and "The Sins of Rose Bernd" (in German), revival, Maria Schell, Raf Vallone.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through March 1: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through March 1: "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.





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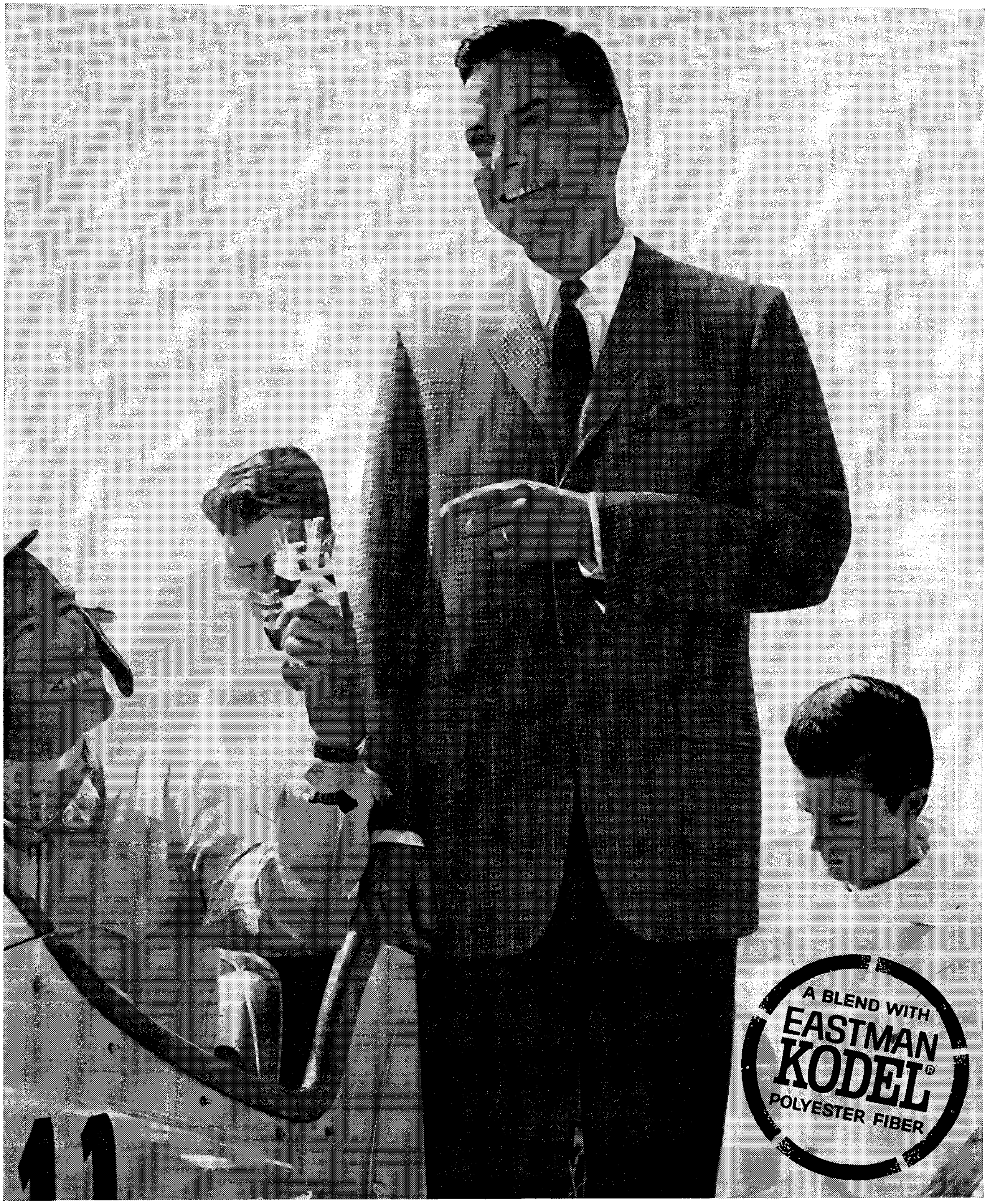

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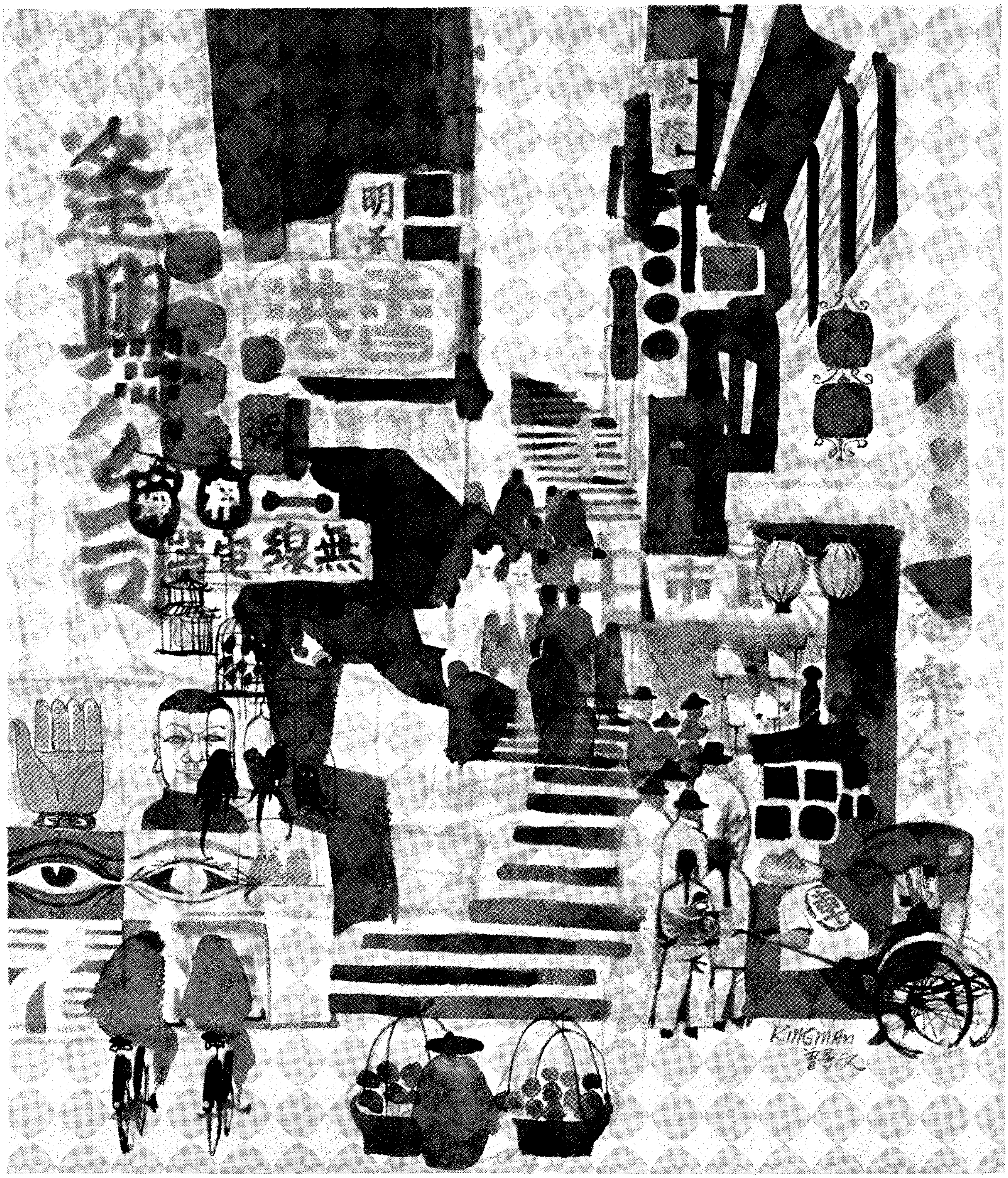

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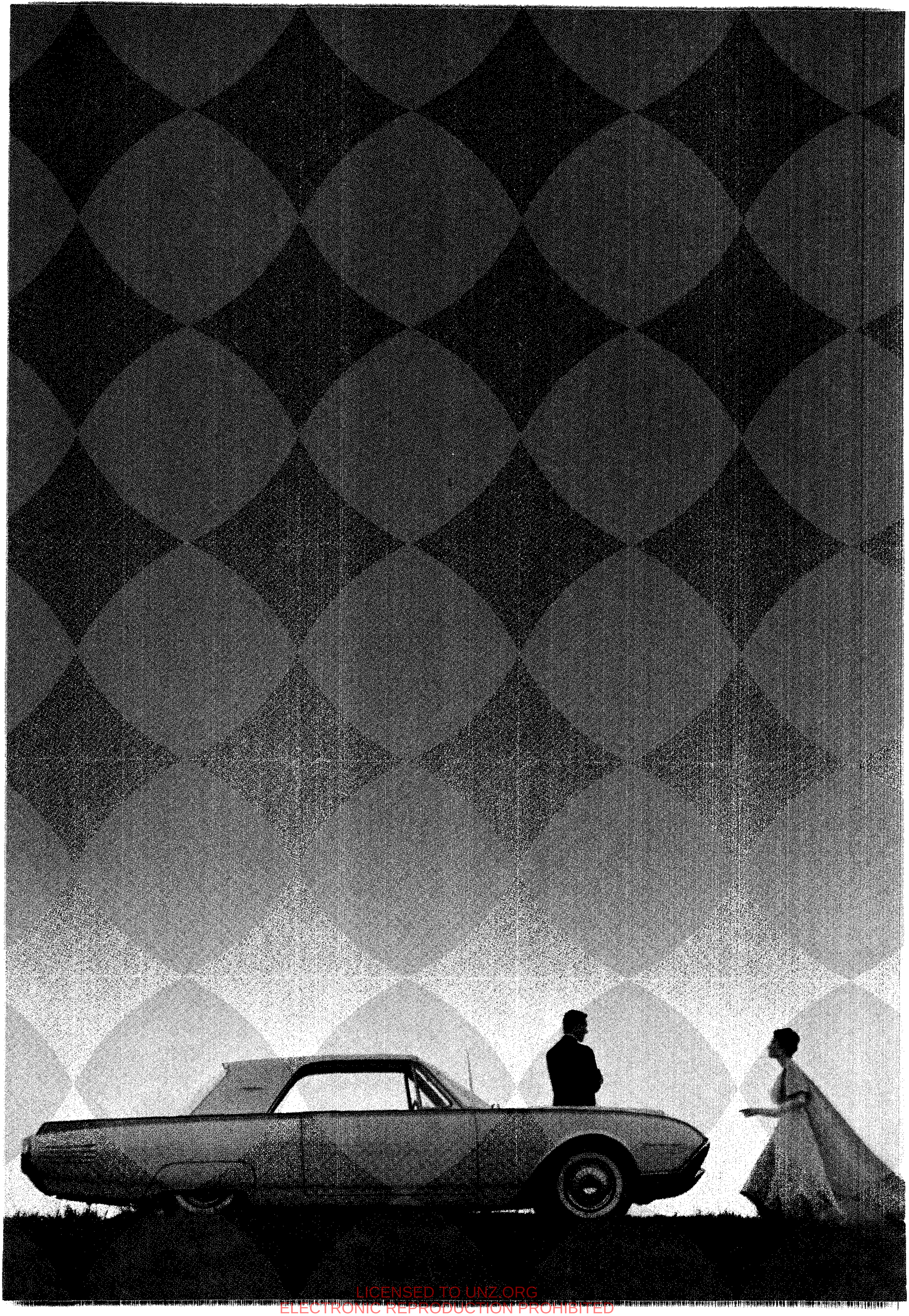

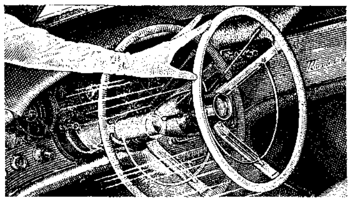

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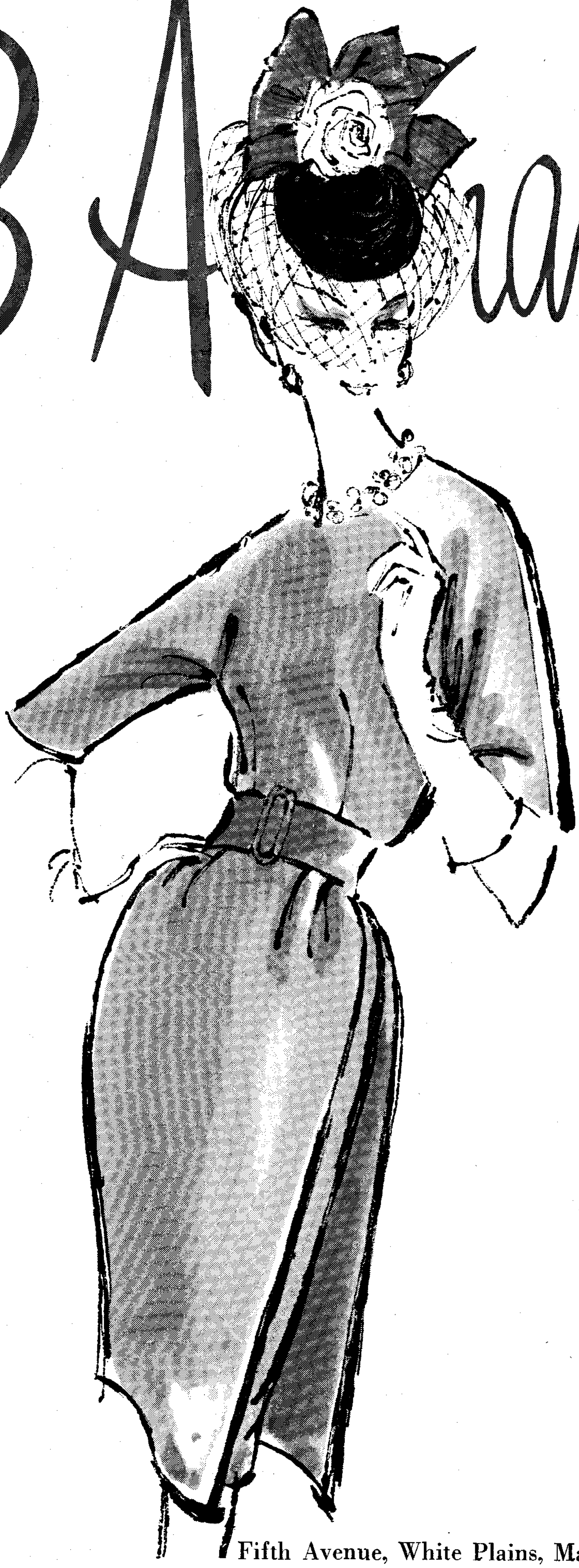

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR eye was arrested recently by a Radio Free Europe Fund advertisement in the *Times* that asked, "Will your grandchildren read the Bible . . . or Karl Marx? Nikita Khrushchev has said, 'Your grandchildren will grow up under Communism.' If the Soviet Premier's threat comes true, your grandchildren will study Karl Marx." We are convinced that Mr. Khrushchev's prediction will not come true, but we think that our grandchildren had jolly well better read *both* the Bible and Karl Marx, if they know what's good for them, and no either-or about it. What's more, we'd urge that they take a good, careful look at "Mein Kampf," the Veda, the Koran, and the United States Constitution. Those who would oppose such a varied literary program—and certainly Radio Free Europe, if it reflected for a moment, would not—might do well to remember Dwight D. Eisenhower's words, spoken before a McCarthy-weary Dartmouth graduating class in 1953: "Don't join the book-burners. Don't think you are going to conceal faults by concealing evidence that they ever existed. Don't be afraid to go in your library and read every book. . . . How will we defeat Communism unless we know what it is?"

Grolier Gastronomy

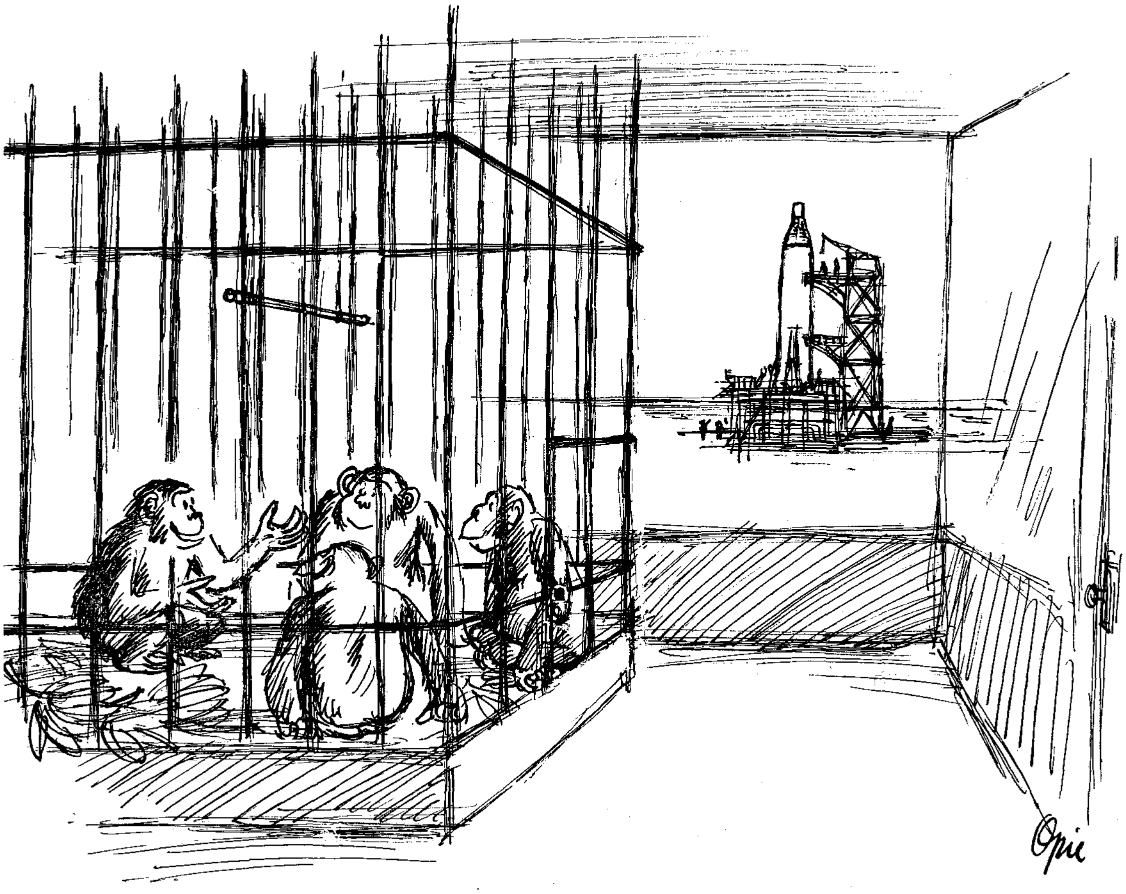
WE missed the espionage exhibit at the Grolier Club last fall, but this institution's recent gastronomy show found us at a black-tie *vernissage* lecture in its exhibition hall, seated near Mr. Washington Dodge, a director of Henry Holt & Co. and the Colonial Sand & Stone Co., and Mr. Alfred A. Knopf, of Knopf and Random House. The speaker of the evening was Mr. Ted Patrick, the editor of *Holiday* and, to the best of our knowledge, the only man with a *Who's Who* listing that certifies him in the same breath, or flourish of the typewriter, as a chevalier of the French Legion of Honor, a commander of the Italian Order of Merit, and a commander of the Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, a Burgundian drinking society. "Good writing and gastronomy have not had a very happy wedding, but I think things are getting better," this commanding figure said as we gazed over Mr. Knopf's shoulder at a Cave du Restaurant de la Pyramide menu dated "*23 Août 1953*" and inscribed, beneath its contents, "*Pour Mme. et M. A. A. Knopf*." Mr. Patrick proceeded to discuss cookbooks, among which he cited Escoffier's as the greatest, and guidebooks, among which he awarded the palm to Michelin and the back of his hand to Duncan Hines. "The *Guide Michelin* sends anonymous men into the kitchens of the restaurants it visits," he said.

"That's why it's called a *société anonyme*," said Mr. Dodge, sotto-voce.

Next, Mr. Patrick saluted Brillat-Savarin as the master of gourmet works, and George Saintsbury as the peerless leader of reminiscent gastronomical books. "Then, there's a strange category of author who is against food," he said. "Sort of a Robert Ruark type." He adduced Mr. Stanley Walker, of Lampasas, Texas, who, it seems, wrote an anti-gourmet essay for *Sports Illustrated* not long ago. The *Times* fared better at Mr. Patrick's hands. "Periodical writing has improved, through the efforts of Craig Claiborne," he said of that journal's food editor. "He has raised the whole level of newspaper food writing." He went on to observe that in his opinion the Pavillon is the greatest restaurant in America, and "21" the noisiest.

"What in the world do men know about cooking?" we heard a lady say as, the lecture over, we strolled about the hall. "How many of them have cooked three meals a day for four or more people for twenty years, as I have?"

Proceeding chronologically, we inspected an Egyptian butcher's bill, circa 2350 B.C., inscribed on a baked clay tablet one inch square; a black serpentine Neo-Assyrian cylinder seal, circa 900 B.C., depicting a king at a ritual repast; a manuscript, one remove from unique, of Apicius, a first-century Roman epicure; a number of fifteenth-century Neapolitan recipes; a Mermaid Tavern dinner bill; and a galaxy of Early American cookbooks, including Fannie Farmer's. At this point, we were providentially joined by Mr. Herbert Cahoon, of the Morgan Library and the Grolier Club's committee on arrangements. He advised us that the show, which he installed, had been suggested by Mr. Edward Naumburg, Jr., a member of the club's council. "We've had room for only two hundred major items," he said. "I'm not counting such miscellaneous ones as Alfred Knopf's wine labels. We've borrowed from the Morgan Library, the Academy of Medicine, private collectors, and dealers; two excellent cookbook dealers are the Corner Book Shop, on lower Fourth Avenue, and Elisabeth Wood-



"Well, of course, there's this whoosh and the sixteen Gs and all, but, honestly, you're so busy the time just flies, and before you know it the 'copter is scooping you out of the ocean."

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burn, in Hopewell, New Jersey. The field of cookbook collecting is one in which most books don't bring excessive prices and in which collectors really read and use their acquisitions. Look at these Brillat-Savarin letters, and at the bill for his funeral expenses." This was dated 1826, and came to a thousand and three francs and thirty centimes. We jotted down A. E. Housman's holograph recipe for pickled herring, never published ("Wash and drain without wiping. Draw out the gut, but do not split the fish. Sprinkle allspice, salt, pepper-corns, cloves, mace, onions sliced, and a little cayenne, with bay-leaves, between the layers," it began), and read a 1907 letter to Weir Mitchell from Edward W. Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, asking him to excise references to drinking from the first installment of his "A Christmas Venture" ("It is absolutely necessary that there should be no mention of drinking in our magazine").

A couple of wine bottles, labelled "Pontet-Canet 1888," attracted our notice, and Mr. Cahoon said they had been found in the club's cellar by James Lovett, who has been the steward since 1923. "Lovett thinks they were left there after a dinner a good many years ago," he said. "We have to cater the annual dinner. He has a kitchen on the top floor, where he can handle meals for twenty or thirty, but for anything beyond that we use Daniel."

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CIVIL WAR CENTENNIAL INTELLIGENCE: In a window at Hammacher Schlemmer is an "1861 Turn Coat" for dogs. On one side are the Confederate colors, on the other the Union colors.

Parabolized

SOME mighty arcane courses are taught in various odd corners of this great city, and among the most arcane that we've encountered is a course in telescope-mirror-making, sponsored jointly by the Hayden Planetarium and the Optical Division of the Amateur Astronomers Association. Two classes are held each week, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, from seven to ten, deep in the dungeons of the Planetarium building, and about a dozen students are to be found in each class. Most of them are men—men of all ages and occupations, who seem to have very little in common except the pleasure they derive from standing for hours in front of large steel drums and rubbing one piece of glass with another. As for the drums, Mr. Richard Luce, the benign, white-haired chairman of the Optical Division of the Amateur Astronomers Association, explained them to us at once. "They serve as ideal workbenches," he said. "We've had them ever since 1937, when we started giving this course. What's important about them is their weight and steadiness. Back in '37, we filled them with six hundred pounds of water apiece, and the water's been in there ever since."

Steadiness is crucial to mirror-making, Mr. Luce went on, because when a mirror is being ground, a single careless stroke or slight jarring of the glass may spell ruin. The student begins by fixing a disc of plate glass six inches in diameter and about an inch high to the top of a drum. This disc is called the tool. Granulated carborundum is sprinkled over the surface of the tool and moistened, and a second piece of glass, of exactly the same shape as the first but made of Pyrex, and known as the mirror even before it becomes one, is slowly rubbed over the tool until, after hours and hours and hours and hours and hours and hours (in the course of which increasingly fine grades of carborundum are used), a perfect spherical section has been scooped out of the Pyrex. Mr. Luce noted that by "perfect" he meant a section that touched at all spots. When the mirror has reached this point, it is polished with pitch impregnated with rouge. Then a few final strokes over the tool parabolize the mirror, which is to say that they deepen the curve a few millionths of an inch. The surface of the Pyrex is thereupon coated with aluminum and set in the bottom of a six-inch telescope, where, if all is in order, it serves as a bucket for catching starlight and reflecting it, via another mirror, to the eyepiece.

"A very delicate operation," said Mr.

Luce. "A single piece of coarse carborundum getting into the powder can scratch the mirror and set you back for weeks. A cigarette ash might do the same thing. There's nothing like a spoiled glass, after fifty hours' work, for bringing out a person's true character."

Leading us into a darkroom reserved for the testing of mirrors, Mr. Luce introduced us to an associate of his, Mr. Roy A. Seely, who turned out to be chairman of the Occultation Committee of the American Association of Variable Star Observers. What does the chairman of an occultation committee do? Why, he makes sure that the moon is on schedule, by checking stars that are behind it. *Is* the moon on schedule, we asked, and Mr. Seely was able to assure us that, at that moment, it was. "It rarely gets more than a second ahead or behind, but it's always good to know for certain," he said. "Wouldn't be able to predict eclipses if you didn't know." Mr. Seely vouchsafed the further information that he is a past president of the A.A.V.S.O.; that the society numbers seven hundred members, or one for every variable star; and that his favorite stars, both of which can be captured by the six-inch mirrors made in class, are SS Cygni and R Coronae Borealis, because they are the most variable.

Mr. Seely was engaged in testing the almost finished mirror of one of the most promising students in the class—the Reverend Frank West, a local minister. Mr. West, who was anxiously standing by, told us that he'd worked all through the previous week's class period getting a last, tiny bump out of his mirror, and that he hoped he'd done it right. "I've never looked at anything through a telescope, and now I'll be finding out what it's like up there," he said. (The phrase "up there" struck us as an appropriate one for a gentleman of the cloth to use.) "I'm a minister trained in psychiatry," he went on, "and I'd recommend mirror-making as being at least as good a form of occupational therapy as basket-weaving." We were about to ask him whether he intended this remark to be taken personally by us when Mr. Seely, having eyed the mirror through an instrument called a Foucault shadow tester, declared that its spherical section was as near perfect as no matter, and sent a happy Reverend back to his drum to parabolize.

The Case of Tooth No. 12

A WARRIOR of the Second World War, who returned to civilian pursuits in 1945, was astounded to receive this message not long ago from the adjudication officer of the Los Angeles Regional Office of the Veterans Administration:

DEAR SIR:

From time to time we must review all cases to be sure that all action taken is correct. The evidence now in your case shows that service-connection for Tooth No. 12 is clearly wrong. [The term "service-connection" refers to an injury that is considered to have occurred while a serviceman was on active duty.] Therefore, we propose to end service-connection for this tooth. Records show that service-connection was granted for Tooth No. 12 by comparison of enlistment examination which showed the tooth present and the discharge examination which showed it missing. Subsequent records from the Service Department show that this tooth was noted as nonrestorable on examination dated February 17, 1942, less than 30 days after entrance on active duty. The tooth was extracted on February 18, 1942. A determination has, therefore, been made that treatment for Tooth No. 12 was for defects which preexisted enlistment, and that the treatment given was remedial.

This is not a final decision and we realize how serious the matter is to you. Any additional evidence you may have should be submitted as soon as possible. The most effective type of evidence would be a statement from a dentist or doctor who treated or examined this tooth prior to your enlistment. You may also come to this office to explain personally why you feel that service-connection is warranted. Sixty days from the date of this letter we will review all evidence in your claim and inform you of our decision.

If this action is taken we will terminate your service-connection for Tooth No. 12.

Our warrior informs us that he had long since forgotten about Tooth No. 12 and is currently worried about a couple of shaky molars (No. 14 and No. 18). He is also worried for fear the military authorities may be concentrating too hard on Tooth No. 12, to the neglect of the maw of the enemy.

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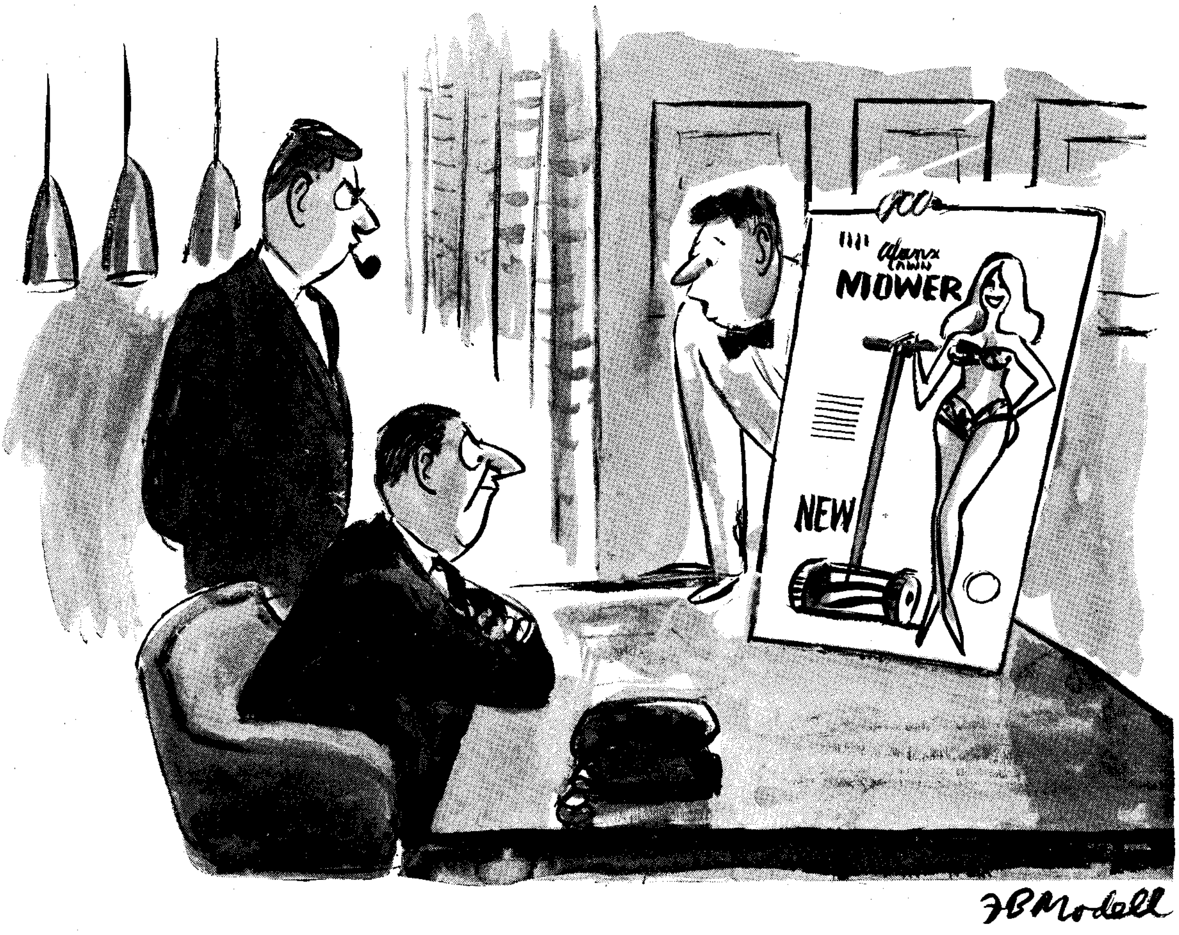
SIGN glimpsed by a nervous Manhattan motorist trying to find his way out of Woodstock, New York, at



"I like it, you like it, the client likes it. Motivational research says it stinks."

dusk on a gray winter's day: "ELECTRIC WELDING & TATTOOING."

Mostly Sir Sydney

"A MATTER-OF-FACT gruesomeness characterizes all Sir Sydney's stories, whether set against the background of Edinburgh . . . or of Egypt," the *Herald Tribune Book Review* said of "Mostly Murder," the autobiography of Sir Sydney Smith, some Sundays ago. "But even very bloodthirsty readers will regret there is not more in it about Sir Sydney, obviously a most attractive person as well as an eminent expert. His private life is not, however, on sale for four dollars and ninety-five cents." Neither is it on sale for twenty-five cents, the price of this family magazine, but, thanks to Sir Sydney's recent presence at the Second International Meeting on Forensic Pathology and Medicine, which was held at the New York University Medical Center, and to *our* recent presence in his rooms at the Commodore, we are in a position to tell a little more about him than he chose to tell about himself in his autobiography. As one of the world's leading authorities on forensic medicine, or medical jurisprudence, he had been suitably honored by the Meeting, and we found him, a blue-eyed man with a quizzical expression, fingering a sizable bronze medal.

"New York University gave it to me today," Sir Sydney said. "It's a very serious symptom when you start getting these things. I don't believe it's gold. We used to give gold medals for theses at Edinburgh University, but gold has gone up, and now we give silver gilt. They're known as gold medals, though."

We had boned up on the reticent autobiography, so we knew that Sir Sydney was born in New Zealand in 1883, the son of a Londoner who had gone out for gold and ended up as a roadmaker; that, after a medical education there and in Scotland, he had spent three years as a medical officer in New Zealand and eleven far more exciting ones as Principal Medico-Legal Expert to the Egyptian Ministry of Justice; and that between 1928 and 1957 he had served his alma mater, Edinburgh University, first as Regius Professor of Forensic Medicine, then as Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, and finally as Rector.

Egypt, Sir Sydney told us, is a capital place for capital crime. "When I was there, it had a population of fourteen million, and a thousand murders a year, or about seventy per million," he said. "We're amateurs in Great Britain—only three murders per million per annum. I should imagine you have ten times that many. This is my first visit to New York. I'm impressed by the towering immensity of the buildings, and by their magnificence. I should think you'd want to get out of town for relief, though. I liked the Egyptians, you know; I enjoyed the whole life there. My job was more fun than going to the opera, and I got paid for it; my salary was tax-free, and the government made me a Commander of the Order of the Nile, Third Class. The Egyptians are very good people, though they do a spot of murder; it doesn't mean very much to them. Over in Ceylon, where the people are nice and quiet and easygoing, there's also an enormous amount of murder. Arsenic is a favorite poison with murderers everywhere, and has been from the earliest times—I suppose because it's so easily obtained and so easily administered. It has no taste—you can drop a few grains in your target's coffee—but it's the worst possible poison in point of detection; it sticks in the body, and you can get it in an autopsy years afterward. Some poisons are all but impossible to detect. I wrote a textbook, 'Forensic Medicine and Toxicology,' in 1924, and I'm now knocking up another book, on poisons and poisoners through the ages, with a good deal about the early Venetians. Murder is an old story, but sexual crimes have gone up tremendously in recent years. Bad behavior is perfectly natural, of course; good behavior has to be developed through training, and there's less training of children these days than there used to be. In England and Wales, crime—indictable offenses—multiplied six times between 1900 and 1957, mostly among fourteen- and fifteen-year-olds. I don't know where the end lies. The human race is degenerating, but if everyone degenerates I suppose we'll achieve a kind of normality in degeneration."

We asked which poisons are hard to detect.

"Well, there's stramonium, which comes from the thorn apple, but I don't think I'd better go into this subject," Sir Sydney said. "You know, when you get old you develop quite a new philosophy. You find that by not doing something you should you put it off, so you always have something to do. One of the great pleasures in life is not doing something you ought to do, such as writing a book on poisons. You just say, 'Well, I won't write anything today,' and then you go out to your garden—my wife and I have a nice one, outside Edinburgh, with a greenhouse full of peaches and grapes and pears—and you don't cultivate it. (You get someone else to do that.) Or you go to your club—I belong to Edinburgh's New Club, which is very old—and browse through the papers. I refuse to play cards there. I've never been any good at cards; I think I'm too stupid. I never can remember any of the cards that have been played. Do you know, that textbook of mine is still being used—it was published in Arabic before it appeared in English, and it's now in its tenth edition—but my entire royalties from it have come to less than those I've already had from 'Mostly Murder.' "

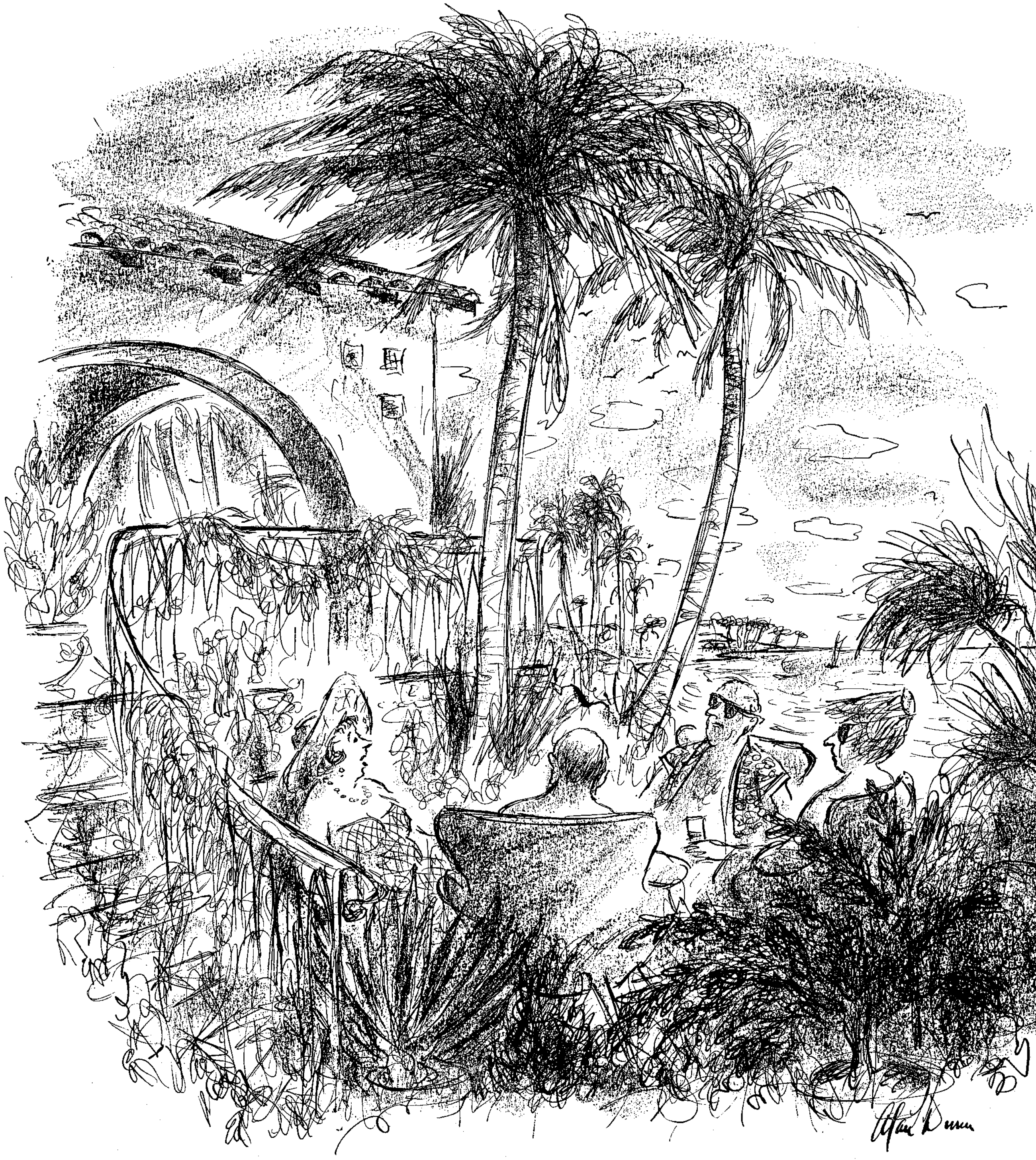
Sir Sydney shook his head, and his wife, a jolly-looking lady, came into the apartment, followed by a man who handed him a copy of "Mostly Murder" and asked him to autograph it. Having obtained the autograph, the man left, and Sir Sydney asked Lady Smith who he was.

"I haven't the remotest; he just followed me up in the elevator," she said, with a Scottish burr. "I thought he was one of your old students."

"Never saw him before," said Sir Sydney.

"I've just had my hair done," Lady Smith said, shaking her curls at us. "My husband was given a standing ovation and three cheers when he got that medal this morning. We met in Edinburgh, where I was born, and we've been married fifty years."

"I went there, a raw country boy from New Zealand, and fell into her clutches," Sir S. said affectionately. "We came here on the Mauretania and are going back on the Statendam. I pre-



"Ned and I are planning to spend the rest of the dip right here in Nassau, then back to Seventy-second Street for the upswing."

fer sea travel to air. I like the routine of a ship. I used to fly a lot, but I found that after a flight I was stone-deaf."

"Our son, Sydney, is a writer," Lady Smith said to us. "He wrote a play that was produced at the Edinburgh Festival last summer."

"He was very cock-a-hoop about it," Sir Sydney said. "I wrote a play myself once, when I was an undergraduate. It was about various diseases and various parts of the body. They assumed various roles."

Lady Smith gave her husband a look.

"It was unprintable," he said. "The cerebellum was the governess, and so on."

Lady Smith mustered up another connubial look and said something that sounded to us like "Biscuit!"

"The scene was laid in a certain part of the body," Sir Sydney said. "The liver—"

Lady Smith repeated her mysterious word, and Sir Sydney lapsed into silence.

We asked her what she had said, and she replied, " '*Uskut!*' It means 'Shut up!' in Arabic."

Segovia on Wheels

THERE'S a cabdriver in the midtown area who breaks out a guitar and practices chords every time he hits a red light. He has a book of instructions fastened to the peak of his cap, and says he gets in his best licks on Fifth Avenue.

A RIDE ON THE MILKY WAY

TO remember meant for Miki to light up stained-glass windows. Their reds and blues and blacks burned together in the dark in an intricate pattern of glory. One couldn't separate the colors but stood facing them as they were, receiving in one's heart the blow, knowing well that afterward the perturbed surface of one's existence, like a liquid enclosed in a vase, would quiet down and one would be reconciled with the present.

To remember her first poem, Miki had to remember her childhood winters in Rumania before the Second World War—she was nine years old—and Suzanna. To remember Suzanna was indispensable.

Suzanna came one day to the house to work as a housemaid. Her aunt, a fat, important woman wearing a hat, brought her in. The small, skinny girl with a green shawl on her head and shoulders followed, thin legs in black stockings and high-laced shoes—like a stork in mourning. Standing next to Mother's chair in the living room, Miki watched, while the girl peered at her from underneath the green roof of the shawl. Then she loosened it and her thin, pointed face came out, with the crown of anemic braids above. The aunt was a cook herself. She spoke with a dignity topped by a hat, crossing her little fat hands—pastry hands—over her coat, under the large bosom. The aunt said she wanted to find a good place in a nice family for the girl, who had just come from the farm. The shadow of a mustache played around her mouth and gave her speech a certain assurance. "She is a good girl," said the aunt, "and most of all she knows how to behave." The girl chose this particular moment—her eyes had been travelling around the room, jumping here and there, sidewise—to wipe her nose with the back of her hand, and Miki's heart sank. But Mother didn't see this, as she was looking at the girl's papers, a wrinkled booklet with a photograph pasted on it.

"But is she really fifteen?" Mother asked. Miki felt embarrassed by Mother's indiscretion, and she shifted herself from one felt slipper to the other.

"And please, Madam"—it seemed as if the dignified hat were speaking—"she is not to go out alone. She doesn't know how people can be in a big town. She doesn't know much about all that. We'll pick her up on her days off."

"And what is your name?" Mother asked the girl suddenly.

Surprised at being addressed by the lady, she looked down shyly, moving one squeaky boot on the carpet, and stood like a calf being sold in a market. Then her voice came out, amazingly deep, matching the black, straight eyebrows. She said, "Suzanna."

But Father was nice to her when he saw her for the first time, at dinner, opening the door with the tip of her shoe, emerging with the heavy tray, trying to close the door with her rear, blindly, without looking, hypnotized by the dancing level of the soup in the tureen. Her small forehead perspired, and strings of hair flew around her large ears, which were getting pinker as the room grew silent. She succeeded, and walked victoriously toward the serving table, at Mother's right hand. Tortured by the possibility that Father might not like Suzanna, Miki looked straight into her plate. But Father said, while helping himself to bread, "Good evening, Suzanna. Such a pretty name you have!" Miki looked up, smiling. And then the thing happened. Suzanna said happily, "Good evening, sir," and wiped her nose with the back of her hand, cheerfully. Miki could feel Mother's toes stiffen in their lilac velvet slippers under the table, but Mother didn't say anything this time, and Suzanna left with the tray, walking carefully over the rugs in her singing shoes. Did Father really like Suzanna as much as Miki did, though? For after she had closed the door behind her, he asked Mother, in an amused voice, "Where do you find them? They are getting more original every time!"

"What else can I do?" Mother said. But she seemed to be a little proud of Suzanna's original looks. "By the time you feed them and make them use a handkerchief, they grow up, they find a—" She looked at Miki. "They marry and leave you. So one has to start all over."

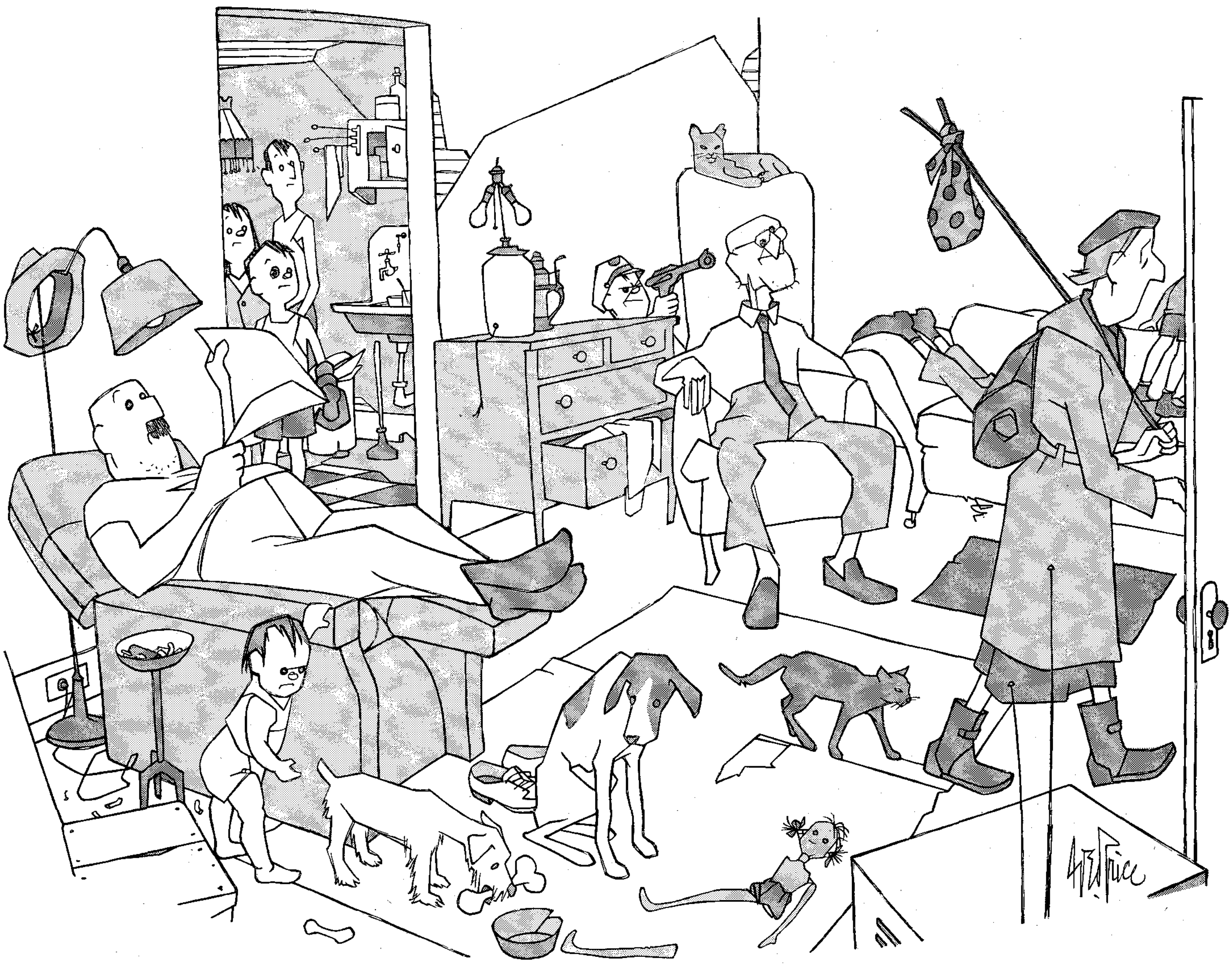
CHARCUTERIE
Vins & Liqueurs
Tom Funk

Suzanna was happy that evening. Her deep voice could be heard through the door, talking animatedly to the cook. She had feared the master of the house, and now, having met him, she was relieved. She started to adore him from that very evening. Perhaps it was the glow of this devotion to Father that induced Miki's love for Suzanna, the torturing, humiliating love that lasted a whole year—four long seasons, with their smells and busy days—until Suzanna gained weight, learned to use a handkerchief, married, and went away.

MOTHER bought a sort of uniform for Suzanna—a dark dress and a white apron with lace. She was to wear on her head a little cap of lace, like the maids in the movies. But Suzanna had never been to the movies, and the image left her indifferent; she fastened the white ruffled cap to her braids, but her ears seemed larger than ever now. She had to wear the cap only in the afternoon. "Fortunately," Father said. "Whenever she comes in wearing that thing, I want to ask her why she is running so. She looks like a chased rabbit." A rabbit wearing a big leaf on its forehead, thought Miki, and she said to Suzanna, "Try to put it on a little lower." "Like this?" asked Suzanna innocently in the mirror, tucking her ears underneath the cap. Oh, it was worse now! "Never mind! Just leave it alone. It's fine," said Miki, thinking she would have to hide that darn cap one day.

Teatime divided the afternoon in two. Before tea, Suzanna, wearing her ruffled cap, would sit in Miki's room and darn Miki's stockings. If Miki was home, she would read to Suzanna aloud. Nobody knew how to listen with her mouth half open, to suffer, to participate, to believe, as Suzanna did. Miki was a very good reader, and her voice swelled with importance; she was the reservoir of miracles flowing toward Suzanna. Their separate rivers of total happiness met in a confluence and then spilled over, delightfully wasted.

Suzanna's favorite story was "Genovefa of Brabant." Miki had known the story before, but it never had hurt as it did the day she read it to Suzanna. She had to stop and put her head in Suzanna's apron. Suzanna had to stop, too; she put away the little blue stocking, with the dark eye of darning in its heel, and cried above Miki's hot hair. Even later, reading the story again

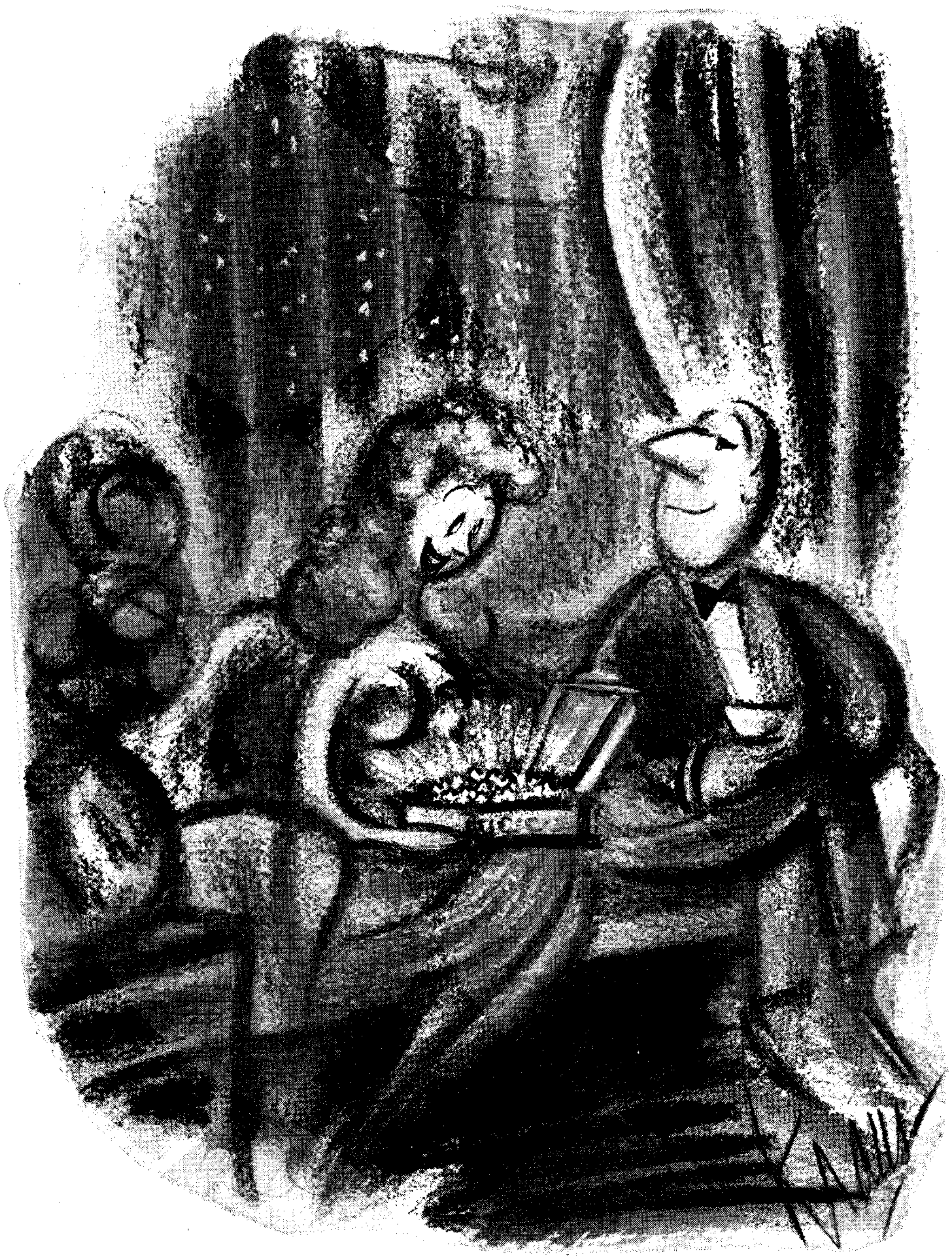


from time to time, they still used to cry a little. "What is the matter, Miki?" Father would ask in the evening, looking at her red eyelids. Mother would shrug. "Don't you know? 'Genovefa'!" she would say, embarrassing Miki. And only then would Father notice the extra sniff—a sad one—Suzanna had while serving the cheese.

SUZANNA took Miki to see the funeral across the street. Mother said, "No, you're not to go." But the bell of the church at the corner started to ring, turning your heart over, and Suzanna went out just to shake the little rug. Instead, she put it under her arm and crossed the street. "Wait! Wait for me!" cried Miki, and followed her. "Goodness, Miss Miki! If Madam catches me!" Suzanna said, and worriedly she took Miki's hand between her rough fingers. They had just time to cross. Already the horses of the funeral coach appeared around the corner, dressed in black cloaks as if they were going to a gala evening, with black feathered pompons dangling from long sticks worn between their ears. A solemn driver, in black uniform and a two-cornered hat, sat high up on the seat; underneath the hat, he had a coarse red farmer's face. A small group of people followed the coach. They were hatless, and the light made their bent heads look wet and their hair sticky. Who was riding inside the funeral coach, covered on both sides by black, fringed curtains? Death was there, sitting next to the passenger, one hand on his knees, wearing on a faceless head a two-cornered hat like the driver's. But only an uncovered coffin was taken out of the coach. From where she was standing, next to Suzanna, Miki could see clearly the dead man's head lying on a silk cushion, his white hair neatly combed. He was indifferent to them, concentrated upon something deep inside him. A group of men lifted the coffin to their shoulders, and as they turned around, carrying it into the church, Miki distinctly saw a silent rhythmical protest—"Oh, no, no!"—as the head moved slowly from left to right, shaken by the carriers' steps. There was a shadow like a little blue vein at his temple.

A skinny, friendly animal touched Miki's shoulder—Suzanna's sharp elbow moving while she thoughtfully scratched her nose. The odor of Suzanna's frock—coarse soap and strong sweat—quivered around her. The complaint of the bell grew louder, tore the fall noon apart, upsetting the sticky, honeycomb light. But the sound of the bell and Suzanna's smell grew faint, hung on in the mind by a thin thread, and then broke off, and Miki didn't remember what happened next.

She was sitting on a fence, and Suzanna's worried face was over her. Suzanna patted her cheeks, imploring her. "Miss Miki, Miss Miki, are you feeling better?" "Yes, yes," she said, "but what happened?" Suzanna didn't tell her she had fainted, and it was too bad, because Miki would have been proud to have done so—like the grownups. "Please, Miss Miki, please don't tell Madam," Suzanna begged her before entering the house. Of course she wouldn't! What was there to tell about? But— "Oh! My God!" Suzanna cried and ran back out in a terror. Oh, my God, the little rug she had under her arm! Forgotten! Lost there



"Just what I've always wanted—a box of diamonds!"

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in front of the church! She couldn't find it again, and upstairs Miki heard Suzanna lying to Mother, telling her somebody had taken it from the line outside. She could lie all right, Suzanna. She could lie well in an emergency.

For a long time, seeing the familiar blue vein on Father's hand, Miki would feel it with her little finger, tenderly worried, wishing to be assured it was not a little blue river of death. She wanted to ask what death was, but she feared that this might bring her to tell about Suzanna and the little rug, and she didn't want to do it.

SUZANNA had been taught to speak over the telephone. At the beginning, she had feared the black animal rolled up to sleep on top of the dresser in the hall, and would jump whenever it rang. She wouldn't go to answer. But Mother said she had to learn to use it. She was first taught to call her aunt. After Mother had dialled the number, Suzanna would stay there embarrassed, legs stiffened, ears incandescent, the little ruffled cap on one side. "Hello, hello!" the voice of the exasperated aunt could be heard coming out of the phone. Mother would press Suzanna to answer, and suddenly Suzanna's bass voice would thunder loud, as if the connection were with an aunt on another planet. She kept at a distance from the receiver, for fear of burning her ear. In her room, Miki closed the door, sparing herself the humiliation of Suzanna's exercises into civilization.

Father was to give a lecture at a festivity sponsored by the Ministry of Arts. He had expected a call about it for a few days, and Mother had instructed Suzanna what to say if she were the one to answer the telephone when it came. She knew the message, all right; the only thing was that the telephone always took her by surprise when it rang—mostly when she had her back to it. She would stand petrified for a second, not daring to turn around. She would ask, refusing to believe, "Did it ring?" Yes, it did; she could hear it again now. Suddenly, taking the decision, she would tiptoe to the stupid, wretched instrument and fetch it by surprise, cutting off its voice in its black throat.

That's how it was the morning the call came for Father—the noise jumped right at Suzanna's back. She picked the receiver up and Miki could hear the thunder answering: "No. He can't come now." Then a pause. "He is in the toilet." A longer pause. "Who, me? No, I am Suzanna. The maid." A strange sound came from the telephone, and then Suzanna spoke again. "Aha, I know. Of course I will. Don't you worry, Mister," she added expertly, and the telephone clicked as she hung up.

"But didn't I tell you, you stupid creature!" said Mother, losing her temper at once. "Didn't I tell you? You were speaking to the *Secretary of Arts!*"

"But I didn't know it was him," Suzanna said, harassed. And then she cried a long while in the kitchen, drying the dishes from dinner, and the cook laughed and laughed, slapping her fat hip with one hand powdered with flour. And Father laughed, too. He said, "But where is the harm?" and called Suzanna in to dial the number of the Arts Ministry for him. "I like dialling," Suzanna explained, her face puffed up by crying. "It's the ringing that gets me. I forget what I was supposed to say!"

SUZANNA had her day off on Sunday, and the cook on Saturday. Sometimes the aunt in the hat came to take her out, but not too often. Miki would be standing in the kitchen doorway, ready to leave for her walk in the park, the elastic of her straw hat cutting into her chin, her white gloves in her hands, while Mother gave Suzanna last instructions. Was the aunt coming today?

No, not today. What was she going to do? "Sit at the window," Suzanna answered cheerfully. "Help the cook finish a dress." "Well"—Mother hesitated, standing in the middle of the kitchen, the tip of her silken scarf balancing in the breeze—"you don't need to answer the phone." (She wanted to be generous.) The kitchen had dozens of little suns reflected in the glasses and in the silverware on the table. The shadows of pigeons passed across the wall. Suzanna already sat at the window, skinny and small in her Sunday pose, cheek propped in hand, the wind ruffling her cap. But couldn't they take Suzanna along, Miki always wanted to ask. Couldn't they? She imagined her trudging behind them, carrying on one arm Miki's blue coat and Mother's sun umbrella, her eyes enlarged by wonder, her bonnet askew. But it would be such a responsibility to have Suzanna with them, away from the security of the house, under everybody's eyes, wiping her nose with her hand, sniffling and marvelling aloud at everything, maybe wearing her green shawl if the afternoon should be cool. Tortured, Miki always left without saying goodbye to Suzanna, who, from the kitchen window, would smile a big smile with a missing tooth—"Goodbye, Miss Miki!"—without a trace of being offended.

THAT winter, the snow came late. They had been waiting for it a long time. Suzanna had brushed the snow boots, shaking out of them glittery butterflies of moth flakes. The heavy scarves, the fur hats of the days of snow were ready in the hall closet. Aching for the snow, Miki buried her face in them. Like a young wolf, she smelled in their coarseness the snowed-in fields, the winds, the nights. But the frost had settled in, and the streets rang dry under people's steps.

One evening, having her special signs, Suzanna predicted snow. Miki went to bed excited, after having assisted with preparations for the war—the snow shovels had been lined up outside, and wood for the stoves had been brought in and piled in the corridor. In the middle of the night, she woke up and felt that the strange silence that usually filled their house, suspended in the dark, had started, without any warning, to bloom into myriads of tassels. But she didn't remember this at first in the morning, when the familiar noise of Suzanna raking the cold ashes in the stove woke her up. From the white hill of her pillow, she eyed Suzanna kneeling in front of the stove. That morning, Suzanna was armored in a little fur vest with the skin outside, a tight scarf tied over her head and around her neck, leaving free only the happy window of her face. A new smell of winter rose from her clothes and from the basket of wood, and Miki recognized it.

Yes, it had been snowing.

Patterns of ice graced the window, and Suzanna, standing next to Miki and looking with satisfaction at her prediction, said there was even a promise of a little blizzard. A wind of silliness swept through the house, danced through the rooms, threw their hearts high. Under the doors a frozen breeze came in; unseen hands shook the windows. A curtain of dancing snowflakes, rippled by the wind, coiled in the middle of the street. All day long now, the snow will whirl and twirl; and then, around four o'clock, when the electric teapot hums in the dining room, the old, white wizard will lie down, spreading his beard over the town, and the snow will slowly stop.

At noon, Father came home. He stamped his snow boots outside, slapped his lapels with his big gloves to shake the snow off. The entrance door, when he banged it, shed all its frivolous white jewels. "What about a sleigh ride after lunch, Miki?" "Oh, does it really have to begin the first day of snow?" said Mother. "Winter is so long!" But Father couldn't wait, either. "Just for an hour," he said. Miki whirled around the room like a canary in a cage. "A sleigh ride, a sleigh ride!" she shouted, bouncing the door of her room, where Suzanna was finishing dusting. She jumped at Suzanna, hanging from her back with her arms around her neck. "Oof!" said Suzanna, trying to carry her around the room. One of Suzanna's braids came undone and slapped Miki's face. "But what are you *doing* there?" Mother called from downstairs, annoyed. "Isn't it lunchtime? This snow is going to their heads!" And Suzanna fled the room with her skirts flying, putting her braids in place.

Father and Miki were at the door, ready. Suzanna had just kneeled down to zip up Miki's boots, because Miki was so stiff with the two sweaters she had on underneath her little fur coat that she couldn't do it herself.

"Did you put both sweaters on?" Mother asked from upstairs, like a guardian angel from the sky.

"Both," Miki and Suzanna answered back to the stairway.

"And the gray scarf?"

"Ye-es!"

"Have a good time! Don't stay out too long!"

Then, unexpectedly, Father said, while buttoning his coat, "Want

to come along, Suzanna? Get your coat."

Still squatting, Suzanna stayed there without understanding. Finally, the question reached some secret spot of her intelligence, the spark was produced, the circuit established; she understood, and the big smile with the missing tooth spread from one ear to the other. "I'll run upstairs to tell Madam that I—"

"Don't," said Father. "Just tell the cook I took you along."

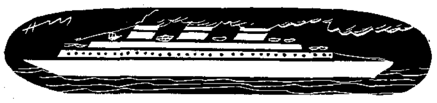
(After they had left, the cook told Mother that she *assumed* Suzanna had gone with the master and Miki for the sleigh ride. No, Suzanna didn't *tell* her anything. She just burst into the kitchen and snatched her shawl from the hanger. Swinging it around her, she drove invisible horses across the room, while coachman's clucks, jingles of bells, and pounding of hoofs rolled out from underneath her curled tongue, filling the kitchen. And then, skating on one shoe, she covered, in a single, strange waltz step, the whole distance to the door, kicked it open, banged it back, and disappeared, leaving the cook blinking incredulously in the middle of the room. "You know . . . " The cook had completed her report by screwing her fat finger into her temple.)

Father and Miki waited for her outside, and she came panting, her green roof on her head, and they walked over the squeaky snow at the end of the street, where sleighs for hire stood in the square, the drivers in sheepskin coats and pointed fur hats, motionless under the falling snow, like picture postcards. The horses—eyes shut, snowflakes hanging from their hairy nostrils—came alive when Father and Miki climbed into the sleigh. Transfigured, Suzanna sat herself on the little chair under the driver's seat, facing them, and spread over their knees the blanket that smelled vaguely of horse and roasted nuts. The first movement of the sleigh over the snow brought a familiar dizziness, and the air curled with the jingles of the bells as they started clearing the white boulevard toward the park. The horses lifted their necks—"Aha, this is where we're going!"—and with ruffled manes gained speed under the trees of white china.

And then, without any warning, bubbles enclosing a rainbow rose slowly in Miki's mind and made a verse. It was this: "We have been riding on the Milky Way."

Suzanna put out a blue-cold hand to arrange the blanket. "Here, Suzanna," Father said. "Take my gloves. I am not cold." She didn't dare to protest, and put them on, blushing and looking at her gloved hands in awe.

The snowy earth reached up into the sky that day without horizon, and it was as if they were travelling into a concave mirror; soon they would be climbing up and then sliding on the sky—trees, horses, and sleigh upside down—skating on the Milky Way, among the stars. But instead they reached the rear gate of the park, elaborately embroidered under the snow. The last trees bowed to them, showed them to the right, and the horses, again with their necks stretched out, turned the sleigh around softly.



Suzanna had a crystal stalactite hanging from her nose. She started to wipe it off, putting out from the tent of her shawl a big paw in Father's glove. But she stopped short of it, horrified by the nearly committed sacrilege, took off the

THE HOUSE IN THE GREEN WELL

You came to it through wild country. There the sea's voice
Has sounded always. Rampant meadow and thicket
Bordered it on three sides. The approaches were
By a winding road under tall elms, or circuitous
Woodland paths that led to a slight incline;
From this the house flowed upward, as if earth, thrusting
Great trunks of trees up round it, had thrust up
The house itself, in springtime and in summer
Girdled by walls of green. The fresh loam,
Cool from long sleep, flowed up through bole and branches,
And out, through branches, into green leaves. Just so
The cool silence of that country flowed
Into green sounds, old oceanic echoes,
Whispers and suspirations of the sea,
Broken at times by surf bruit, bellowing
Of blind sea mouths—flowed also into green songs
Hidden among green leaves. The silence there
Had a certain thing to say; in sea sounds you heard it
Perhaps, or in the water-dripping jargon
Of summer birds: endless reiteration
Of chat or vireo, the woodcock's call,
Chirrup and squeegee, larrup, squirt, and trill
Of liquid syrinxes—bright drops of song
Spangling the silence. Also, you could compare it,
This silence, to a great rock that the sea's steady
Lament steadily wore away; the acute
Chisel of the thrush's song cut into it,
Cut out small chips of silence, while the clouds,
Those nuns of heaven, paced heaven's corridors,
Robed in Dominican white. Heaven over the well,
At the bottom of which the house appeared to be lying,
Could be likened, if you preferred, to a huge lens
Focussing the sun's light; the eye of day
Opened and closed again as the cloudy shutter
Shrank or expanded. All day long, in the house,
Shifting of light and cloud shed light or gloom
Along the passages where the blowing arras
Lifted and settled; the polished surfaces
Of highboy, bureau, and hanging mirror darkened
Or brightened as the slant light strengthened or dimmed
From windows opening on the green well of trees,
And into this at night the stars looked down,
Or one star, riding in some deep rift of cloud,
Would stare steadily. When the leaves had fallen
And boughs were sere, in the month of wasps, when the numbed
Spider starved in his web, when the torpid hornet
Crawled upon casement and curtain, and friendly fires
Kindled on every hearth—suddenly, by chance,
From an upstairs window you might glimpse far off,
Between bare branches, the cold steel-blue of the sea.

—John Hall Wheelock

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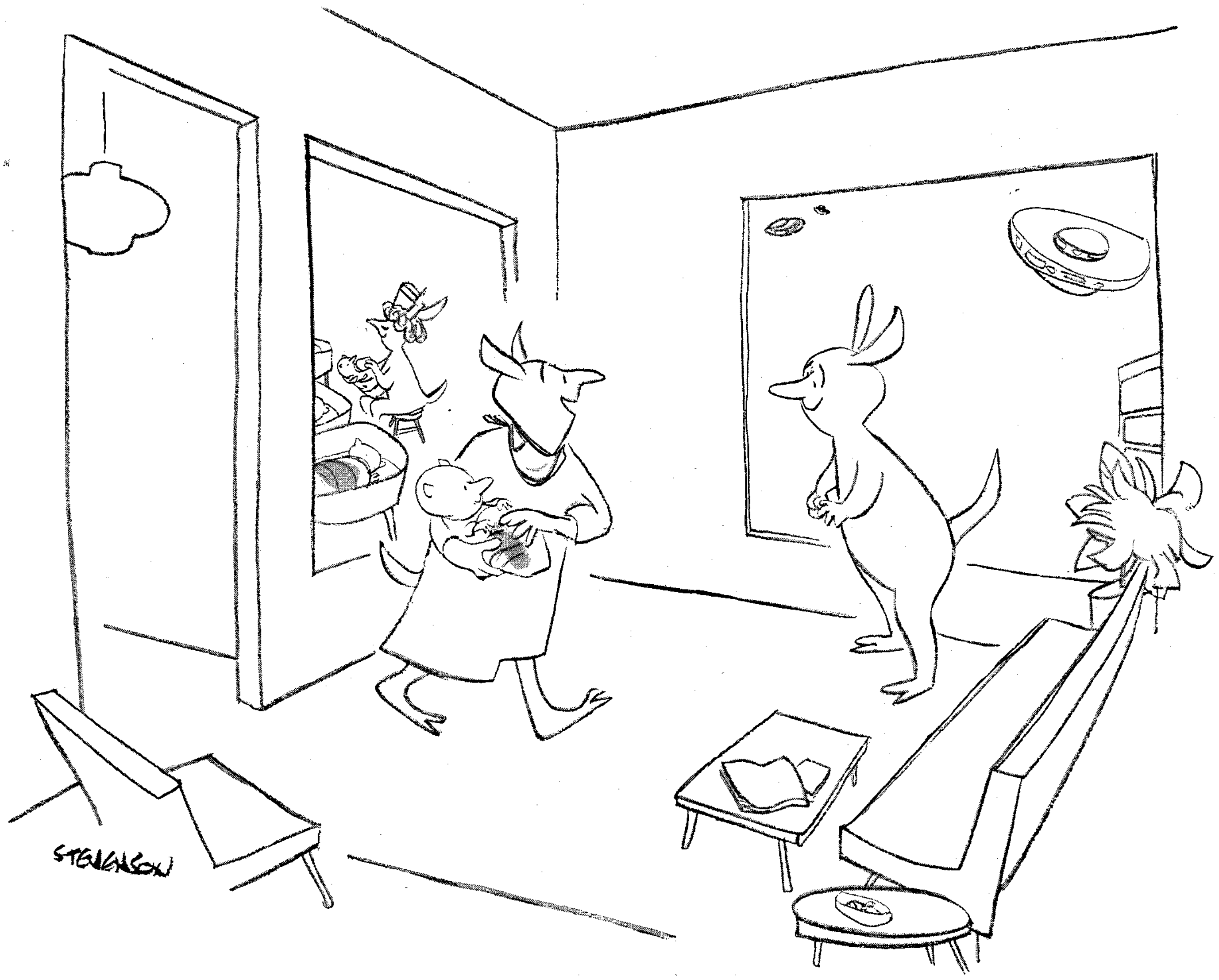


"Congratulations, it's a wrnux!"

• •

glove, and, searching under her shawl, produced a poor handkerchief with which she wiped her nose solemnly.

The houses came back, one by one, to meet them, stirred from their white silence by the coachman's loud conversation with the horses. And the streets came back, their trees in laces; the boulevard came, too, bringing the square into sight. "Suzanna," Father said, "make him stop right here. Let's have cake and tea before going home."

At the teashop? With Suzanna? Well, yes, of course. This was what Miki had always wished. Only perhaps Suzanna hadn't been in a teashop yet. She certainly did not have the experience of unnecessary gestures—how to hold cups, how to hold glasses.

We have been riding on the Milky Way.

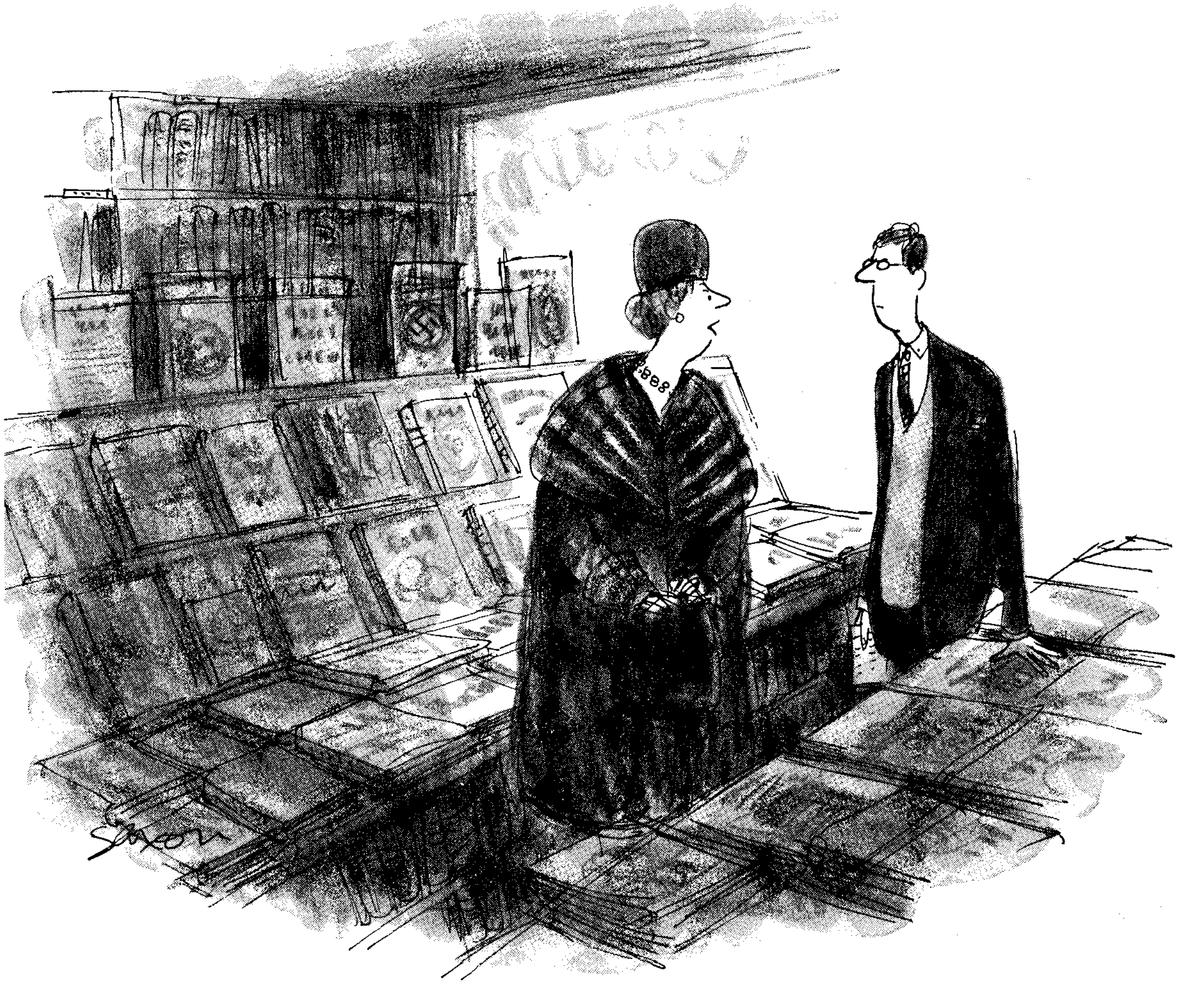
Was it going to be a poem?

"Move your toes, Miss Miki," said Suzanna, getting out of the sleigh, stamping her pointed shoes on the sidewalk.

The teashop exhaled sleepily a sweet, hot breath of chocolate when they opened the door. From the corner of her eye, because she didn't have the courage to look straight at her, Miki saw Suzanna advancing hypnotized, and her face—a while ago glowing with frost—grow pale, her lips become livid. She tiptoed in her high-laced shoes, still wearing a pompon of snow on each tip. She wouldn't part with the green shawl, even after they were seated near the window. "You may take it off, Suzanna," Father said casually, and it appeared then that under it she had on her little cap, by now badly crumpled.

A new, torturing witness appeared almost at once in the waitress who advanced toward them, slim and civilized in her pink uniform, wearing a smile cut in many little changing surfaces. Undoubtedly she knew about Suzanna. But Father dismissed the questions and the smiles, and gave orders without letting them choose. At once everybody felt on secure ground; the waitress turned her smile off and departed, very serious. But Suzanna didn't notice anything. Her lips parted; she was absorbed in the display of cakes, parading on paper lace, on the counter opposite.

Miki was an old client of the tearooms. Her winter walks with Father invariably ended there. And the longest walk, the inspection of the Christmas windows, which they did every year together, ended always in a warm booth over glasses of tea as they waited for the warmth to spread into their fingertips. After the long succession of smiling plaster Santa Clauses under the flashing lights, the glittery eyelashes of the tinsel would still be fluttering before Miki's eyes. She would look at the half moon of lemon slice floating in her glass of tea while Father gently made fun of the way people had come to trim the face of this holiday with silver paper and fake beards. She would listen to him gravely but a bit guiltily, because she liked the grotesque face the town had put on. She liked the sad Christmas-tree



"Is it too late to read 'Act One'?"

market, where the fir trees came to town for only one night of dressing up; she liked to be pushed around and jolted and squeezed in the crowd, hanging tight on Father's glove. And the live St. Nicholas that appeared high up on the balcony of a department store had from a distance seemed to her frighteningly real against the black sky, his beard moving with prophetical spasms as he advertised silk stockings through a microphone. Father's gentle irony always laid open the fake and the grotesque for Miki. Yet right now, in the teashop, Father found Suzanna all right as Suzanna, and, undisturbed, looked out of the window while explaining to them why a sleigh ride had to be taken immediately after the first snow.

Airily, a little chocolate cake wearing a candied cherry in its navel came on the dancing tray. And the tea, with its fragrance like a well-known silent signal, suddenly divided the afternoon in two—outside, instantly, the light dropped; the day leaned on the evening.

"How frozen are your feet, Miki?" Father asked.

"They just started to thaw," she told him, holding her palms around the glass of tea. She wished she could curl the soles of her feet, like her palms, around the hot glass.

Hastily, Suzanna put down her spoon, which she had brought to a perfect shine with the tip of her tongue. She spoke helpfully, with minute stars of chocolate flying from her mouth. "I'll take off your boots and warm up your feet, Miss Miki."

Oh, Suzanna would never understand how exhaustingly hilly was love once you knew about the imperfection of your object—how, wanting to be true to Genovefa of Brabant, you had to supplement with your own self the missing corners, to jump ahead of the event, to cover, under ridiculing eyes, a dignified retreat, to refuse the failure. Miki's universe had all at once expanded beyond Suzanna, and she was going to write a poem now, and she wouldn't show it to Suzanna, knowing already that would be futile. "Leave me alone" was Miki's irritated answer. And now she had offended Suzanna again, and there wasn't any way of telling her she was sorry.

"Did *she* like the cakes?" the waitress asked, motioning toward Suzanna, bringing back an obscure army of insinuations—and Miki's loyalty to Suzanna flared up instantly while blood rushed to her head.

"We loved them," said Father, refusing to join in the treachery. "Loved them. Ready to go?"

There was nothing embarrassing about their exit. It was absolutely all right. Walking straight ahead among the tables, Suzanna led the way, while on both sides people looked at them, smiling approvingly. Nothing at all happened except that a fringe of Suzanna's shawl caught the nose of a teapot on one of the little tables. But Suzanna stopped it in time, before an avalanche of chocolate cake started sliding down. And it was quite proper that she should speak to the teapot that tried to stop her. "*It did not matter!*" said Miki to herself through clenched teeth. The snow outside mattered, the blue evening with dark shadows running ahead of them over the snow. The poem mattered.

We have been riding on the Milky Way . . .

The tea with its drop of rum bathed them inside, filling each of them with a small tropical sun, perfuming the fog they breathed out through their nostrils. Happiness rose, grew high, became a hot geyser; the column of water broke into hundreds of giggling sprays. Suzanna bent and made a snowball, adroitly, like a squirrel rolling a nut. And the three of them, as if at a given signal, with shrieks and laughter started a snow battle. "Yoo-hoo!" With her arms spread apart, keeping her shawl wide open, Suzanna ran over the polar landscape like a green, crazy bat. And it was at this moment, stopping to catch her breath, leaning on the white-laced fence, that Miki made her poem:

We have been riding on the Milky Way.
It wasn't night and it was no more day.
Old, bearded wizard Winter drove the
  sleigh.

—MARGUERITE DORIAN

RESERVATIONS

A LOVE STORY

IT was arranged, of all things, that the bride and groom should make their escape from the country club through the little boys' locker room! But this was very reasonable, really. At nine o'clock on a night in January, the exit from the little boys' locker room to the swimming-pool terrace was the exit least likely to be congested. It was the exit also most likely to be overlooked by mischievous members of the wedding party. Every precaution had to be taken! No one was to be trusted!

In the lounge of the women's locker room, the bride got out of her gown in exactly thirty seconds. (She had taken an hour, more or less, to get into it.) She pushed the wedding dress into the hands of one of the club's maids and from the hands of another accepted the tweed travelling suit—puce-brown tweed trimmed with black velvet. Because it was imperative that no suspicion of her departure be roused among the guests, the bride was not attended by her mother or by her maid of honor. Her mother and all the bridal attendants remained upstairs at the party, where there was dancing, and where waiters moved about balancing trays of stemmed glasses. At two minutes to nine, the bride ran on tiptoe along a service passageway that connected most of the rooms on the ground floor. She was accompanied now by the elder of the two maids who had assisted in the change from white satin to tweed. This woman was one of the club's veteran maids, a large, rather middle-aged person who, though she dyed her hair a lemon yellow and rouged her cheeks excessively, was known for her stalwart character and her incorruptibility. In the passageway, the bride chattered nervously to this companion who had been assigned to her. She told how she had written her name in the club's bride's book as "Franny Crowell," having forgotten momentarily that she was now Mrs. Miles Miller. The maid was not a very responsive sort, and said nothing. But this didn't bother Franny; she went on to say, sometimes laughing while she spoke, that somehow she could not shake off the feeling that it was a pity and a shame to be slipping away from a party given in your own honor.

In one hand the maid held the key to a door down the passageway that would let the bride into the little boys' locker room. In the other hand she carried a pair of fur-trimmed galoshes. As they approached the locked door, the maid interrupted Franny's chatter. "Your father said tell you your fur coat's in the car, with your corsage pinned to it. He said be careful you don't sit on it." Simultaneously the maid held out the galoshes, giving them a little shake that indicated Franny should take them.

"What are those?" Franny chirped. "They're not mine."

"No, they're not yours, Mrs. Miller," said the maid, still pressing them on her.

"Well, I don't believe I'll want them," Franny said politely.

"Yes, your mother said so. It's snowing outside now—a nasty, wet snow, Mrs. Miller."

"But they're not mine, and they're not Mother's either. . . . How long has it been snowing?" She hoped to change the subject.

"Two hours off and on, Mrs. Miller. Ever since you got here from the church. It's not sticking, but there'll be slush underfoot."

"Well, whose are they?"

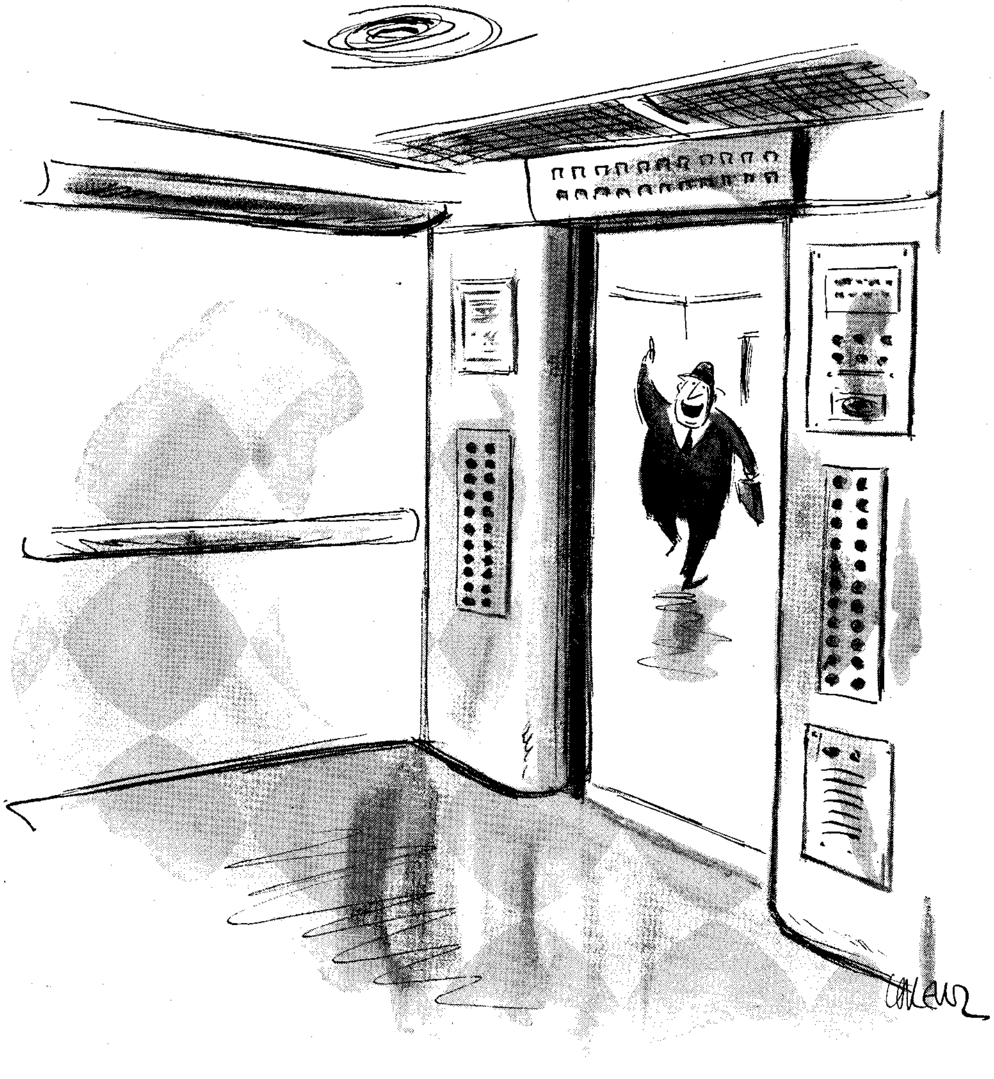
"Your mother snitched them from one of the guests—out of the cloakroom. She told me, 'Something borrowed.' "

Franny burst into laughter and took the galoshes. But she resolved not to put on the ugly things until after Miles had seen her and got the effect of her outfit.

While the maid fitted the key into the lock, Franny stood with her eyes lifted to the low basement ceiling. She heard the sound of the dancing overhead, and she speculated about which of the dancers upstairs these boots might belong to and thought of the pleasure it was sure to give some childhood friend of hers, or possibly some aunt or some woman friend of her parents, to learn that *she* had provided the bride with the one item that had been overlooked—the something borrowed.

Presently the door before her stood open. But Franny's eyes and thoughts were still directed toward the ceiling. "There you are," said the maid, obviously provoked by the bride's inattention.

Franny lowered her eyes. She looked



"Down!"

at the woman beside her with a startled expression. Then she glanced briefly into the shadows of the unlighted locker room. And in the next moment she was clutching frantically at the starched sleeve of the maid's uniform. "But he is not here!" she exclaimed. Her tone was accusing; she eyed the maid suspiciously. Then, as if on further reflection, she spoke in a bewailing whisper: "He isn't hee-er!" According to the plan, he was to have been admitted to the little boys' locker room through a door from the adjoining men's locker room. But had he ever intended to be there? *He was gone! Of course he was! How else would it be*? Already Franny was thinking of what kind of poison she would administer to herself, of how she would manage to obtain the poison, of how she would look when they found her.

"What do you mean 'not here'?" said the maid, jerking her sleeve free.

Franny smiled coolly. She knew how she must carry it off. "Maybe I'll stay on for the party, after all," she said.

"What do you mean 'not here'?" the maid repeated. "He's standing there before your eyes."

Franny looked again, and of course there her bridegroom stood. "I didn't see him, it's so dark," she stammered.

But, instead of going to the bridegroom, suddenly the bride threw her arms about the woman with the lemon-yellow hair who had delivered her to him. This trustworthy woman had been known to Franny during most of her young life, but she was by no means a favorite of Franny's. And almost certainly Franny had never been a favorite of the woman's, either. . . . But still it seemed the thing to do. Somehow it was like embracing the whole wedding party or even the whole club membership, or possibly just simply her own mother. And, no doubt, in that moment this woman forgave Franny many an old score—forgave a little girl's criticism of sandwiches served toasted when they had been ordered untoasted, complaints about a bathing suit's not having been hung out to dry, and many another complaint besides. At any rate, the woman responded and returned the warm embrace. Then for an instant the two of them smiled at each other through the general mist of tears.

"Goodbye, little Miss 'Franny Crowell,' " the woman said.

"Goodbye, Bernice," said Franny, "and thanks for everything." Yes, the woman's name was Bernice. What a bother it had always been, trying to remember it, but now it had come out without Franny's having to try to think of it even.

Bernice took several steps backward, as if quitting a royal presence. At a respectful distance she turned her back, and in her white gum-soled shoes she retreated silently down the long service passageway.

While waiting for the bride to come through the doorway to him, the bridegroom had literally stood dangling his little narrow-brimmed hat, shifting it from one hand to the other. He did not know what to make of that blank look she had given him at first, didn't know what to make of her saying "He is not here," didn't know what to make of her throwing herself into the arms of the hired help instead of into his own. . . . The embrace perhaps he understood better than the look. But anyway, she had come to him at last, which was what he wanted most in the world at the moment. Presently he had seated her on one of the rough wooden benches in the locker room and, on his knees before her, he was struggling to push her feet into the borrowed galoshes. Franny had held on to the galoshes through both her embraces, and as soon as she had handed them to Miles and was seated on the bench, she began to chatter again—about the galoshes now, about how her mother had positively stolen "the ugly things" from somebody upstairs.

FISH MARKET
SPECIAL TODAY
FRESH PRODUCE
FRUITS & VEGETABLES
Judith Shahn

It wasn't easy getting the galoshes on. They were a near-perfect fit, but Franny seemed incapable of being any help. Her little ankles had gone limp, like an absent-minded child's. But finally Miles managed to force both galoshes on. He zipped them up neatly, and then lifted his face to Franny and smiled. Franny extended one of her tiny gloved hands to him, as if she were going to pull him to his feet. Miles seized it, but he remained on one knee before her, pressing the hand firmly between the two of his. While he knelt there, Franny made a vague gesture with her free

THE KILLING

We come for rabbit. Into a field
Snowgrazed and frozen hard, we enter
With shells and loaded shotgun, chilled
To the bone, from woods stripped bare by winter
To the steep furrow picked of its yield.

Following blunt necessities,
We poke sticks in a small tunnel
Or stop among broken stalks and freeze,
To bring this nibbler of leaf and kernel
To his meat-eating enemies.

All afternoon, we walk and squat
And wait for the nourishing death to happen.
A rabbit scampers across the rut
And tumbles hard as the burnished weapon
Empties its dead weight in his gut.

Gray trembling thing, your passive eye,
Bright in this tangle of shuck and tassel,
Seems curious how we will make you die,
Even after your bone and gristle
Give to the gun butt's blunt reply.

If I could say, what good would it do?
How would it keep your blood in nature
Or the heat from ebbing out of you?
I might have spared this quiet creature,
But hungered, and my aim was true.

—Robert Mezey

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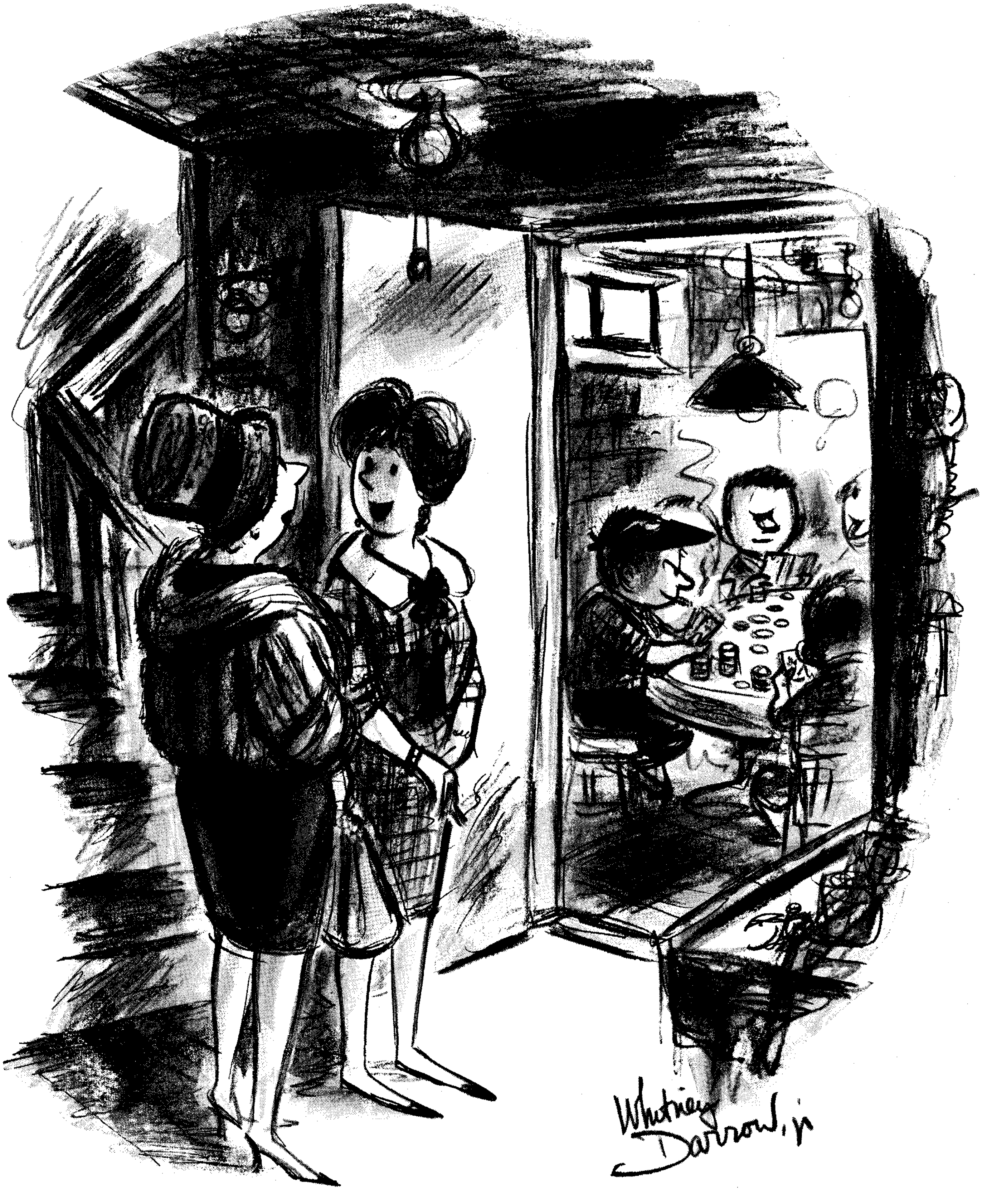

"And this is the children's game room."

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hand, a gesture that indicated the whole of the dark locker room. "I've never been in here before, Miles," she said.

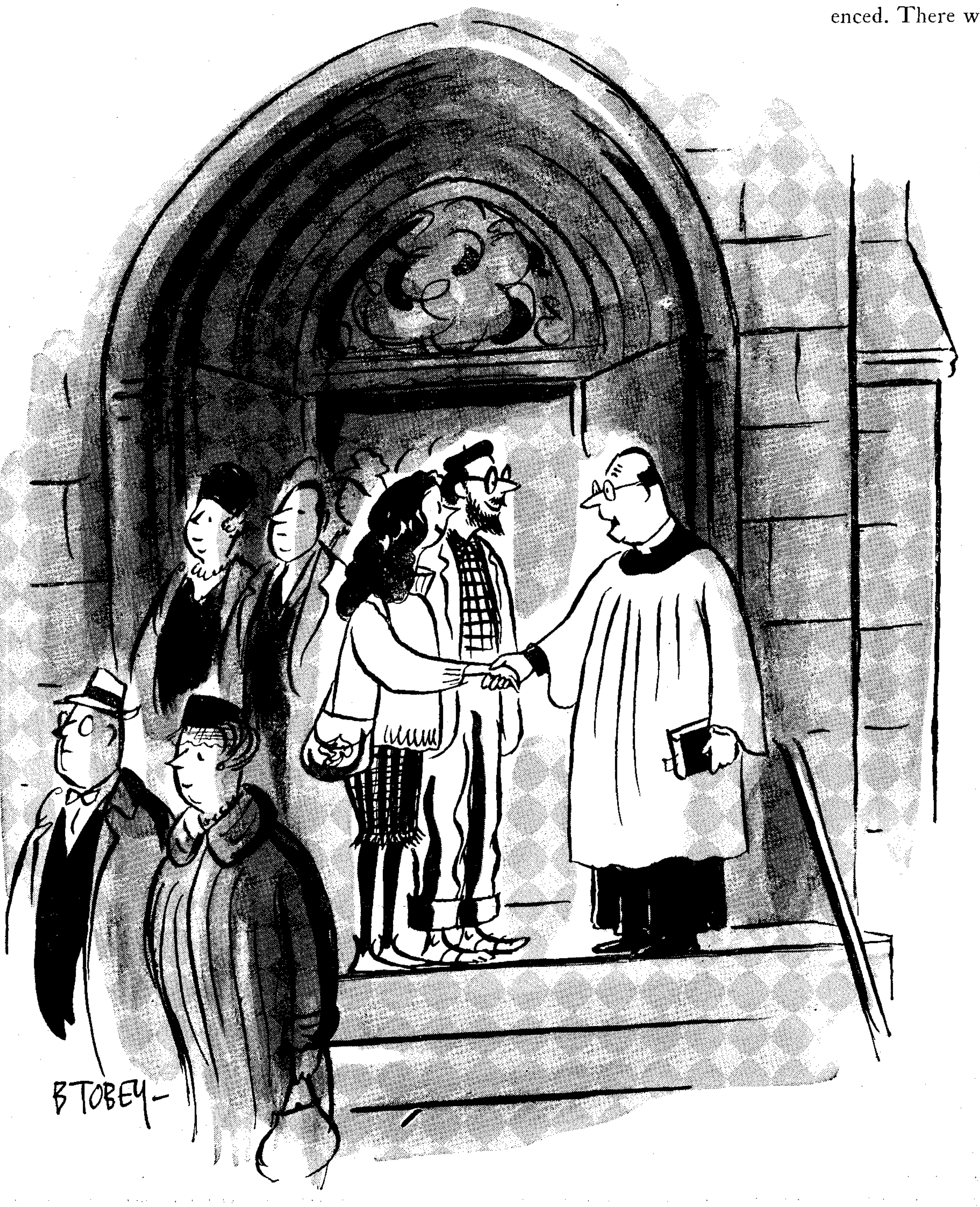
"Neither have I, you know," Miles said playfully.

"Oh," Franny breathed, thoughtfully. "No, you probably haven't, have you."

Now she felt she understood.... *That* was why she had not been able to see him there at first. She had never *imagined* him there. It was because Miles Miller was not one of the local boys she had grown up with, wasn't one of that familiar group from whose number she had always assumed she would someday accept a husband. He was better than any of *those*, of course; he was her own, beloved, blue-eyed, black-haired, fascinating Miles Miller, whom she had recognized the first moment she ever saw him as the best-looking man she had ever laid eyes on (or ever would), as the man she must have for *hers*—and the very same Miles, of course, that at least half a dozen other girls of her year had thought they must have for *theirs*. Moreover, he was the young man who doesn't turn up in *every*body's year: the young bachelor from out of town, brought in from a distant region by one of the big corporations to fill a place in its local office, a young man without any local history of teen-age romances to annoy and perhaps worry the bride. And in Miles' case the circumstances were enhanced still further. He was an only child, and his parents had died while he was still in college. For his bride there would be no parents or brothers and sisters to be visited and adjusted to, and, since he had lived always on the West Coast and gone to Stanford, no prep-school friends, not even—at such a distance—a college roommate to be won over. Once they were married, Franny's family would be *their* family, her friends *their* friends. Besides all this, her Miles was at once the most modest and most self-assured human being imaginable. With one gentle look—gentle and yet reasonable and terribly penetrating—he could make her aware of the utter absurdity of something she said or did, and make her simultaneously aware of how little such absurdities mattered to someone who loved you.

Franny bent forward and kissed her husband gently on his smiling lips. He came up beside her on the bench, no longer smiling, and took Franny in his arms. For Franny it was as it had always been before—every time he had ever held her in his tender, confident way. It was as though she possessed at last, or was about to possess at last, what she had always wanted above everything else and had never dreamed she wanted—or, that is, never dreamed she wanted in quite the same way she wanted everything else. That was what seemed so incredible to her about it: *This* desire and *this* happiness differed only in degree from the other longings and other satisfactions one experienced. There was nothing at all unreal about it. And somehow the most miraculous part was that the man she was going to marry was not the man she had ever imagined herself marrying. On the contrary, he was the frightening stranger of her girlish daydreams—the dark, handsome man she was always going to meet on a train coming home from boarding school at Christmas or during the summer at Lake Michigan. In her daydreams she sometimes even bore that man a child, but there had always had to be a barrier to their marrying. The man was already married (perhaps to an invalid!), or he was a Jew, he was a Catholic—a French Canadian—or he was the foreign agent of a country committed to the destruction of her own country, or (when she was still younger) there was insanity or even a strain of Negro blood in his family! Yet the stranger had turned up after all—after she had almost forgotten him—and there was no barrier.

Still holding Franny close to him, Miles got to his feet and for a moment lifted his bride completely off the floor.



"I'm glad you could—uh—make the scene."

"Franny, oh, 'little Miss Franny,' let's go!" he said. Franny laughed aloud. And to Miles she sounded for all the world like a delighted little girl of four or five. "Let's be on our way," he said, still holding her there. "Let's get out of here."

"Carry me to the car, Miles," she whispered.

"I will," he said. "You bet I will. Not this way, though. I'll set you down and get a good hold and then we'll dash."

But just as Franny's feet touched the floor, there came a great rattling sound from over toward the door to the terrace. Franny gave a little shriek that came out almost "Aha!" And then, in a quiet voice, in a tone of utter resignation, she said, "They've found us." She meant, of course, that the mischief-makers had found them. "We'll *never* get away."

"No, they haven't, darling," Miles said impatiently.

Franny turned away from him. At the far end of the room she saw a man's figure silhouetted against the glass door to the terrace. She realized at once that the man must be one of the club's waiters. It was he, she surmised, who had let Miles in from the men's locker room. He had been present all the while, and actually he was now holding the terrace door a little way open. The rattling noise had, plainly, come from the long Venetian blind on that door. But the source of the rattling no longer interested Franny; she was too angry with Miles for not having told her they weren't alone.

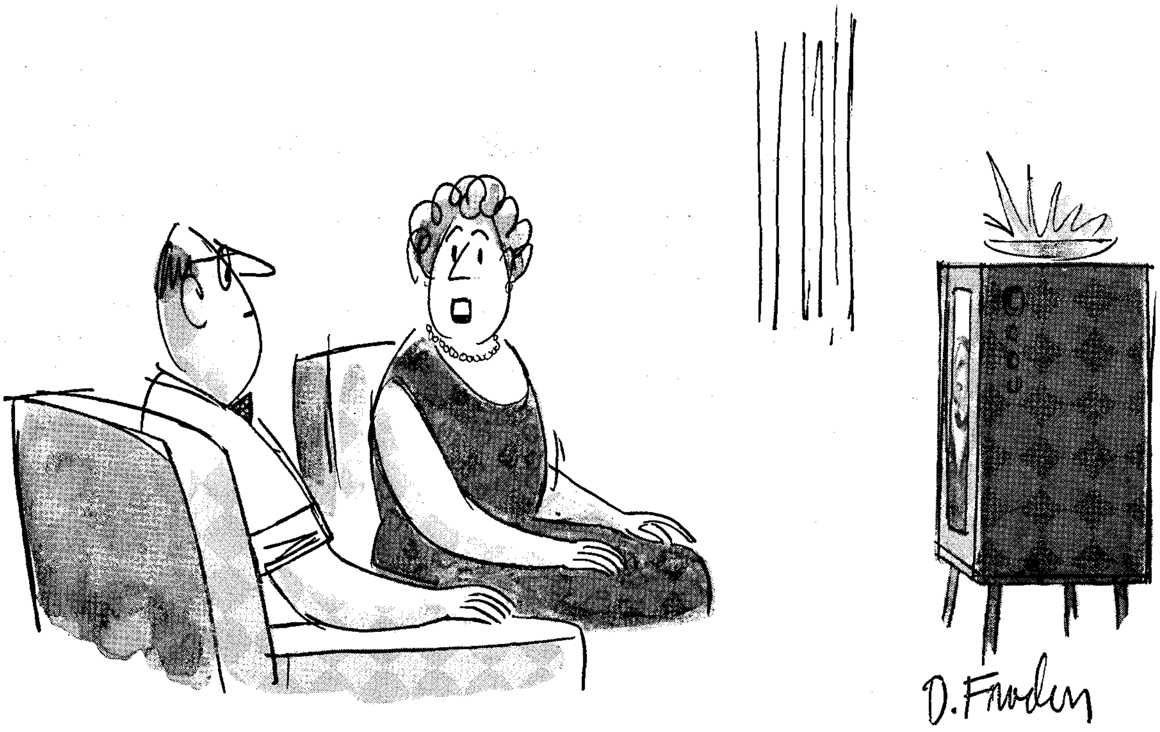
Suddenly her impulse was to turn back and deliver Miles a slap across the face. His inference that the waiter's presence hadn't mattered was insulting both to herself and to this man who had so faithfully performed the duties assigned him. But before she could turn or speak, Miles had seized her by the hand and the waiter had thrown open the door. Hand in hand, the bride and groom ran the length of the little boys' locker room. In the excitement of the moment, Miles had forgotten that he was going to carry Franny to the car. It was well for him that he had. Franny consented to let him hold her hand only in order to keep from embarrassing the waiter. Halfway to the door she made out just which of the club's waiters he was, and she could easily have called him by name. But instead she dropped her eyes, and she kept them lowered even when Miles paused in the doorway to slip a bill into the hand at the end of the white sleeve. In her pique with Miles, she wondered if the bill was of as large a denomination as it ought to be.

Outside, they ran along the edge of the gaping swimming pool and on in the direction of the tennis courts. Beyond the courts, Miles' new car was hidden. The wet snow was falling heavily, and it was beginning to stick now. It seemed to Franny that the snow might fill the empty swimming pool before the night was over. They went through the gate into the area of the tennis courts. From there Franny glanced back once at the lighted windows of the low, sprawling clubhouse. Through the snow it seemed miles away. They ran on across the courts and through the white shrubbery. Neither of them spoke until they were in the car. By then their rendezvous in the locker room seemed like something that had happened too long ago to mention. As Miles was helping her into her coat, and she was carefully protecting the big white orchid that she knew her father had pinned on the coat with his own hands, Franny said, "What are we going to do, Miles? I'm terrified. I hate snow. We can't get even as far as Bardstown tonight."

"Of course we can't, honey," he said. He had switched on the car lights and was starting the motor. "We'll have to stay here in town tonight. I telephoned the hotel a while ago. We'll have to stay there."

THEY had planned to spend the first night at Bardstown, which in good weather was only a few hours away, down in Kentucky, and where there was an attractive old inn. They had planned to make it to Natchez by the second night, and to be at the Gulf Coast by the third. Franny's father had urged them to fly down, or to take a train. But they were able to think only of what fun it would be to have their own car once they got to Biloxi. It had been silly of them, they acknowledged now, driving into town through the snow, but they did have the satisfaction of knowing that all planes would be grounded on such a night, anyway. And to both of them the idea of spending their wedding night in a Pullman berth seemed grotesque.

It took Miles three-quarters of an hour to get them through the snow and the traffic to the downtown hotel where he had managed to make reservations. Along the way, he apologized to Franny for putting them up at this particular hotel—the hotel, that is, where he had himself been living during the past year and a half. "As luck would have it," he explained, "there are two big conventions in town this



"I suppose we should like John Crosby's show whether we like it or not."

week. I was lucky to find a room anywhere at all. I hope you don't mind too much."

"Why in the world should I mind?" Franny laughed. "We're a bona-fide married couple now."

Yet the moment she had passed through the revolving door into the marble-pillared lobby of the hotel, Franny rested a gloved hand on the sleeve of Miles' overcoat and said, "I *do* feel a little funny about it, after all."

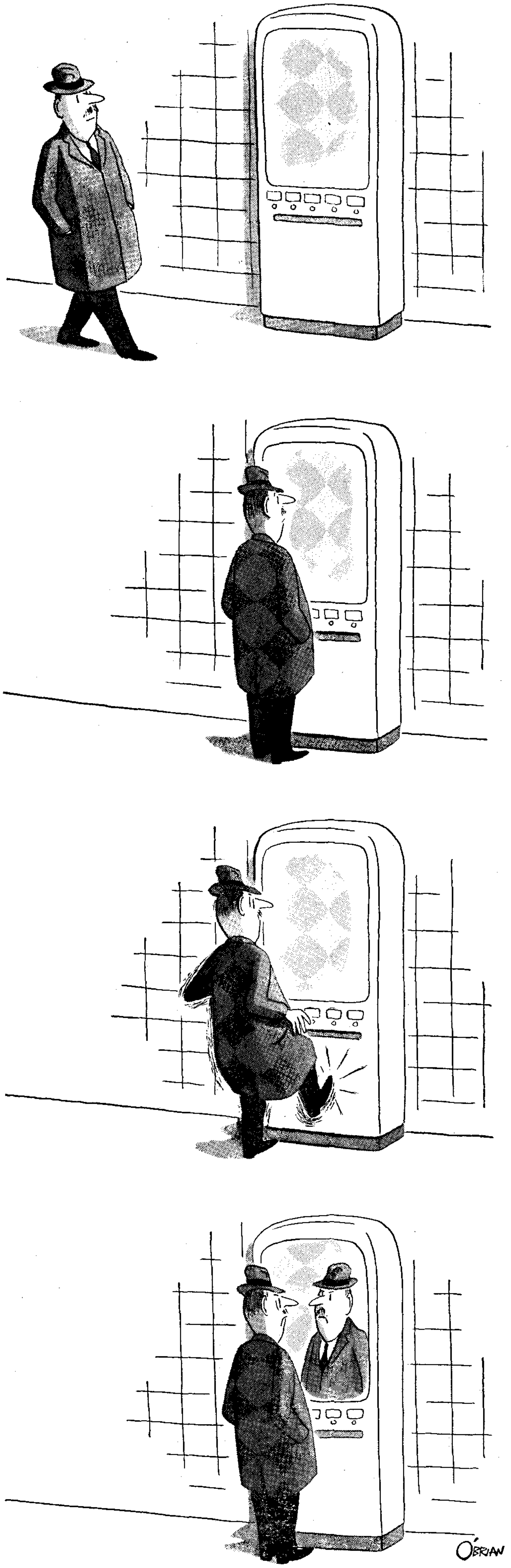
"I was afraid you might feel funny about it," Miles said. They stood there a moment waiting for the boy with their luggage to follow them through the revolving door, and Miles began to apologize all over again. "The other hotels were all full up," he said. "It's only because I happen to hit it off so well with Bill Carlisle that I was able to get a room here. It wasn't easy for him even; he's just the assistant manager. Your father, or almost any of the guys in the wedding, might have found us something better. But it seemed worse, somehow, to have any of them—even your father—know exactly where we're spending the night, since we can't get out of town. I guessed you would feel the same way about it."

But Franny was not listening to Miles. She had become aware that she was the only woman in the lobby, and the mention of the assistant manager's name had further distracted her. Bill Carlisle had been invited to the wedding—she recalled addressing his invitation—but he had not been invited to the reception and supper dance. As for her own acquaintance with him, it was very slight. She had known him for a long time, however, and she knew that he knew just about everyone that she did. She interrupted Miles' apologies to say, "Do we have to see Bill Collier?"

"Who?" asked Miles.

"You know—the assistant manager."

"Of course we don't, darling," he said. "We don't even have to register. That's all set."



The boy with their luggage had joined them now. Another boy had appeared with their key and was beckoning them to follow him to the elevator. As they crossed the lobby, Franny began laughing to herself. Miles noticed, and asked what was funny.

"I was wondering," she said, "do you think he'll have put us in your room?"

"Will who have?"

"You know, your friend Bill—the assistant manager."

"At least it won't be that," said Miles. "There was someone waiting to take it over when I got the last of my possessions out this morning."

"What a shame," Franny whispered. "It would have been kind of interesting, and no one but Bill Cook need ever have known."

"Bill Carlisle's his name," Miles said rather petulantly. Then he added, "He's a pretty nice fellow, in case you care to know."

"Certainly he is," Franny said with a wink. "I've known him for years."

Franny stepped into the elevator, followed by Miles. Then the boy with the luggage got in, then the one with the key. Franny observed that both the boys were mature men, and the key boy was even bald-headed. They kept their heads bowed, very courteously, not even looking up when presently they had occasion to speak to each other.

"Where's Jack?" the luggage boy asked quietly.

"He's coming," said the key boy.

"Who's Jack?" Franny asked Miles.

Thinking the question directed to him, the luggage boy replied, "He's the elevator boy." As he spoke, he glanced up at Franny. Probably he thought it was demanded of him. Unlike the key boy, he had a heavy head of hair, as dark and thick as Miles' own, and the face he lifted was youthful,

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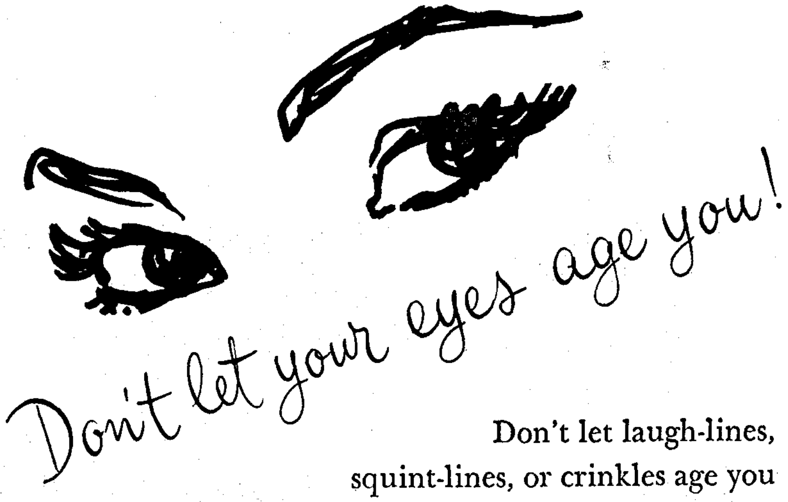
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almost handsome even, with a broad jaw and black, rather cruel eyes that seemed brimming with energy. As soon as he looked up he realized his mistake and bent his head again. But he had reminded Franny of someone—someone she didn't like. Or *did* like. Which was it? She couldn't think who it was, and felt vaguely that she didn't want to. And what would Jack, the elevator operator, be like, she wondered, when he turned up? Somehow she was sure he would be a redhead. Presently he would come running; he would hop into the elevator, close the door, push the button, and there she would be, locked in the elevator with Miles and with the three men in their dark-green livery and with the heap of luggage, and the elevator would shoot them up to their floor and stop with a sickening little bounce. She wished Miles would *say* something!

"Jack seems to have gotten lost," Miles said. Franny burst out laughing.

Immediately, Jack appeared, as if from nowhere. He was a Negro boy, but with light skin and a reddish tint to his hair.

Franny was conscious of Jack's arrival, and conscious of the color of his hair, but at the same time her real attention had been caught by a figure out in the lobby. It was the figure of a woman, and she was moving swiftly across the lobby toward this elevator, making her way between the heavier figures of the conventioners in their tweed overcoats and gray fedoras. (Most of them, it seemed to Franny, were smoking cigars, the way conventioners were supposed to.) The woman was wearing a navy-blue topcoat and hat, and carried an oversize handbag. "Wait!" Franny said to the elevator boy.

"What do you mean, 'Wait'?" Miles asked.

"Don't you see who that is trying to catch us?" Franny said, rising on her toes.

"I see who it is, but you don't know her, and I can promise you I don't either."

One of the hotel boys snorted, but he cut it off so short Franny couldn't tell for sure which of them it was. She suspected the bald-headed one.

"It's Bernice! The maid from the club!" Franny tried to recall whether she had forgotten anything essential. No, the woman must have an urgent message for her. Her father or her mother had been taken ill, or there had been some disaster at the club—a fire perhaps. She remembered distinctly hav-

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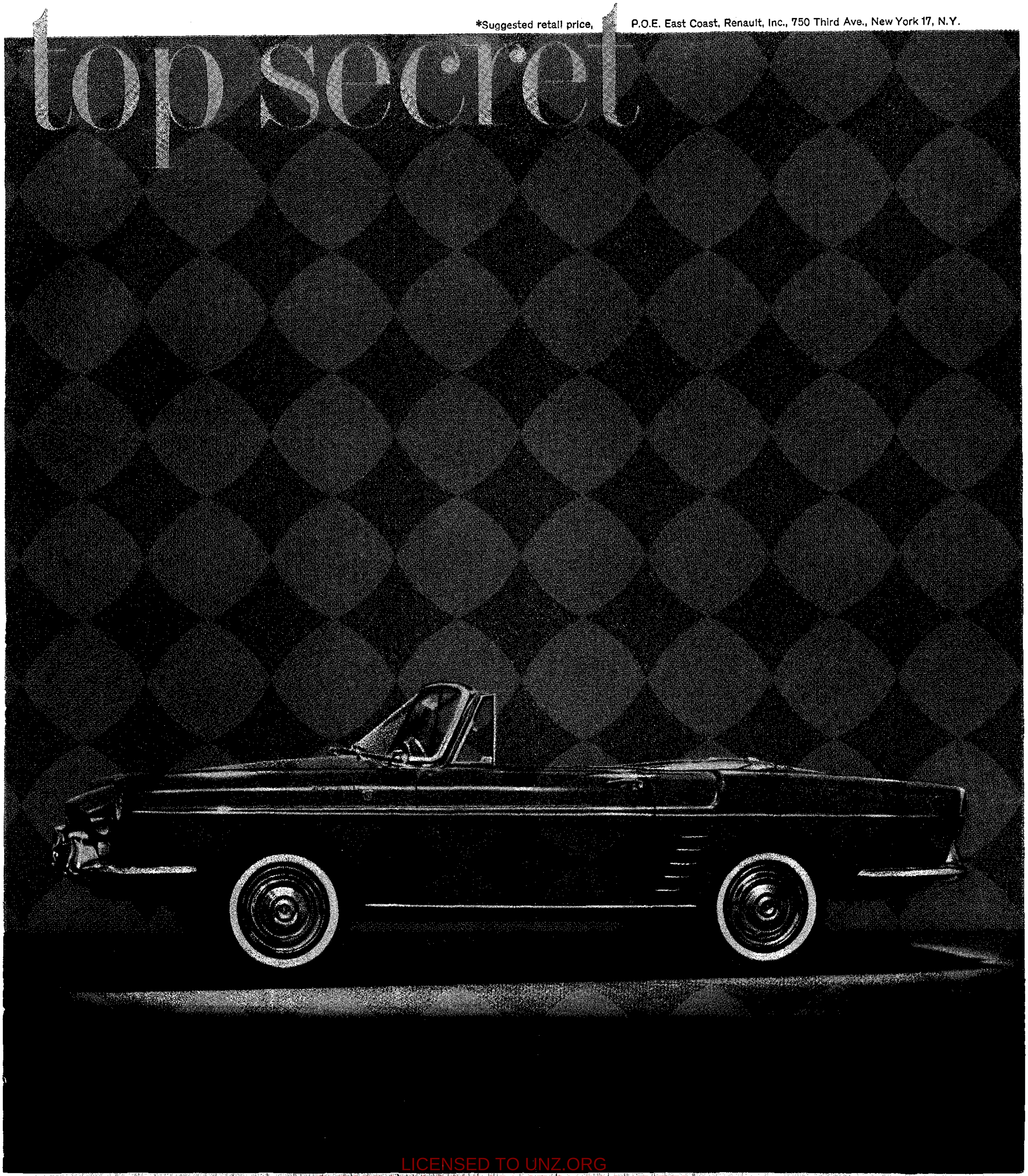

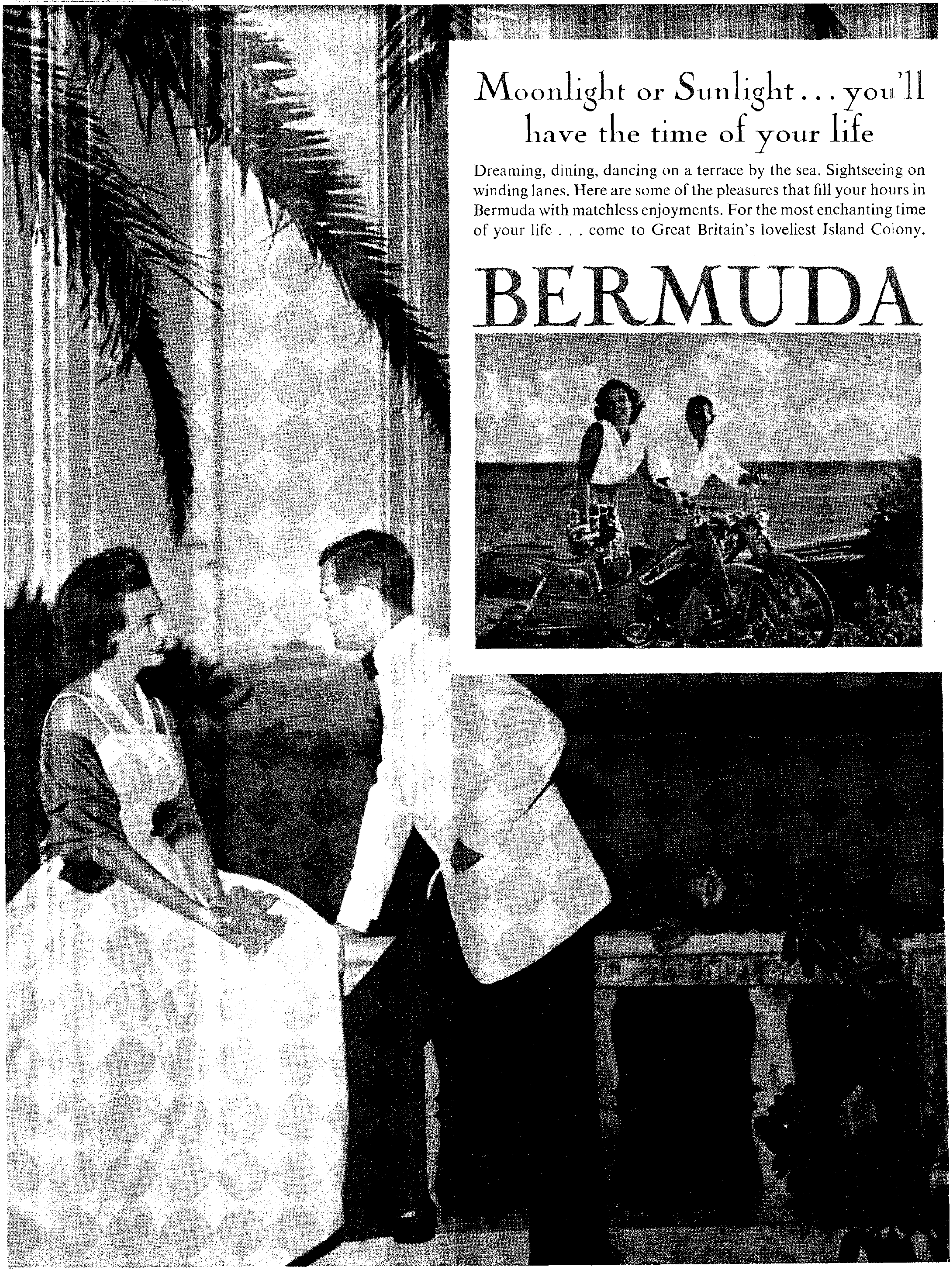

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ing left a cigarette burning in the women's lounge.

"It's no such thing," Miles was saying. "Let's go, Jack!"

The woman was close enough now for Franny to see it was not Bernice. The long stride and the yellow hair sticking out from under the hat had deceived her. But she should have known, shouldn't she, that Bernice could not have worn such heels.

The elevator door was closing right in the woman's face, and even if the woman wasn't Bernice, this was more than Franny could bear. "Stop it!" she commanded, utterly outraged by the ungallant behavior of these men. "There's room for another person, easily!"

The boys looked at Miles. "Let the lady in," Miles thundered.

Jack slid the door open. But the woman hesitated. With a swift glance she seemed to have taken in every aspect of the situation—that it was a bride and groom she was intruding upon, that the bride had insisted upon holding the car for her, that the groom had protested. She now signalled Jack to go on without her, but with Miles' thundering command still in his ears Jack made no move to do so. Miles kept silent. And so did Franny, who in a last-minute glance as swift as the woman's had taken in *her* total situation—that she was a middle-aged prostitute late for an engagement. There was but one solution to the awful silence and to the irresolution of the elevator boy. The woman stepped into the elevator and abruptly turned her back to the other passengers.

As the car shot upward, Jack asked with easy nonchalance, "Your floor, please?"

Again there was silence. Finally Miles said, "What's our floor?"

The key boy looked up, showing his full face for the first time—eyes set close together, a small, puffy nose, ears flat against the bald head. Franny thought it the stupidest, most brutal face she had ever set eyes on. "*Your* floor is eight, Mr. Miller," he said, barely opening his swollen lips when he spoke.

After a moment Jack repeated, "Your floor, please?"

The woman now turned her face toward the elevator boy so that Franny saw her profile. Her face was plain—neither homely nor otherwise, really—and seemed devoid of expression. Only the fact that she had turned her face toward him showed that she knew the boy expected an answer from her. It occurred to Franny that in her agitation this poor creature had forgotten

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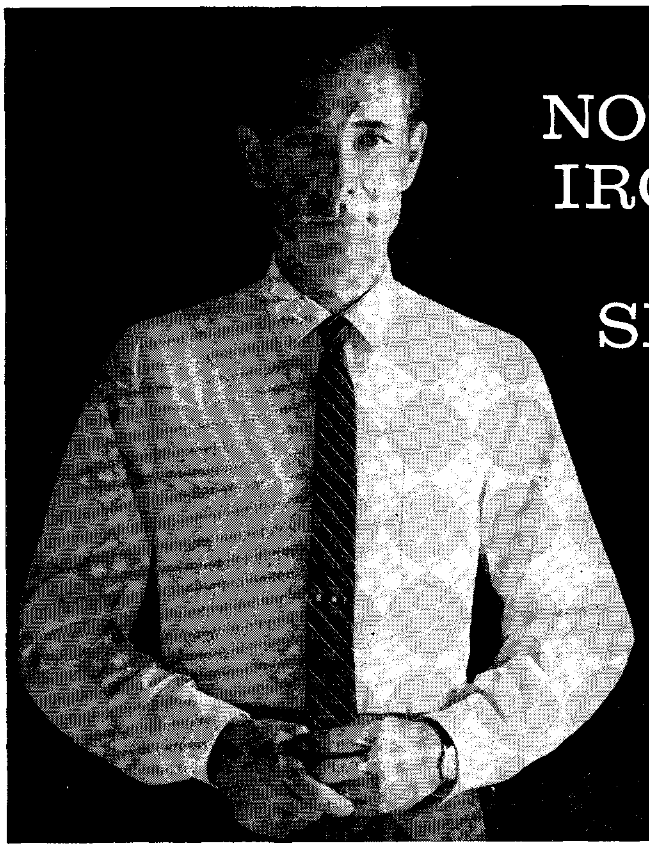

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what floor she was going to. At last, and as if with great effort, she did speak. "Seven for me," she said.

With a long, bony forefinger Jack stabbed the seventh-floor button. The elevator stopped almost at once, and the door slid open. The woman stepped out into the hallway, where there was a broad mirror facing her between two metal cigarette urns. Instead of turning to left or right she stopped there just outside the elevator, and for one instant her pale eyes met Franny's in the glass. Then the door closed quietly between them.

Franny had not been aware of a bouncing sensation when the elevator stopped at that floor. But when it stopped at the floor above, the sensation so upset her equilibrium that she felt positively faint. Her two feet in their fur-trimmed galoshes seemed chilled to numbness. She felt that if she tried to take one step down the hallway in the direction of the bridal chamber her knees might buckle underneath her. She wondered how she would ever manage it.

TO Miles Miller, his bride had seemed not herself at all, from the time they met in the shadows of the locker room at the country club until at last they were alone in the hotel room. But her confusion and nervousness were very understandable, he reasoned, in view of the upsetting change in their plans. And once they were alone in the room, she was indeed very much herself again. She was once again the vivacious, unaffected, ingenuous little being he had decided to marry after talking to her for five minutes during an intermission at a big début party last year. From the beginning, Miles had felt that he appreciated her special brand of innocence and even artlessness as no one else ever before had. One thing he had determined when he left college and entered upon his career in business was that he would not be the sort—the type—to marry the boss's daughter and further his career that way. He detested that type. He extended this pledge to himself even to include the daughters of prominent and influential men who might indirectly help him in his career. He extended it even to cover all the débutantes he had ever met or would ever meet. He had had no definite ideas about where he *would* find his wife, except one idea that was so childish he laughed at it himself: He had thought of meeting a perfectly unspoiled girl while vacationing in an unspoiled countryside—perhaps in the highland South,

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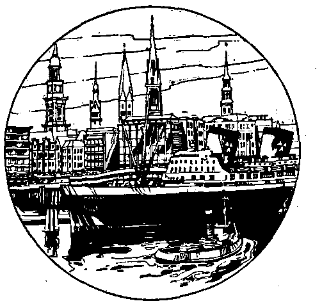

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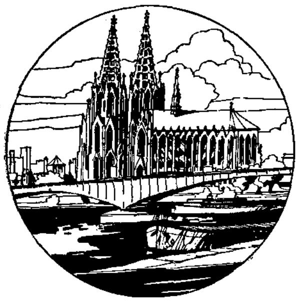

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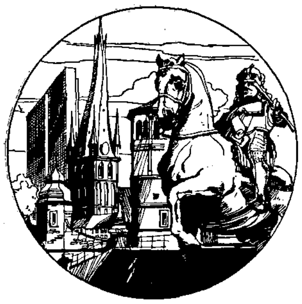

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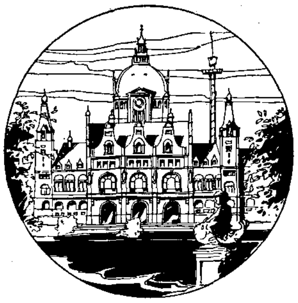

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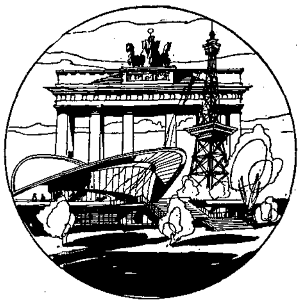

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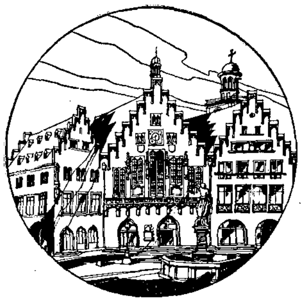

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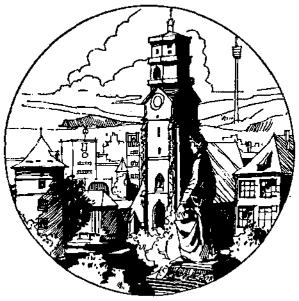

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Important Events in 1961:
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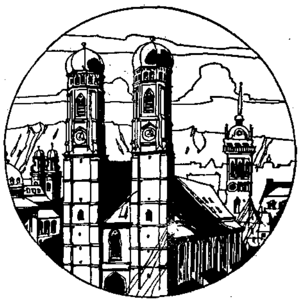

MUNICH

With the backdrop of the majestic Alps, Munich, the German metropolis, is a center of art and culture, famed for its **Gemütlichkeit.** The abundance of interesting sights, the great hotels and restaurants of international renown make this charming and beautiful city ideal for an extendedvisit. **Vacation in Munich - The highlight of your European trip!**

Important Events in 1961: Apr. 21 - May 1: 3rd IGAFA - Int'l Gastronomy & Tourism Show, May 31 - June 11: 13th German Handicrafts Fair, June 16 - Oct. 1: Great Art Exhibition/July: Nymphenburg Summer Festival/Aug. 13 - Sept. 9: Opera Festival/Sept. 15 - Oct. 1: Int'l Exhibit. „Bauen&Wohnen"/Sept. 16 - Oct. 1: Oktoberfest.

West Germany's Big 8 Cities

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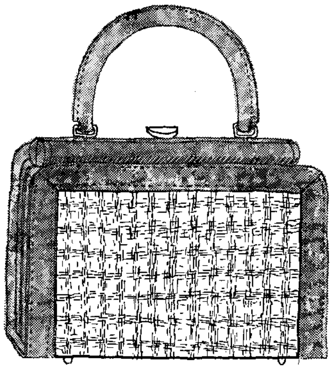
perhaps even somewhere in Europe. He had thought particularly of Switzerland. But when thinking more realistically Miles told himself simply that he would not marry for the sake of his business or social advancement. His marriage and his family life must be something altogether apart from his career.

And then, in his twenty-sixth year, he had met Franny Crowell and had had a wonderful insight. Franny was, in a most important sense, as beautifully innocent and provincial as any little mountain girl might have been. She delighted in her surroundings, accepted her relation to them without question, and would be content to remain where she was and as she was for the rest of her life. She had been practically nowhere away from home. For two years she went to boarding school in Virginia but hated dormitory life and thought it silly of girls to go East to college when they could be so much more comfortable staying at home. She had herself attended the local city university for two years and had relished meeting different kinds of people from her own home town. True, she had spent most of her summers at a resort on Lake Michigan, but even there most of her companions had been the same people she went to school with at home during the winter. Miles Miller recognized in Franny Crowell the flaxen-haired mountain girl of his childish imaginings. Her outward appearance might deceive the world but never him. She arranged her golden-brown hair always in the very latest, most sophisticated fashions. Last summer she had even let the beauty parlor put a blond streak in her hair. She plucked her eyebrows, even pencilled them. The shade of her lipstick paled or darkened according to whatever was newest. But Miles perceived that all of this was as innocent and natural in his Franny as plaiting flaxen pigtails might have been.

Miles and Franny had agreed in advance that they should each have only one glass of champagne at the club on their wedding night. But among the bags that they had had brought into the hotel was Miles' genuine Gucci liquor case—a present from the men at his office. Packed with ice in the plastic compartment of the elaborate leather case were two bottles of champagne of a somewhat earlier and better year than that offered the guests by the bride's father. And into Franny's makeup bag she had managed to fit two of their very own champagne glasses. Together they had thought of everything.

In their hotel room, they spent the



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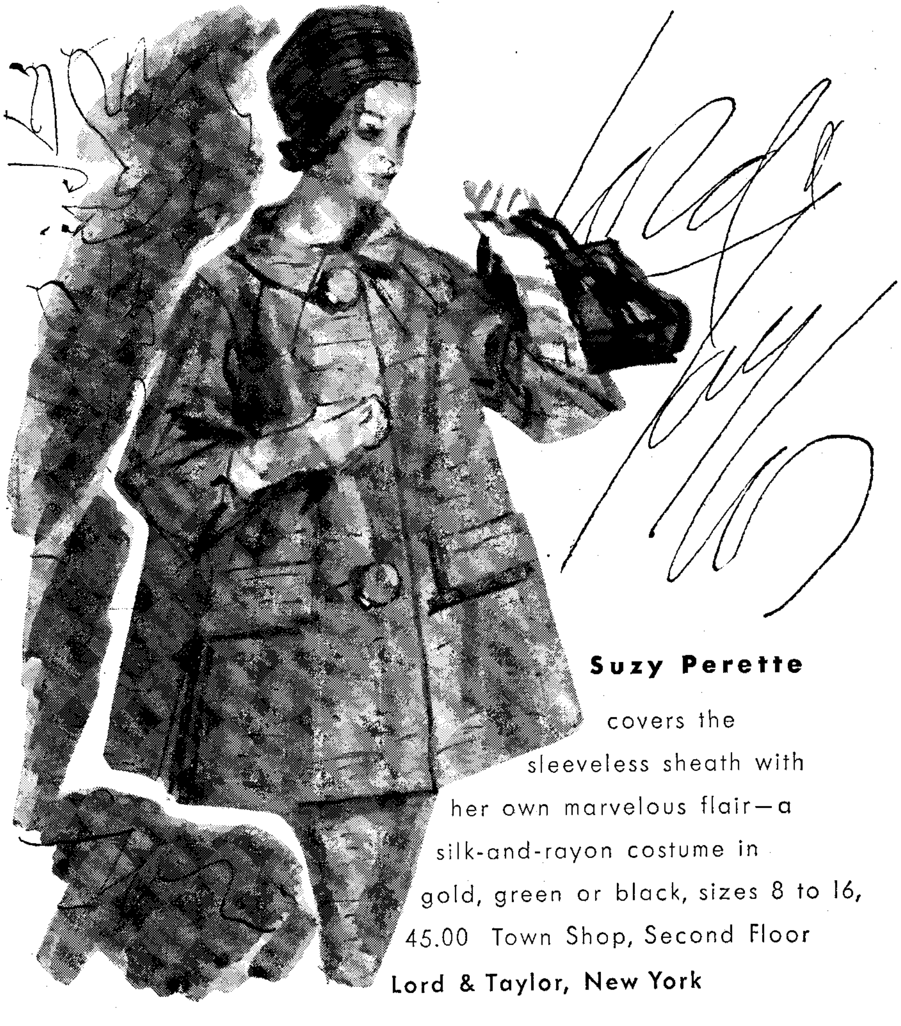

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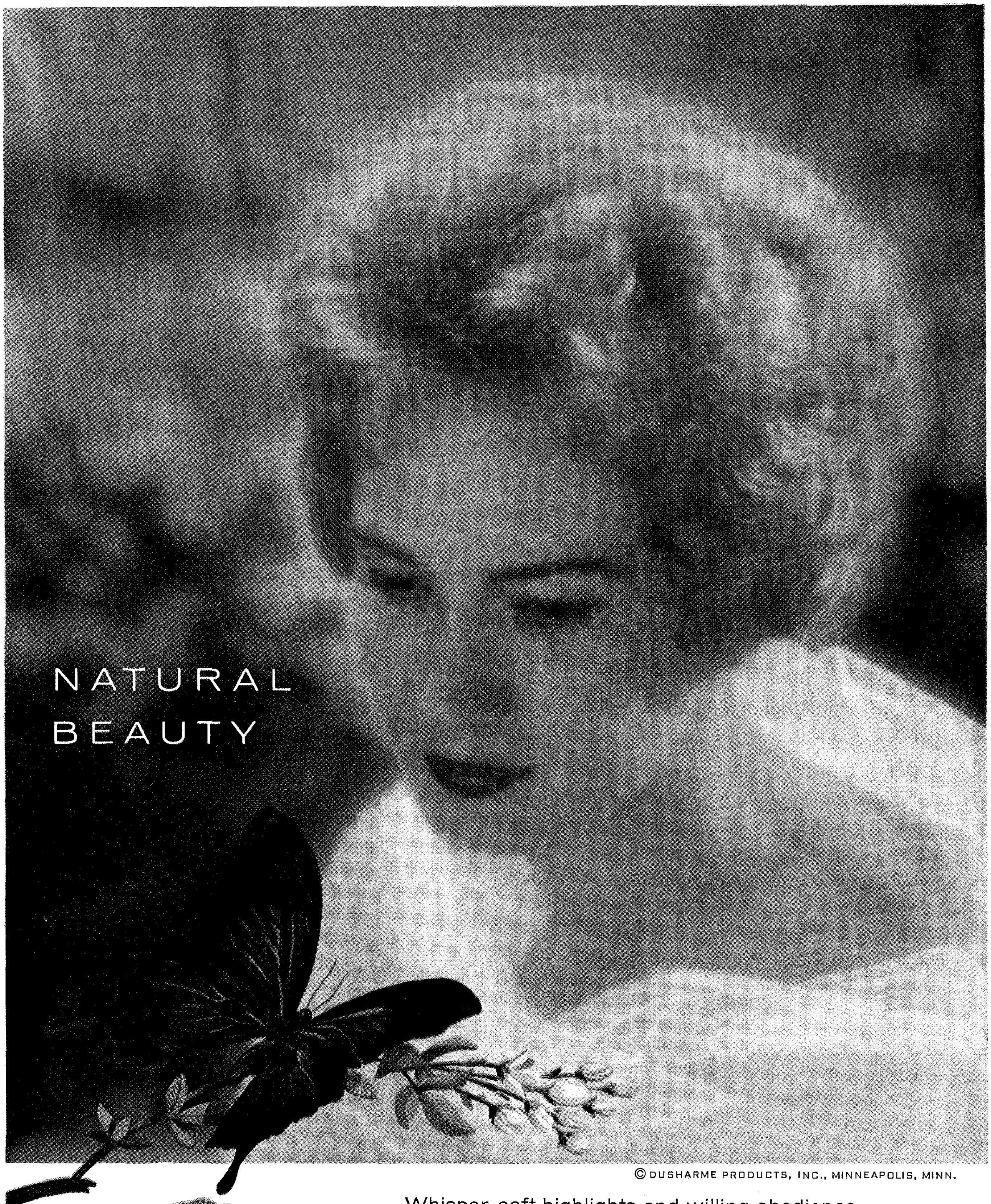
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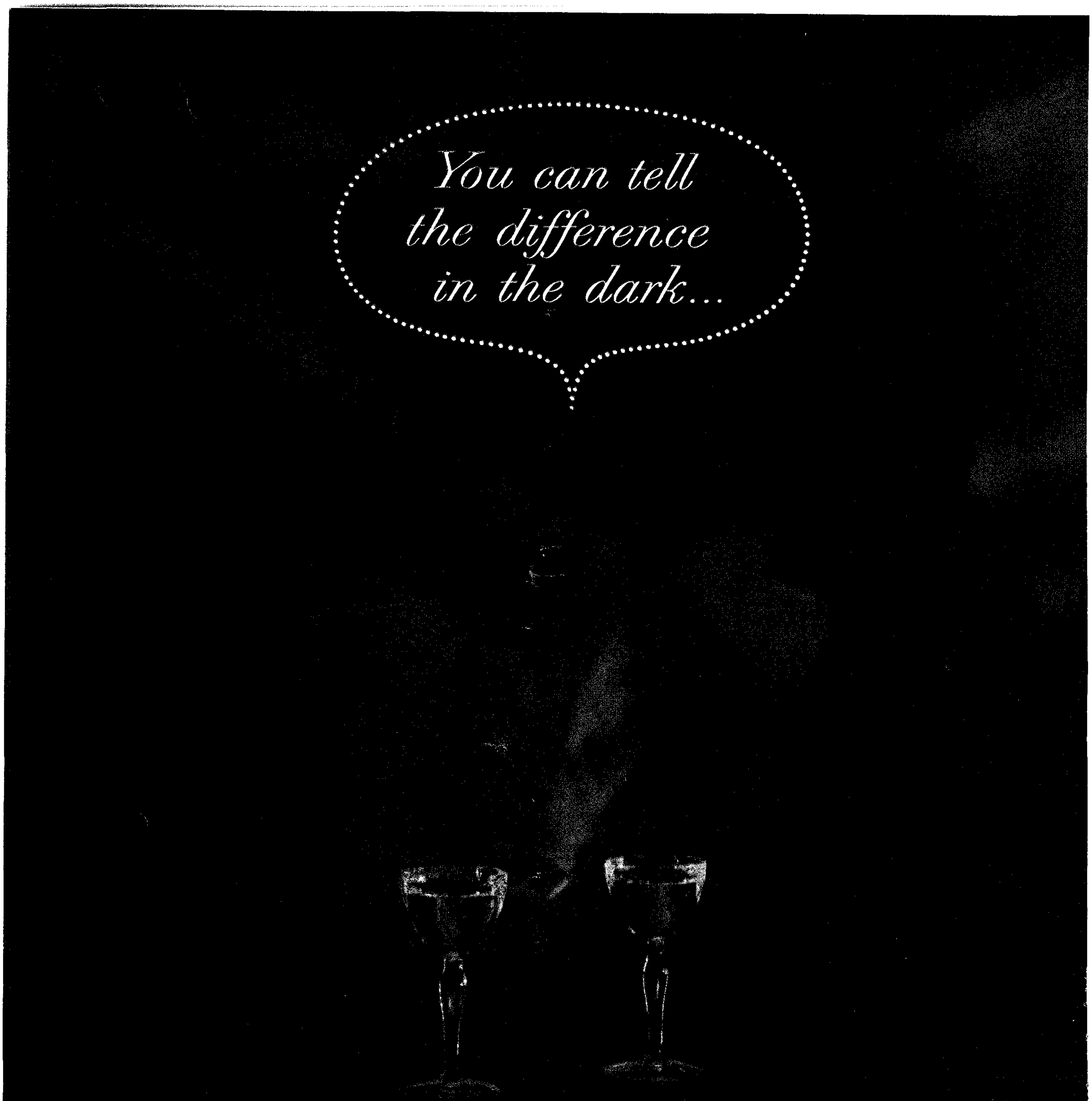
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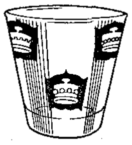

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first half hour making toasts. They drank to Betty Manville's début ball, where they had met, drank to their first date, to their first kiss, to the night he first proposed, to the night she accepted, to the night of the announcement party. Each toast had to be followed by a kiss. Each kiss inspired and motivated another reminiscence. Finally they turned to toasting people whom they associated with events of their courtship. Since Franny was a talented and tireless mimic, Miles encouraged her to "do" each of these people. She "did" Betty Manville's mother, her own father, and then one of her bridesmaids, who had once upon a time imagined *she* was going to have Miles Miller for herself. This last was the funniest of all to Miles. He was seated on the side of the bed, leaning on one elbow, and when he had witnessed Franny's version of that poor, misguided girl he set his champagne glass on the floor and fell back on the bed in a spasm of laughter. He threshed about, still laughing aloud, and all the while wiping tears from his eyes and begging Franny to stop.

When Franny promised to stop, Miles got control of himself and sat up in the center of the bed. Wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, he looked up again and found Franny sitting on the side of the bed with her thumb pressed against her nose so hard that her little nose was flattened on her face. Her eyes were squinted up and her mouth, which was normally small and tight, was stretched and spread into a wide ribbon across her face. "You know who this is?" she asked, barely moving her lips.

"I'm glad to say I don't," Miles said, as if offended by her ugliness.

"Oh, you do," Franny insisted.

"I don't, and it's not very attractive."

"Of course it's not attractive," said Franny, keeping the thumb pressed against her nose. "It's that bald-headed bellboy, the one with the key."

"What's wrong with him?" Miles said, swinging his feet around to the other side of the bed and thus momentarily turning his back to Franny.

"You don't have to turn your back," Franny said. "See, it's still only me."

Miles looked around and smiled apologetically. Franny's face was her own again, and she was looking down at her hands very seriously. "Weren't all three of those bellboys grotesque?" she said.

"I don't think so," Miles said. "They're perfectly normal-looking

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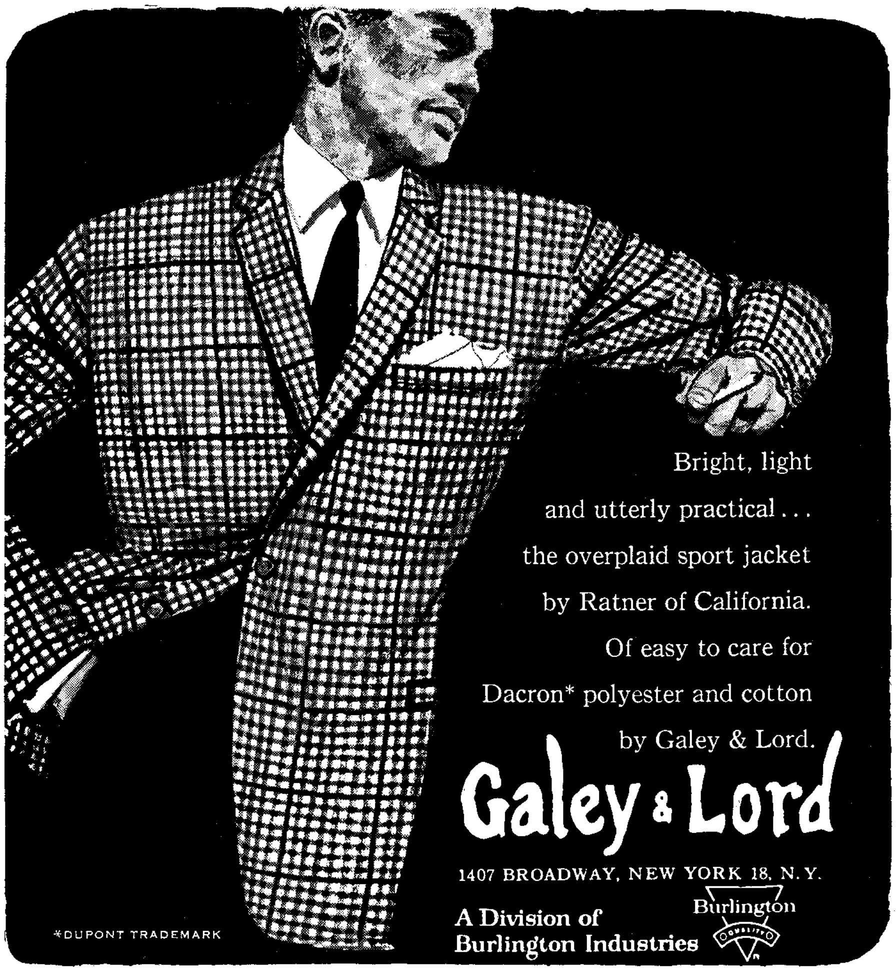

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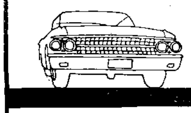

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human beings. I see them every day."

"Normal-looking!" Franny exclaimed, lifting her eyes to his. "How can you say so? The bald-headed one was really monstrous. And the one with the mop of hair had a really mad look in his eyes. And that pale Negro boy with the kinky red hair! How blind you are to people, Miles. You don't really *see* them."

"Maybe not," said Miles, meaning to dismiss the subject, since Franny seemed so emotional about it. Turning now, he let himself fall across the bed toward her, and again he took one of her hands between the two of his. But before he could speak the endearment he intended, something else occurred to him that he felt must be said first. It was in defense of his vision, or—he couldn't define it—in defense of something even more specially his own that had been disparaged. "Anyway," he said, "you must admit that not one of those bellhops was half as weird-looking as that painted-up creature you had your hug fest with when we were leaving the club. After the elevator ride, I don't have to tell you what *she* looked like." Though they had been in the room for more than half an hour, this was the first reference either of them had made to the woman in the elevator.

Franny withdrew her hand and stood up.

Miles said, "We're not going to quarrel about something so silly on our wedding night, are we?"

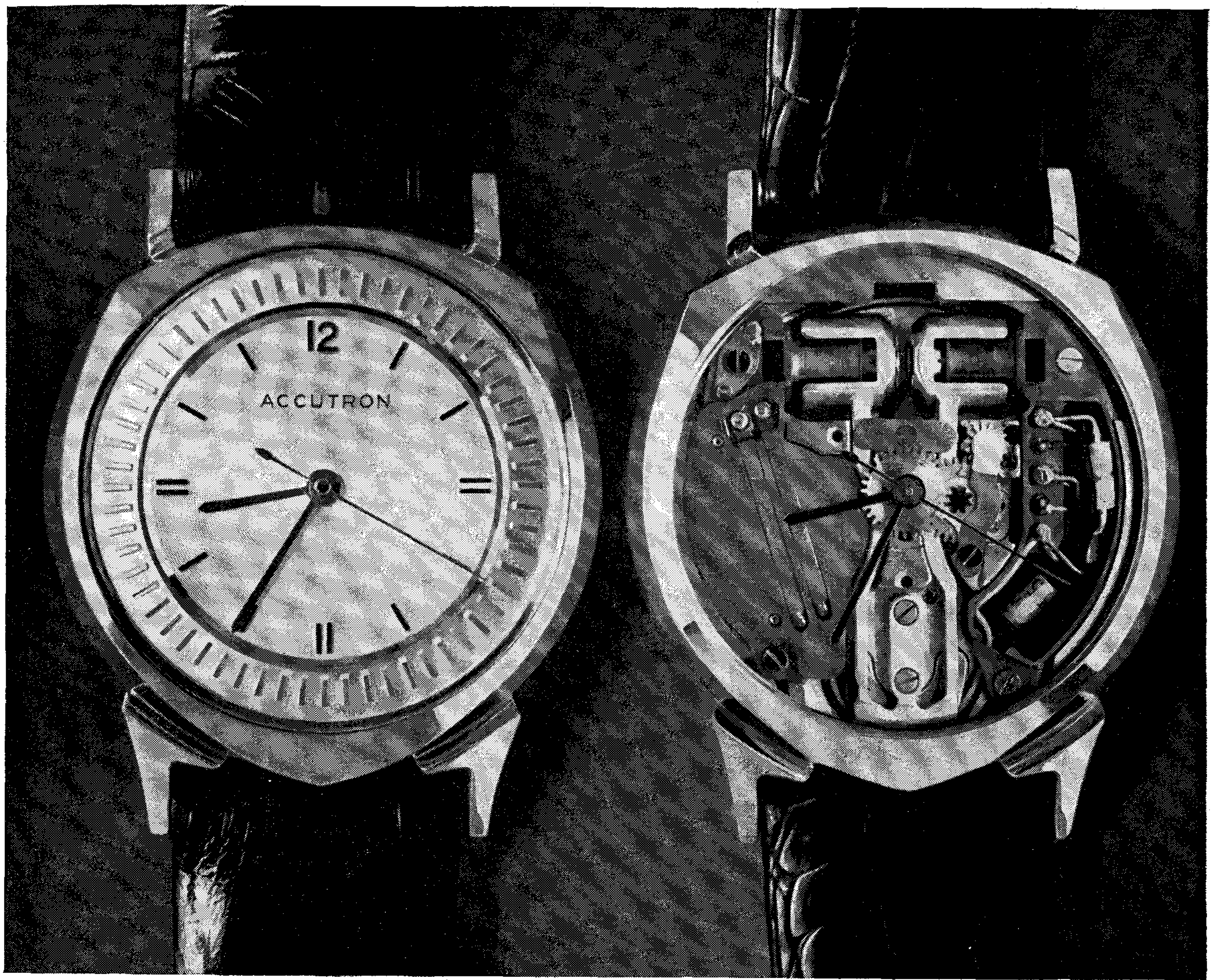
Franny was silent for a moment. Her eyes moved about the room as if taking it in for the first time. Then she bent over and kissed Miles on the top of his head. "We aren't *ever* going to quarrel again, are we, Miles?"

"Never," he said. He reached out a hand, but she pulled away. "Come back," he said in a whisper.

"Not until I've slipped into something more—more right." She smiled vaguely.

Miles lay with his head propped on one hand and watched her go to the her little overnight bag and take out the folds of lace and peach silk that were her negligee and gown. Suddenly he leaped from the bed with outstretched arms. But the bride dashed through the open doorway to the bathroom and closed the door.

MILES had long since changed into his blue silk pajamas with the white monogram on the pocket when he saw the first turning and twisting of the doorknob. When Franny failed



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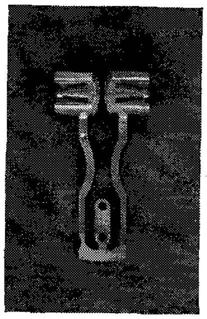

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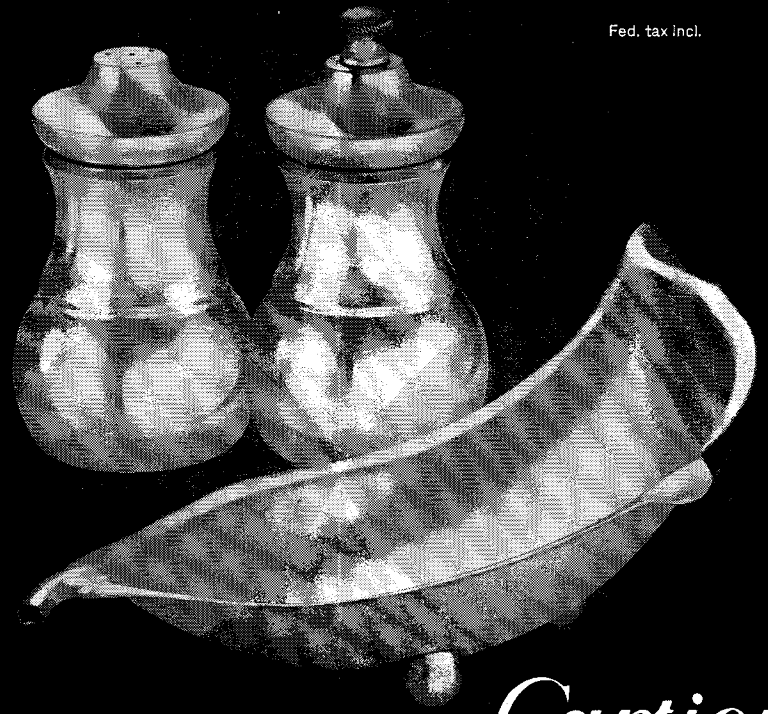

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to appear at once—that is, when the knob ceased its twisting and the bathroom door didn't open—his vexation showed itself momentarily in one little horizontal crease in his smooth forehead. But the moment was so brief that even his eyes didn't reflect it, and soon a sly little smile came to his lips. . . . He would give her a signal that all was ready and waiting, and at the same time give her motivation and courage. Stepping over to the dresser he uncorked the second bottle of champagne. He managed it very expertly, taking satisfaction in his expertness. The pop was loud enough for Franny to hear and comprehend, yet there was not one bubble of wasteful overflow. The tiny golden bubbles came just to the mouth of the champagne bottle and no further. Miles had not even taken the precaution of having the two glasses handy. He was expert and he was confident of his expertness.

He watched the first bubbles appear and then shot a glance across the room at the doorknob. It was turning again. He stepped over to where the two glasses were, on the bedside table, filled them, and then returned the bottle to its ice. Still no Franny. But the doorknob was now turning back and forth rather rapidly. Miles watched it as if hypnotized. Finally he uttered a tentative "Franny?" There was no response except in the acceleration of the knob's turning. "Franny?" he repeated, striding toward the door. "What's the matter?" Still no answer. The turning was frenzied now. "Franny, do you hear me? What are you doing?"

"Of course I hear you!" Franny exclaimed through the door. "I'm trying to get out of here, you fool!"

Miles seized the knob and gave it a forceful twist.

"That's not going to help," said Franny, resentful of the overpowering yank to the knob she had been holding on to.

"The thing must be locked," Miles said, astonished. "Why did you lock it?"

Franny was silent. Then she said, "*I* didn't lock it."

"Well, *I* didn't." Miles laughed. "Anyway, try unlocking it."

"Do you think I haven't already?"

"What kind of lock is it? Is there a key?"

"No. It's one of those damned little eggs you turn."

"But why on earth would you have locked it?"

"If I did it, Miles, I did it without thinking."

Miles was now trying to see the bolt

HOW TO SEE EUROPE WITHOUT RUNNING YOURSELF RAGGED

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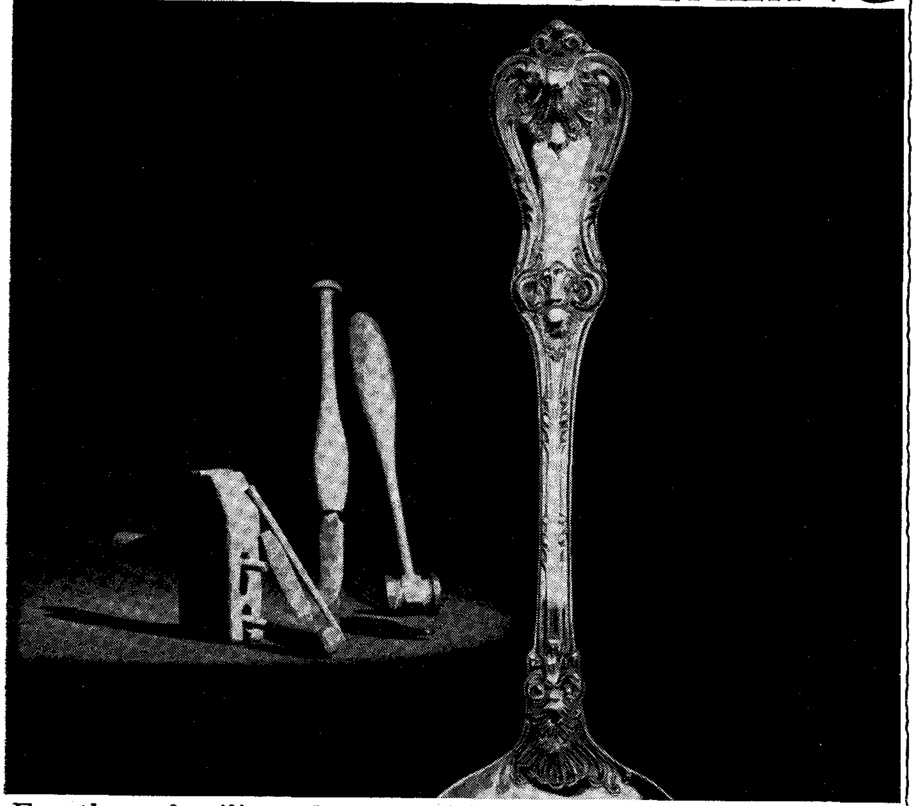

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through the crack of the door. "But why would you?" he said absently.

"Why would I what?"

"Lock it without thinking."

"All decent people lock bathroom doors," she said with conviction.

"We didn't at our house," Miles said. He could definitely see the bolt through the crack. "My father used to throw away the key to the bathroom door as soon as we moved into a place."

"Don't start on your father *now*, Miles."

"My father was all right."

"Who said he wasn't? *Do* something, Miles, for God's sake."

"There's nothing to do but call the desk and have them take down the door."

Franny, who had for a moment been leaning against the rim of the washbowl, now straightened and grasped the doorknob again. "Miles, you *wouldn't!*"

"Don't go to pieces, Franny."

"You'd let them send up those three stooges—"

Miles burst into laughter.

"How coarse you are, Miles," Franny said, her voice deepening.

"Oh, honey, there's a regular maintenance crew, and—"

"Maybe so," she broke in, her voice climbing the scale till it was much higher than Miles had ever heard it before. "But don't you know, Miles, that Bill Carlisle would certainly know about it? Oh, God, everybody in this town would know about it before tomorrow morning!"

"In God's name, Franny, what do you propose I do?"

"What kind of man are you, Miles? Take the door down yourself. You've been living in this hotel so long you depend on them for everything. You seem to think the world's just one big hotel and that you call in the maintenance crew for any and every thing."

"O.K., Franny, I'll try," Miles said amiably. "But have you ever tried taking down a locked door?"

"Why did you have to bring me to this dump?" Franny wailed.

"And why did you have to lock the door?" he countered.

Now they were both silent as Miles went to the closet door where his Val-pak hung, and dug out a small gold pocketknife. His first effort to remove the pin in the upper door hinge was fruitless. The pin wouldn't budge. Neither would the pin in the lower hinge. He decided he needed a hammer to drive the knife blade upward against the heads of the pins, and he was just turning to go and fetch his shoe for that purpose when Franny spoke again.

"Miles," she began, speaking very slowly and in a tone so grave that it stopped him, "do you remember that night at Cousin Jane Thompson's party?"

He listened, waiting for her to continue. Then he realized she expected some response from him. "Yes, Franny," he said.

"That night at Cousin Jane's," she now went on in the same sepulchral tone, "when you said Sue Maynard's date was drunk and that she asked you to take her home." Sue Maynard was the bridesmaid who had thought *she* would have Miles for herself. Miles had been a stag at the party that night.

"Yes, I remember."

"You were lying."

"In a way, Franny—"

"*In the worst way*," she said flatly. "You thought I would think it was just Sue's lie and that you didn't know better, or that you knew better but were too honorable to give her away."

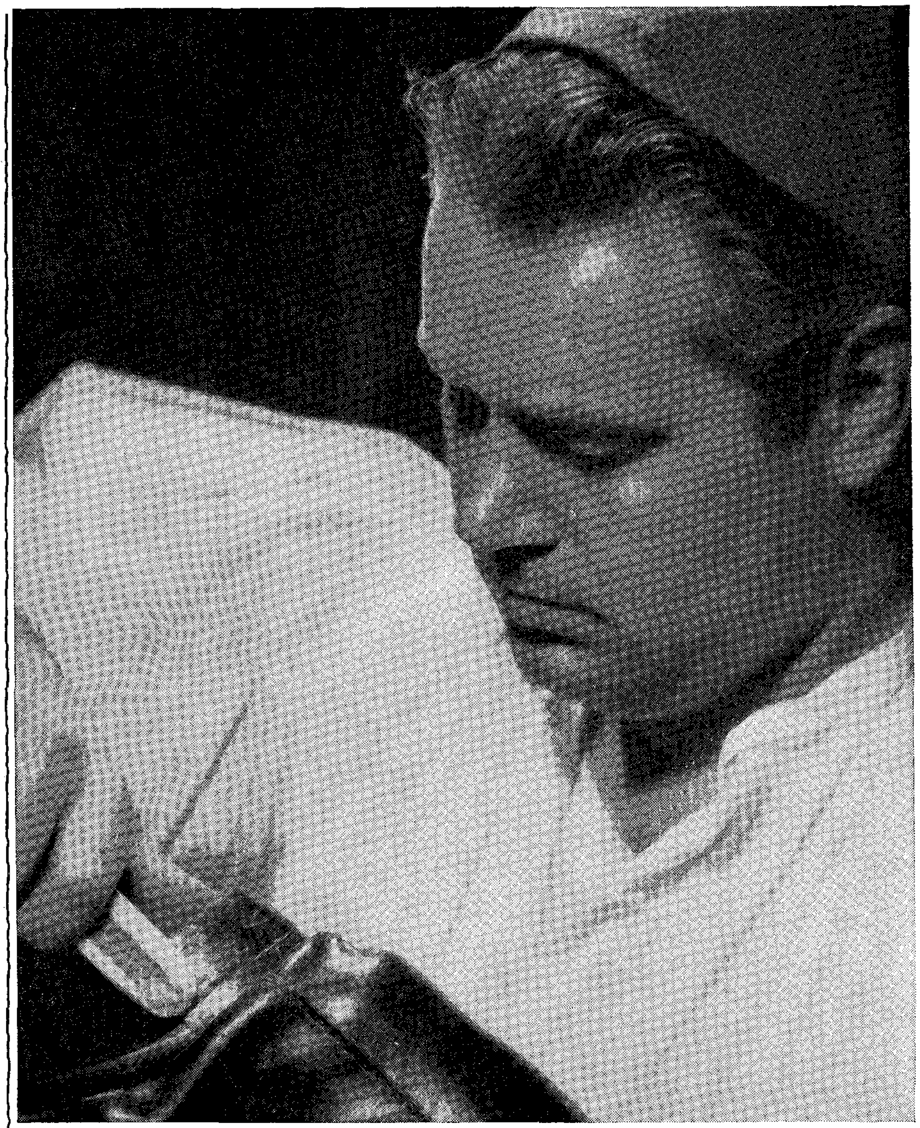
"Maybe."

"That's how you *thought* I would think. But I knew even that night, Miles Miller, that you engineered it all. Her date was Puss Knowlton, and you had no trouble giving *him* the shove. And don't you think I know it's more than just necking that Sue Maynard goes in for? . . . And, Miles, the night last summer, *after* we were engaged, when you couldn't come for dinner at our house with Daddy's Aunt Caroline because of the report you had to write up—you didn't have any report to write up, Miles. You went someplace out on the South Side with a little creature named Becky Louise Johnson."

By the time Franny had finished, Miles had silently crossed the room to the bedside table and downed one of the two waiting glassfuls of champagne. He had listened intently to what she said, and the more he heard the more intent he had become on getting that damned door down. In his liquor case he found a bottle opener that he decided would work better than his knife. He returned to the door with his shoe and the bottle opener, and in no time he had the top pin out of its hinge.

"Miles—" Franny began again, still in the same tone.

"Shut up, Franny!" Miles said, and at once began hammering at the lower pin. It offered a little more resistance than the other, but was soon dislodged. The door was still firmly in place, however. Twice Miles jabbed the bottle opener into the crack on the hinge side,



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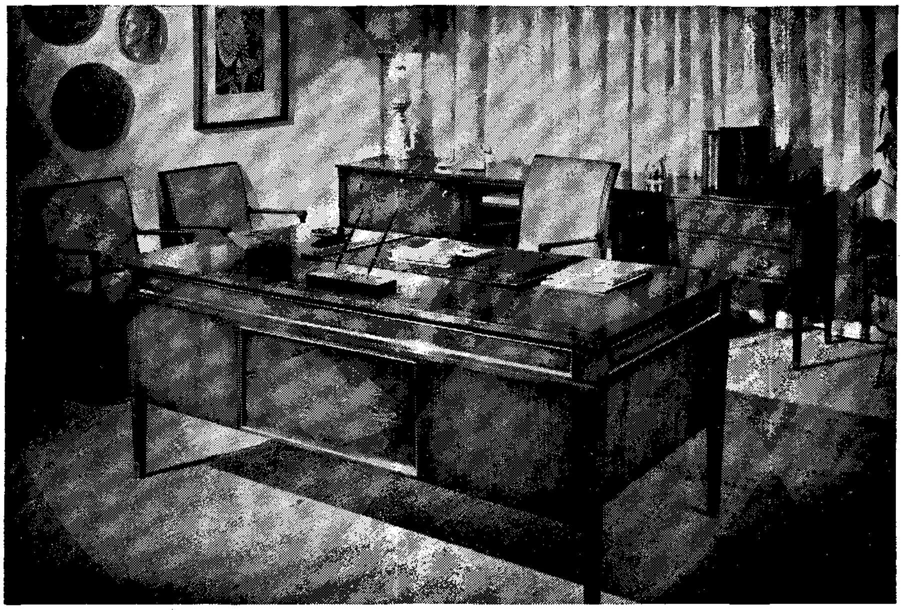

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as though he might prize the door open. Then he laughed aloud at himself.

Franny heard him laugh, of course. "Is it funny? Is it really funny to you, Miles?" she said.

"Try giving it a push from in there, on the hinge side of the door," said Miles. Franny pushed. The door creaked, but that was all.

"Miles," Franny began once again, in a whisper now, and he could tell that she was leaning against the door and speaking into the crack. "I've thought of something else I've never confronted you with."

Miles felt the blood rush to his face. Suddenly he banged on the door with his fist. "Will you shut up, you little bitch! You know, I'm not above socking you in earnest if ever I get you out of there!"

"You would sock me just one time, Miles Miller."

"It would be the second time. Don't you forget that," he said.

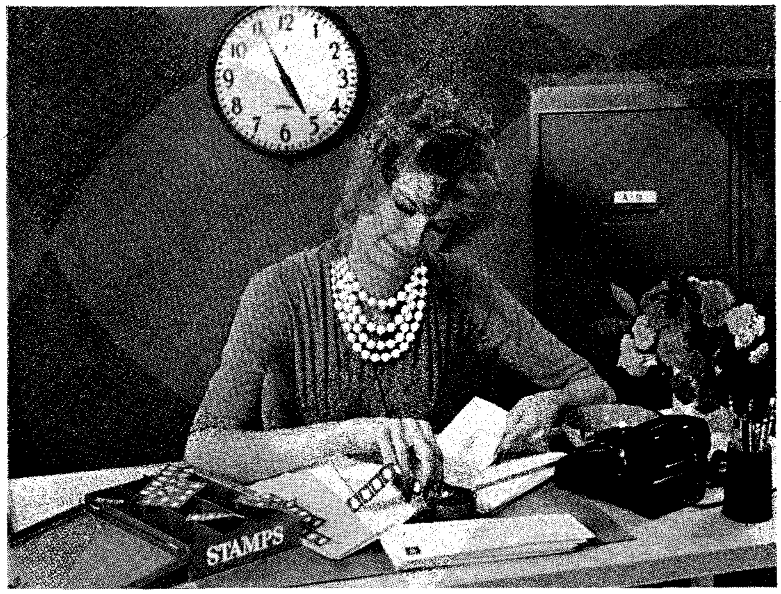
They were really at it now, for he was reminding her of an occasion two days after their announcement party when he had found her kissing a college kid whose name he did not even know. He had struck her with his open hand on the back of her neck—not while she was kissing the kid but afterward, as he pushed her along the terrace there at the Polo Club. He had had too much to drink that night, and that was what saved them. Franny could claim that he had deserted her in favor of the bar. She also claimed that she had not really been kissing the boy and added that, anyway, he was an old, old, old friend and therefore meant nothing to her. They hardly spoke to each other during the week following, though of course they continued going about together. And until now they had neither of them ever referred to the incident, as if by mutual agreement.

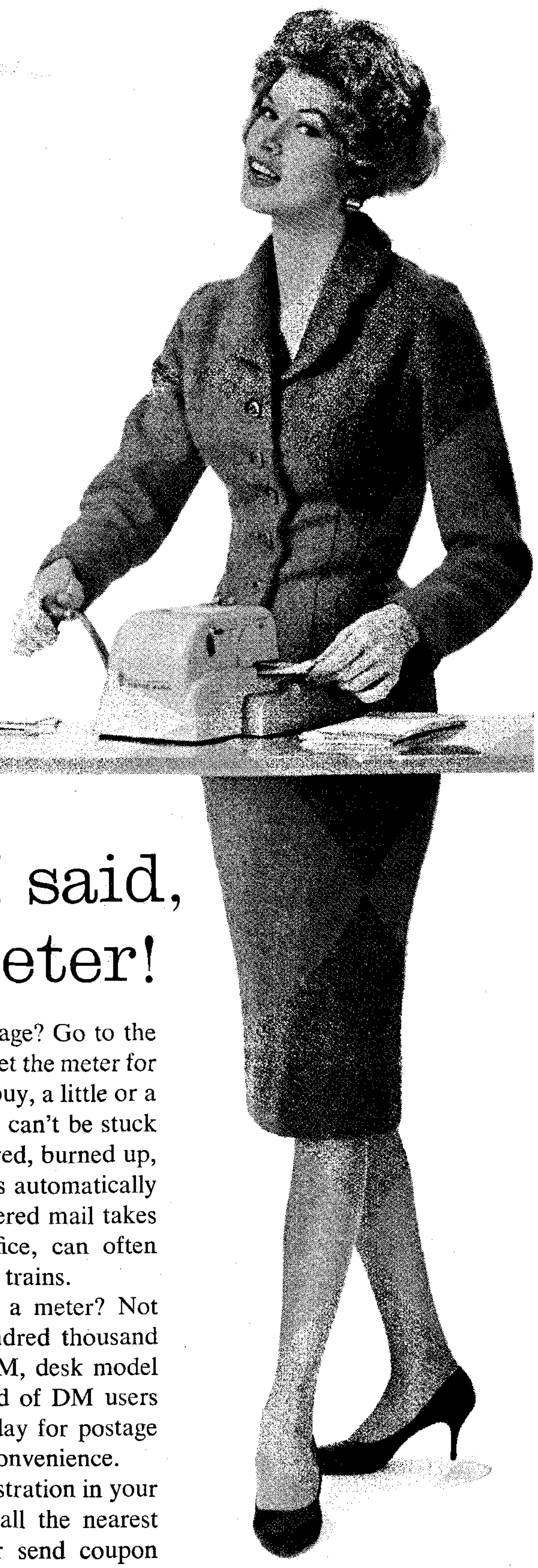
"You're no gentleman, Miles," Franny pronounced, carefully keeping away from the door now. "As Daddy said of you to start with, you have all the outward signs of a gentleman but that's no evidence you're one inside."

"I've already settled your father's hash, Franny."

"You mean he's settled yours."

It was an unfortunate word—"settled." And both of them were aware of it immediately. It quieted both of them for some time. It referred to another incident that was assumed to be closed. Franny's father had apparently suspected Miles of being a fortune hunter, and before the engagement was announced he had asked Miles frankly what kind of "settlement" he





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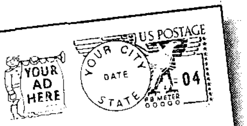

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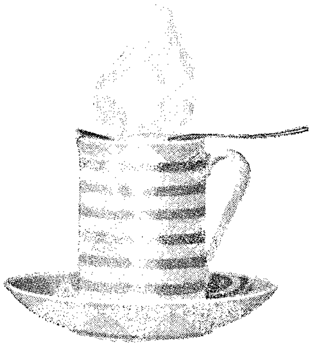

CAFÉ ROYAL

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expected. Miles had stormed out of the house, and was reconciled with Mr. Crowell only after having it hammered home to him by Franny that what her father had done was merely the conventional, old-fashioned thing for a man in Mr. Crowell's position to do. Miles had finally accepted Franny's explanation, but only a few weeks ago he had had another stormy session over a similar matter. This time it was with both the bride's parents. At that very late date he had learned about certain letters of inquiry that had been sent out concerning his "background." The letters had been written to various family friends and relatives of the Crowells who had lived for many years in Santa Barbara and Laguna Beach. When Miles learned of these letters through a remark of Franny's, it was many months after the letters had been written and replied to. The revelation sent Miles into a rage. He was in such a state that Franny feared he might do real violence to her father, or even to her mother, who had actually written the letters.

She had let the cat out of the bag inadvertently. She and he were just going out to a movie one night. Franny had come down to the living room already wearing her coat and even with her gloves on, but Miles had wanted to linger and talk awhile. Before she came down, he had wandered about the room studying some family photographs taken thirty years before. These "portraits," in their upright frames on the mantelshelf and on the various tables, had reminded him of pictures in his own family's living room when he was growing up. He commenced talking to Franny about how his mother always placed the same pictures on the same tables and bureaus no matter where they were living, and then he went on to speak, as he had on several previous occasions, of how restless his father had been after he left the service. (Miles' father had been a West Point graduate and had remained in the Army until he had his first heart attack, just a few months before Pearl Harbor.) And now, as Miles had already done several times before, he began listing for Franny the towns they had lived in during and after the war. Franny, who was impatient to get on to the movie, didn't listen very carefully. When Miles hesitated, trying to think of which town it was he had omitted from his list, Franny absent-mindedly supplied "Palo Alto." But it was not Palo Alto he was trying to think of; it was San Jose.

"Palo Alto?" said Miles. "How did

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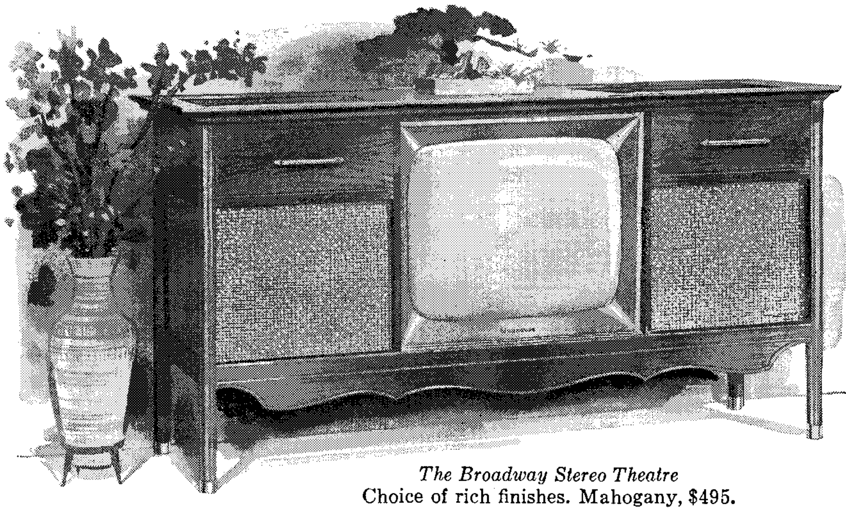

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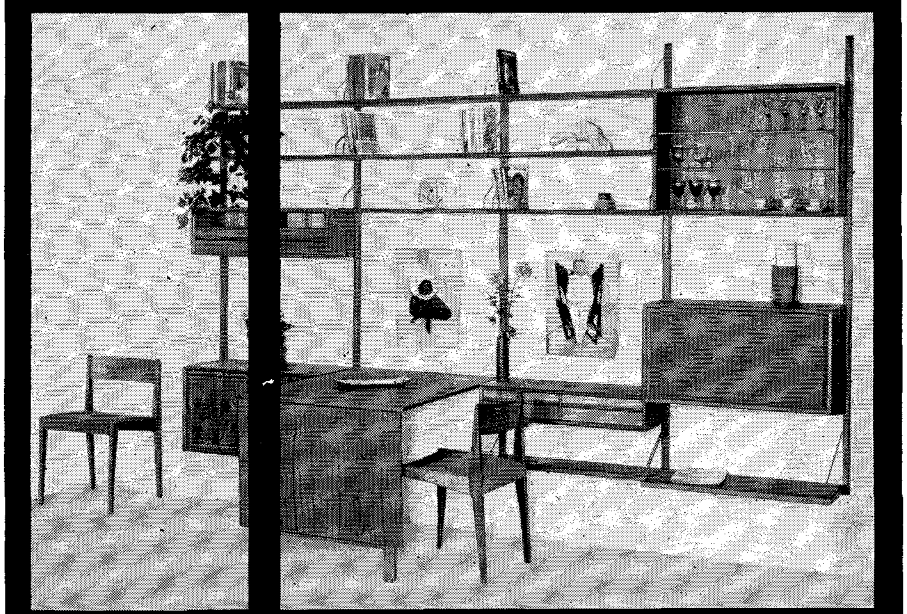

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you know we ever lived in Palo Alto?"

"You've told me all this before," she answered.

But he had not told her about the spring in Palo Alto! It was then that his parents had quarrelled so endlessly, though he—and probably they—had never known just why. At any rate, he was always careful to leave Palo Alto out of his catalogue of towns. And he was not content now until he had wrung a confession of the whole business of the letters of inquiry out of Franny. Once she had confessed, he insisted upon taking the matter up with her parents that very night; he insisted upon *seeing* the letters. For a time, Mrs. Crowell maintained that she had already thrown away the letters. But at last she broke down. She went upstairs and returned with the packet of letters, all of which Miles read, sitting there in the family circle. He had known there couldn't be anything really bad in them, because just as there was nothing very good that could be said of his parents, there was nothing very bad, either. The worst the letters said of them was that they were "rootless people and apparently of restricted means." Miles found he could not even resent one lady's description of his mother as a "harmless little woman—pleasant enough—with a vague Southern background." The letters repeated each other with phrases like "thoroughly nice" and "well bred" and "well behaved." The sole reference to Palo Alto was "I think they lived at Palo Alto for a time. John's sister Laura met them there. She thought Major Miller very handsome. He had a small black mustache, if I recall."

The memory of all this and of the "settlement" episode occupied Miles' mind as he crossed the hotel room and picked up the glass of champagne that he had poured for Franny. The champagne had gone flat already, but he relished its flatness. He sipped it slowly, as if tasting in each sip a different unpleasant incident or aspect of their courtship and engagement—tasting all they had not tasted and toasted with the first bottle. Suddenly he put down the glass, leaving still a sip or two in the bottom, and stepped quickly over to the bathroom door. "Franny," he said, "it has just occurred to me! It wasn't your father's idea to talk about a settlement with me. You put him up to it! It was you who thought I might be after your family's money! If it had been your father's idea, he wouldn't have been so meek and mild when I called his hand. And, by God, you put your mother up to writing those letters, or she never would have given in and shown them to me."

He waited for Franny's denial, but none came. "And, Franny," he went on after a moment, "there's one more thing I know that you didn't know I knew. Your father went down to my office and asked about the likelihood of my staying on here or being transferred."

"I knew he did that, Miles."

"Darn right you knew it. You put him up to that, too. You didn't even want to take a chance on my moving you away from here." But before he had finished his last sentence, Miles heard the water running full force into the bathtub. "Franny, I'm not finished!" he shouted. "What are you doing?"

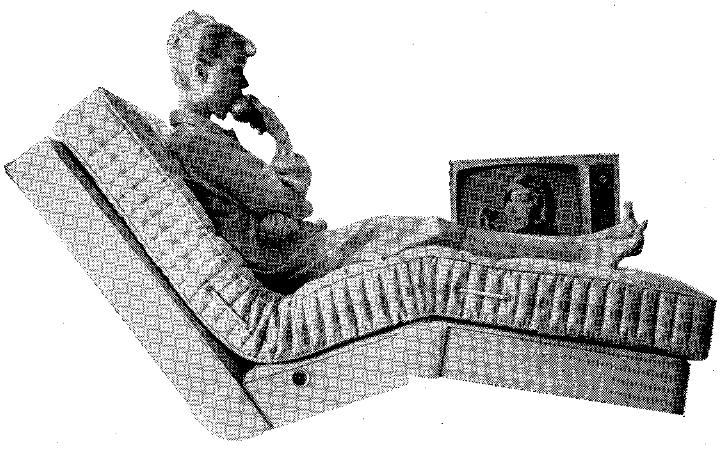
"If you don't get this door down within ten minutes"—she was speaking through the crack again—"and get it down without having Bill Carlisle up here to witness it, I'm going to drown myself in the damned bathtub."

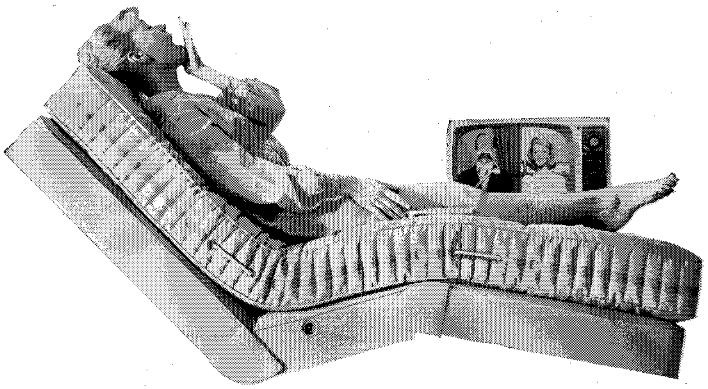
As a matter of fact, she had begun running the water to drown out Miles' accusations, but as she spoke she became convinced that suicide really had been her original intention.

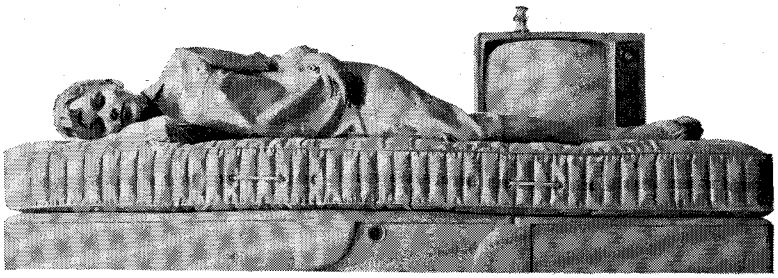
"Yes," Miles boomed, "you drown yourself in the bathtub and I'll jump out our eighth-floor window! Romeo and Juliet, that's us!"

Franny shut off the water. She opened her mouth to reply, but no words came. She burst into tears. And the poor little bride could not herself have said whether her tears were brought on by the heavy irony and sarcasm of her groom or by the thought of her dear Miles and her dear self lying dead in their caskets with their love yet unfulfilled.

ALMOST at once Miles began pleading with her not to cry. But it seemed that his every word brought increased volume to the wailing beyond the bathroom door. It was as if she had decided she could more effectively drown out the sound of his voice with tears than with the rush of bath water. But actually it wasn't the sound of her bridegroom's voice alone that she wished not to hear. There was the sound of another voice—other voices. She had first become aware of the other voices during one of hers and Miles' silences. Which silence she couldn't have said, because for some time afterward she tried to believe that she had only imagined hearing the other voices, or at least imagined that they sounded as near to her as they did. Finally, though, the persistence of the voices drew her attention to the fact of the







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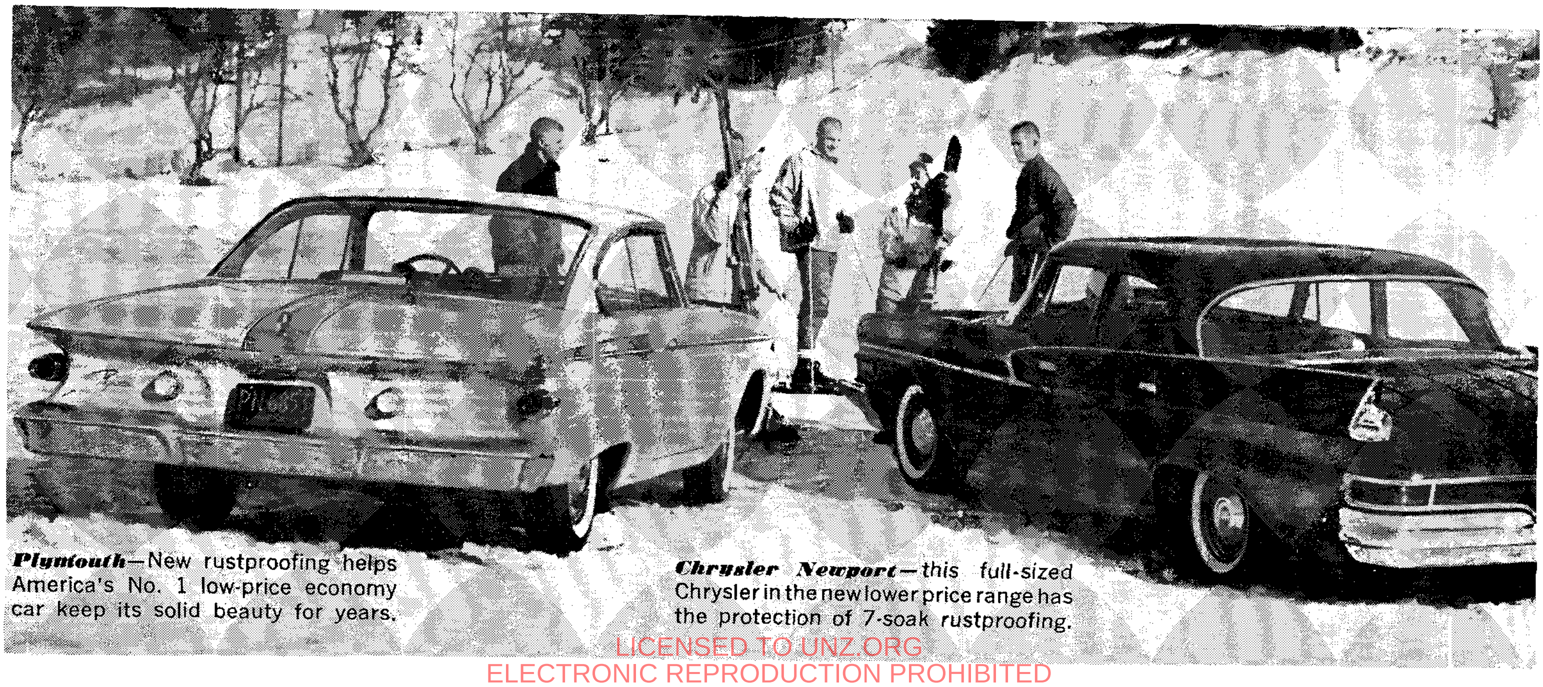

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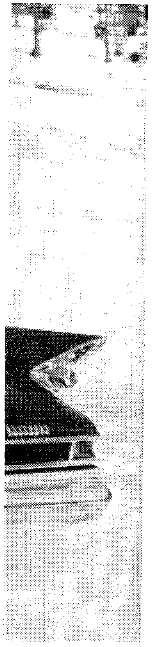

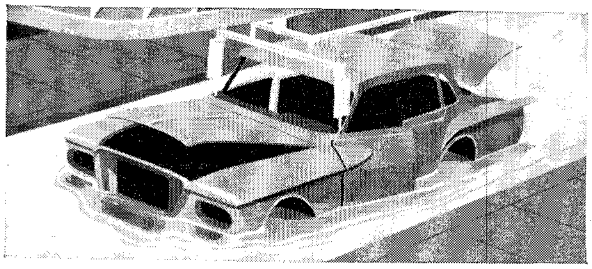

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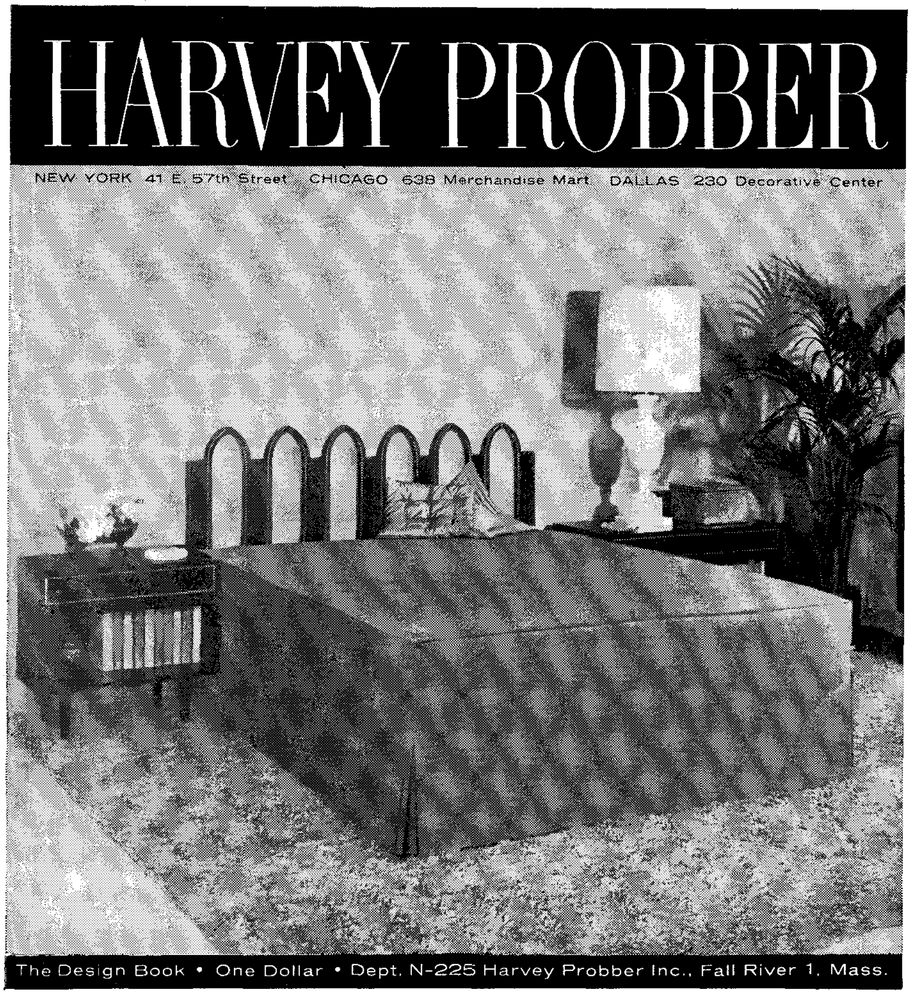
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other door. The other door, she finally acknowledged, must certainly lead into an adjoining room. And the voices—a man's and a woman's—came to her from that room. And now the ever-increasing volume of her own wailing was meant to conceal from herself that the woman's voice was addressing her directly through that door.

"Honey, I think we can help you." The offer was unmistakable.

"No, you can't, no, you can't!" Franny wailed.

"The gentleman in here thinks he is pretty good with locks."

"No, no, please don't come in here," Franny begged, too frightened, too perplexed for more tears now.

"Franny, what's going on?" Miles seemed on the verge of tears himself. "Darling, I'll get a doctor, you'll be all right!"

"Miles, there's another door."

"Yes?"

"And there's someone over there. Oh, Miles, make them go away."

"Keep your head, Franny. What do they want?"

"It's a woman. She says there's a man in there who can get me out of here."

"You do want to get out, don't you, Franny?" It was as though he were speaking to someone on a window ledge.

"Not that way, I don't," said Franny. Now she was whispering through the door crack. "Miles, their voices sound familiar!"

"Now, Franny, cut it out!" scolded Miles, and Franny understood his full meaning. For a moment she listened to the other voices. From the start the man's voice had been no more than a low mumbling. He didn't want his voice recognized! The woman spoke more distinctly. Franny could hear them now discussing the problem. Presently the man said something and laughed. And the woman said, "Hush, the kid will hear you." Somehow this gave Franny courage. She stepped over to the other door and said bravely, "*Will* you help me?"

Hearing her, Miles gave a sigh of relief. Then he said, "Ask them to let me come around into their room—and help."

"Will you let my—my husband come around into your room?"

She heard them deliberating. The man was opposed. Finally, the woman said, "No. He can come and meet you outside our hall door if we get this one open."

She repeated this to Miles.

"Tell them O.K.," he commanded.

"O.K.," said Franny softly.

Now the man and woman were at

the door. The man was still mumbling. "Is there a latch on your side?" the woman asked.

"Yes," said Franny. "A little sort of knob."

"Tell her to turn it," the man muttered.

"Turn it," said the woman.

Franny turned it. It moved easily. "I have," she said. She watched the big doorknob revolving, but the door didn't open. There was more discussion on the other side of the door.

"It's locked with a key," said the woman to Franny. "But that's how he's going to make hisself useful." Franny's deliverer was hard at work. She couldn't tell whether it was a skeleton key or some makeshift instrument he was using. Presently, she heard the click of the lock and heard the man say, "That's got it."

"Miles!" Franny called out. But Miles didn't answer. He was already waiting at their neighbors' hall door. There was the sound of footsteps hurriedly retreating, and then the door opened. The room itself was in darkness, but in the light from the bathroom Franny could see the man's figure outlined on the bed. The sheet was pulled up over his face. Franny looked at the woman. She was fully dressed, though barefoot, and she stood smiling at the ridiculous sight in the bed and probably at the memory of the male figure's racing across the room and jumping into the bed and pulling the sheet over its head.

"You're an angel," Franny said, without having known she was going to say it.

The woman acknowledged the compliment only by allowing the smile to fade from her lips. "He'll get up from there and try to open the other door for you in a minute," she said.

Franny gave her a grateful smile, and then she turned and walked with perfect poise toward the hall door. Her peach negligee was floor-length and its little train of lace swept gracefully along the dark carpet. When her hand was on the doorknob, she turned and said simply, "Good night." She might have been at home, turning to say a casual good night to her mother.

In the hallway, Miles had waited, fully expecting to have to carry his bride back to their room in his arms. When she appeared he was stunned by her radiance and self-possession. He had never seen her so beautiful. And Franny was equally stunned by Miles' manly beauty as he stood before her in his blue silk pajamas. For a moment they stood there beaming at one another. Finally

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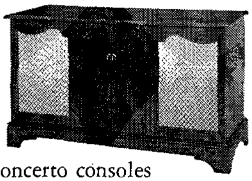

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Miles slipped his arm gently about his bride's waist and hurried her off to their room.

They found their bathroom door standing half open, and the door beyond it tightly closed. The two heavy pins still lay on the floor, but Miles quickly slipped them into the hinges. The door was now in perfect working order. Miles stood a moment gazing into the bright bathroom where Franny's clothes were heaped in one corner like a child's. "Well," he said at last, "that fellow worked fast."

"Miles," said Franny, also looking into the bathroom but with her eyes focussed on the door opposite, "did you see who it was?"

"What do you mean?"

"The woman over there—she was the woman on the elevator."

"Franny, Franny! . . . She got off at the seventh floor! How could you forget?"

"And the man—" Franny began.

"Franny, Franny, Franny," Miles interrupted, already having left her side to fetch the champagne glasses and refill them. "The man in that room is one of the conventioners from out of town. You never heard his voice or saw him before in your life."

She had been going to say that the man in the bed was Bill Carlisle. But she saw it was useless. And she knew she would never say it now. Miles came toward her slowly with the two glasses filled to the brim. They sipped their champagne, looking at one another over the glasses. In their hearts both of them were glad they had said all the things that they said through the door. As they gazed deep into each other's eyes, they believed that they had got all of that off their chests once and for all. There was nothing in the world to come between them now. They believed, really and truly, that neither of them would ever deceive or mistrust the other again. Silently they were toasting their own bliss and happiness, confident that it would never again be shadowed by the irrelevances of the different circumstances of their upbringings or by the possibly impure and selfish motives that had helped to bring them together.

—PETER TAYLOR

•

The Red Cross today sent out an urgent appeal for capable drivers who can volunteer daytime hours for chauffeuring duties with the organizations. Drivers must be over 21 and Cross.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

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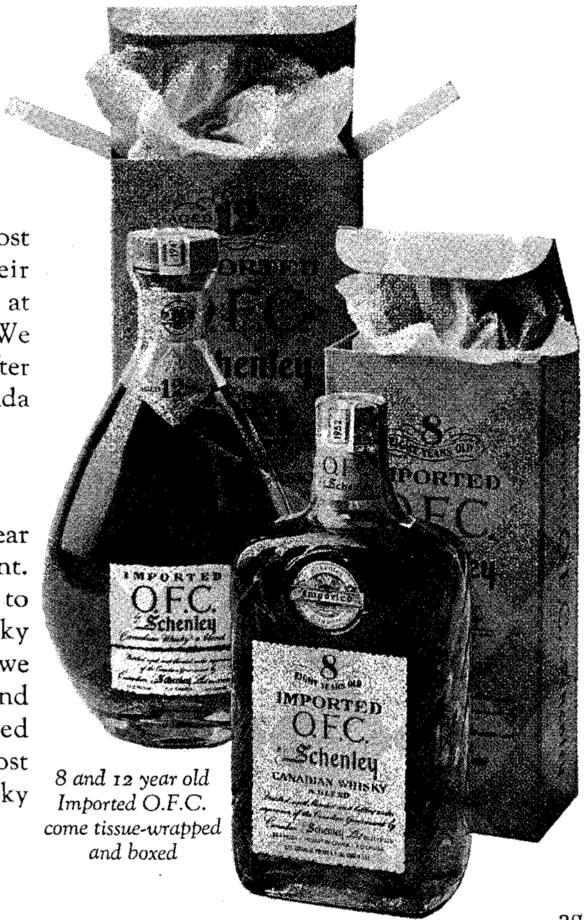

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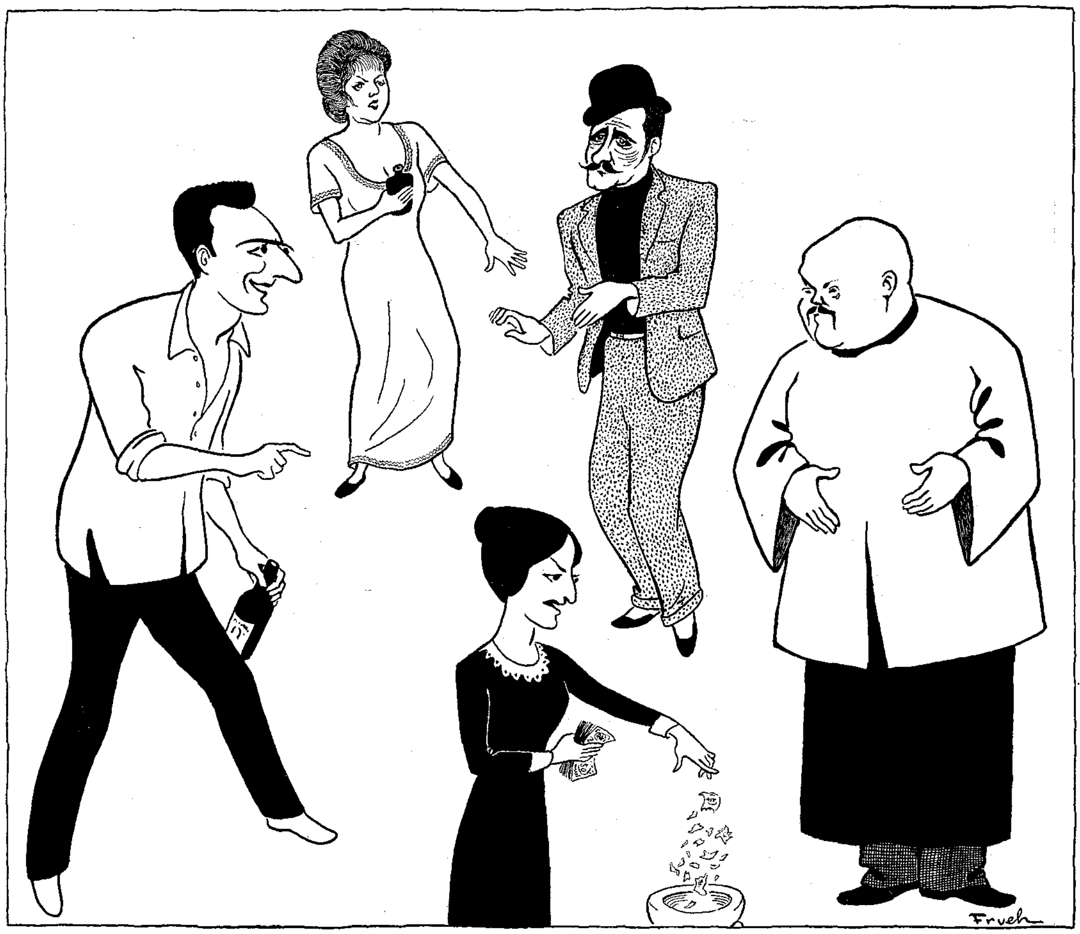
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

ONE of the least penetrable mysteries of Off Broadway is its fatal admiration for Strindberg's experimental plays. These plays, which are generally expressionistic or surrealistic or both, demand ingenious directors and large casts capable of everything from the blowziest character acting to the subtlest interpretations of personality. They also demand numerous sets, which are often oblique extensions of the dialogue and action, and a stage with the resources of the Radio City Music Hall. In fact, Strindberg's most difficult plays very nearly defy staging at all. Set in the liquid form of dreams or psychological investigations, they seem to have been written for the motion-picture camera, which can slip effortlessly back and forth between illusion and reality. Despite all this, three Strindberg plays have already been offered this season Off Broadway, and more are promised. The most recent, most ambitious, and most disastrous is "To Damascus," at the Theatre East. This is an adaptation of the first part, with minor borrowings from the third part, of "The Road to Damascus," an enormous expressionistic trilogy, written between 1898 and 1901, in which Strindberg unburdens himself about the problems that most plagued him—his persistent financial difficulties, the angry reception granted to some of his books, his marital troubles (he was with his third wife at the time), his wobbly sanity, and his persecution complex. Many of the incidents and characters are drawn directly from Strindberg's experiences but are disguised by the circuitous, allegorical peregrinations and conversations of the trilogy's chief figures. These include the Stranger (Strindberg), the Madman, Caesar, and the Beggar (all alter-Strindbergs), and the Lady (Strindberg's second wife), most of whom wander, chatting incessantly, all over creation until their arrival at a symbolic mountain monastery, where the Stranger finally comes to terms with his soul. (This monastery is a kind of Institute for Advanced Studies that harmoniously embraces Christianity and Hellenism as well as the arts and sciences.) Fortunately, we are exposed to only a third or so of this ambulatory beefing, which in its entirety outkeens even "Medea." Nonetheless, it is too much for the company at the Theatre East, whose members tend to chant at one another, sigh windily, beseech the skies, cackle, and lurch about as if in mid-ocean. The smallness of the Theatre East's stage—a picnic blanket surrounded by three shallow banks of seats—prohibits anything more adventurous than a little prop scenery, while the proximity of the audience to the stage affords the sort of microscopic view that continually suspends belief.



"IN THE JUNGLE OF CITIES"

At the far left, bottle in hand, is Jamil Zakkai; above him, with a bottle of lesser capacity, is Marilyn Chris; below, demonstrating what she and the author think of money, is Ethel Manuelian; the snappy criminal type is John A. Coe; and the Oriental at the right is Khigh Dhiegh. All five of them appear in Bertolt Brecht's symbolic drama at the Living Theatre.

"THE KREUTZER SONATA," at the Maidman Playhouse, is an even more disastrous attempt to bring off the impossible. The play is an adaptation by Roderick Lovell and Hannah Watt, who are husband and wife as well as the entire cast, of Tolstoy's queer, unbalanced short novel of that name. A book from his later years, it is, to all intents and purposes, a perfervid religious tract against physical passion for the sake of physical passion. Tol-

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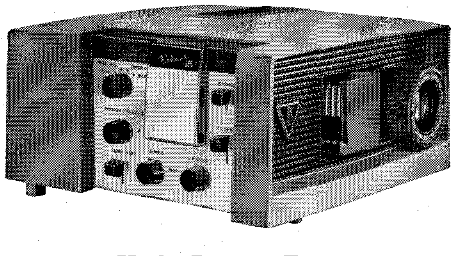

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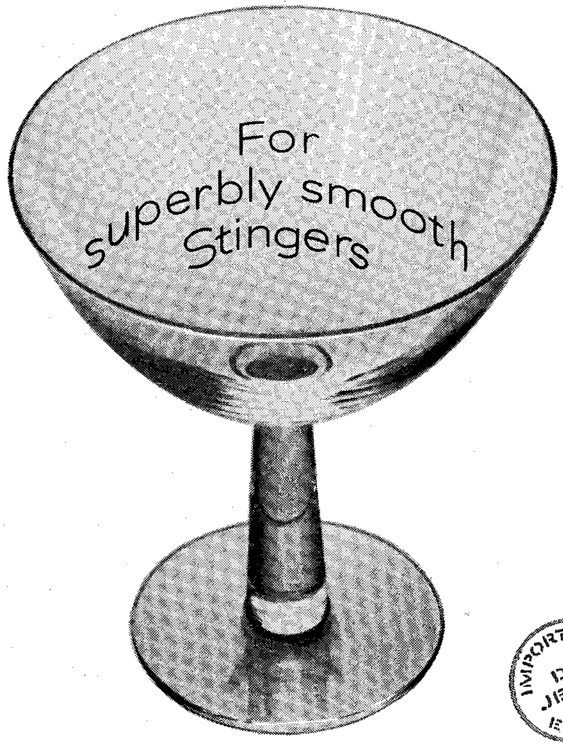

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stoy attempts to prove this indestructible third-century morality with the story—more or less inserted in the time-outs between his arguments—of a comfortably off Russian couple who discover soon after their marriage that their relationship is based solely on physical attraction. They grow to detest each other when they are not in bed, and eventually the husband, in a baseless fit of jealousy over a violinist who plays duets with his wife, does her in. This proves nothing, for the husband is a selfish, brutal, neurotic prig who would behave like that in almost any circumstances. The Lovells have tried to transpose this melodrama to the stage not by making a genuine play out of it but by shaping it into a narration interspersed with dramatic episodes. Thus, in minuet fashion, the evening is given over to Lovell or Mrs. Lovell stepping to stage front and letting loose a few thousand explanatory words, stepping back for a bit of acting, stepping forward—and so forth. The murder, performed with what appears to be a dull letter opener, is a near-parody. Lovell seizes his wife, whips her about so that her back is to the audience, stabs her, draws back while she staggers about and hisses through clenched teeth, "I hate you, I hate you!," rushes forward, kisses her passionately (an almost necrophilic invention of the Lovells), and allows her to crash to the floor. The set, a disagreeable, claustrophobic affair fashioned out of three musty black velvet curtains and a few pieces of seedy furniture, seems, like noise-absorbent tile, to suck up the play's contents, which, everything considered, is just as well. —Whitney Balliett

•

The next afternoon she was granted a visa to visit the land of her forefathers, where she was showered with roses like Elizabeth Rex.—*Saturday Review.*

Who dat?

•

A busy housewife-lawyer from FLUSHING who's never too hurried to say no to a request from the Parent-Teacher Association of Public School 184 in Flushing Manor for assistance has been named its parent-of-the-month.—*Long Island Star-Journal.*

Brava! Brava!

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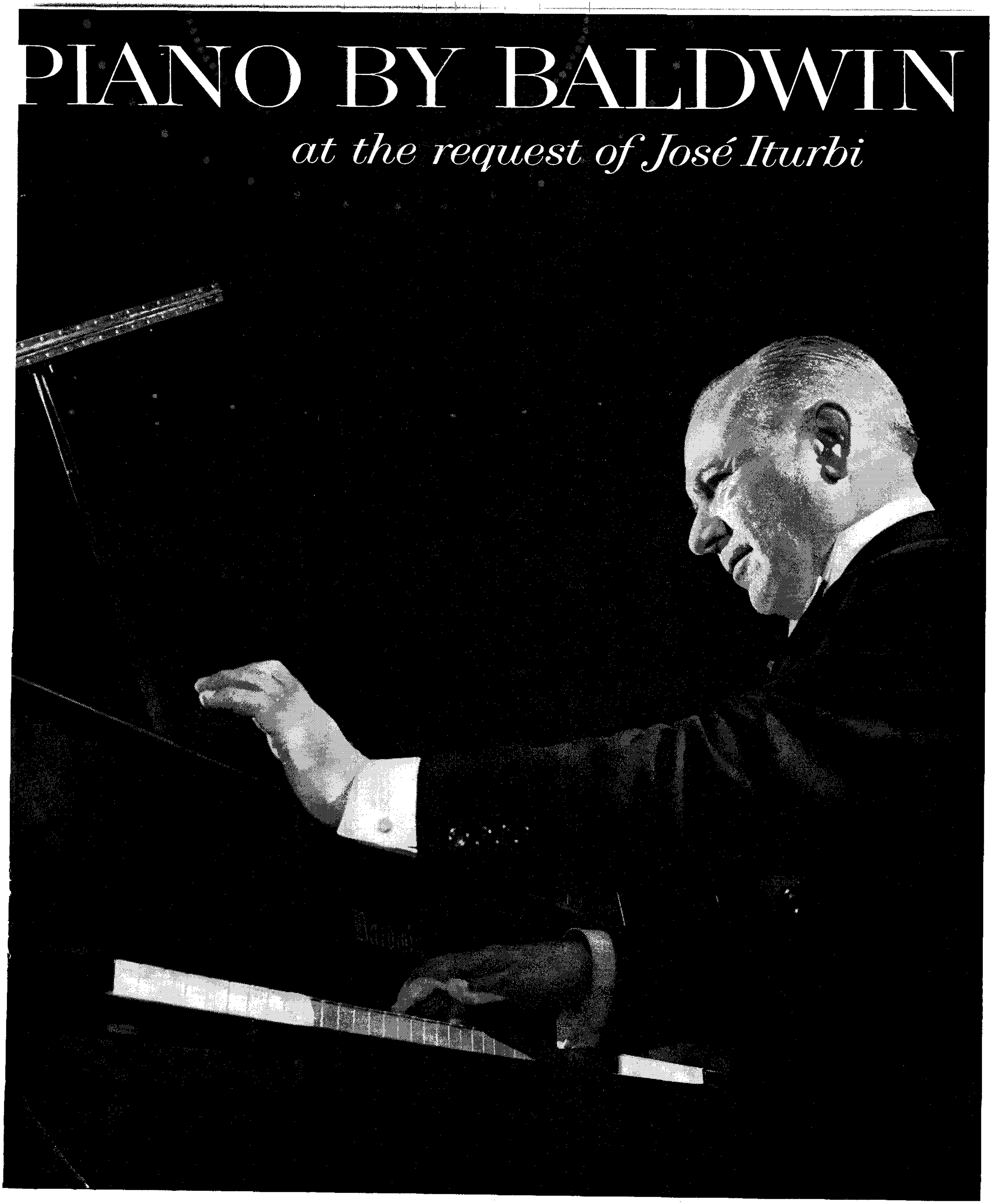

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Human Touch

OF Richard Strauss's two horror operas, "Salome" and "Elektra," the latter has always struck me as being by far the finer, not only because of the superiority of its music but also because of the greater humanity of its drama. Neither of them could be called a pleasant work, and both deal with heroines who are homicidal maniacs, but where Salome is a juvenile psychopath gloating over violence just for the hell of it, Elektra is a warm, human figure driven to vengeful madness by an outraged sense of justice and a deep love for her murdered father, and her motives are so compelling that they immediately arouse sympathy and a sense of identification in the listener. For somewhat analogous reasons, "Elektra" also seems to me one of the greatest of those numerous operas that have taken their subjects from Greek mythology. Again, it is a matter of humanity. The Oedipus myth, to take a somewhat similar example that has frequently been used for operatic purposes, usually winds up as a pretty static and formal affair, making no deep emotional appeal to modern audiences. Oedipus is a creature of fate; his sins are accidental, and he is devoid of the element of free will, on which really gripping tragedy depends. The Elektra myth, on the other hand, is vibrantly alive. It is horrifying, but its horror arises and grows from quite understandable causes, in which the supernatural plays no part. Poor Elektra is a flesh-and-blood girl maddened by circumstance, and one follows her bloody doings not only with morbid fascination but with the feeling that justice is on her side. The music Strauss has written for this work ranks among his finest scores. Its wild intoxication is almost unbearable, and one always leaves the opera house wrung out by sheer emotional tension, but it is magnificent music for all that, and it speaks of love and sorrow as well as violence.

On Monday night of last week, the Metropolitan brought "Elektra" back to the repertoire after an absence of nine

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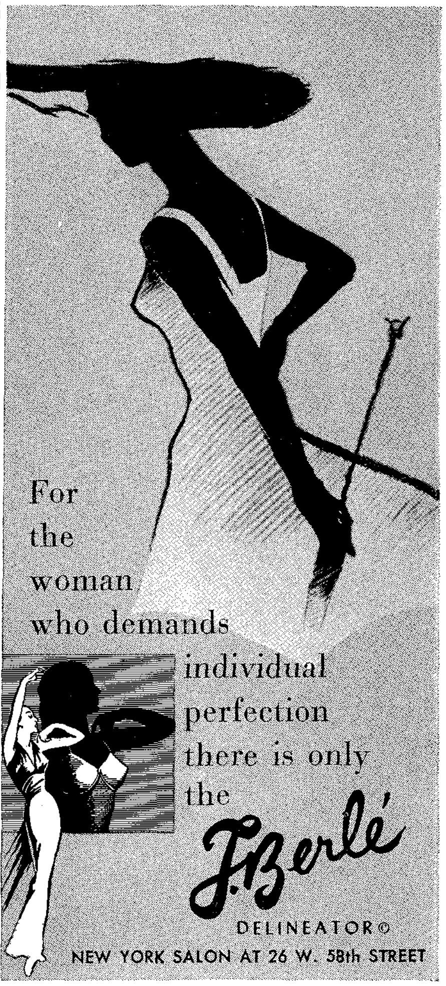

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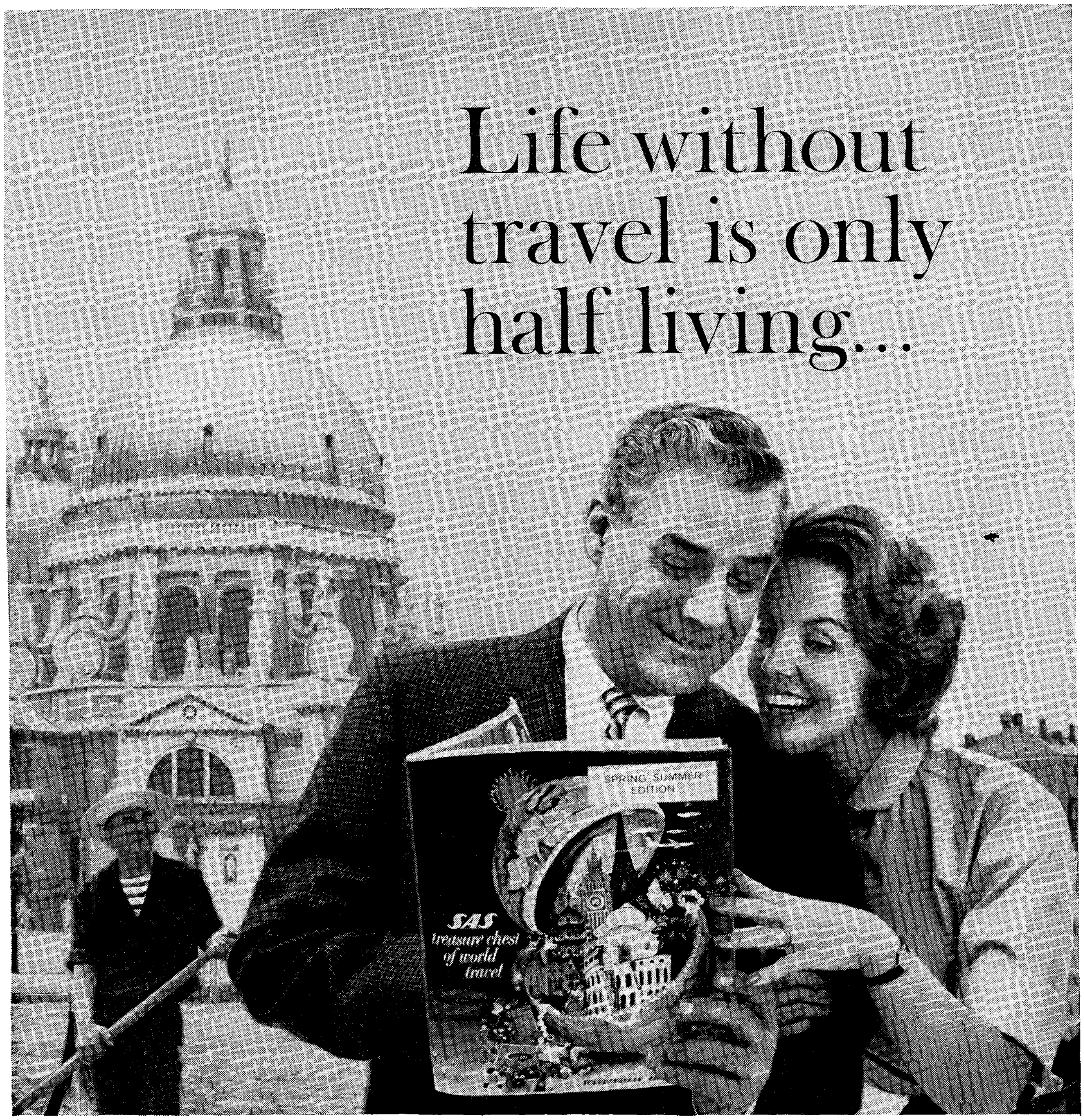
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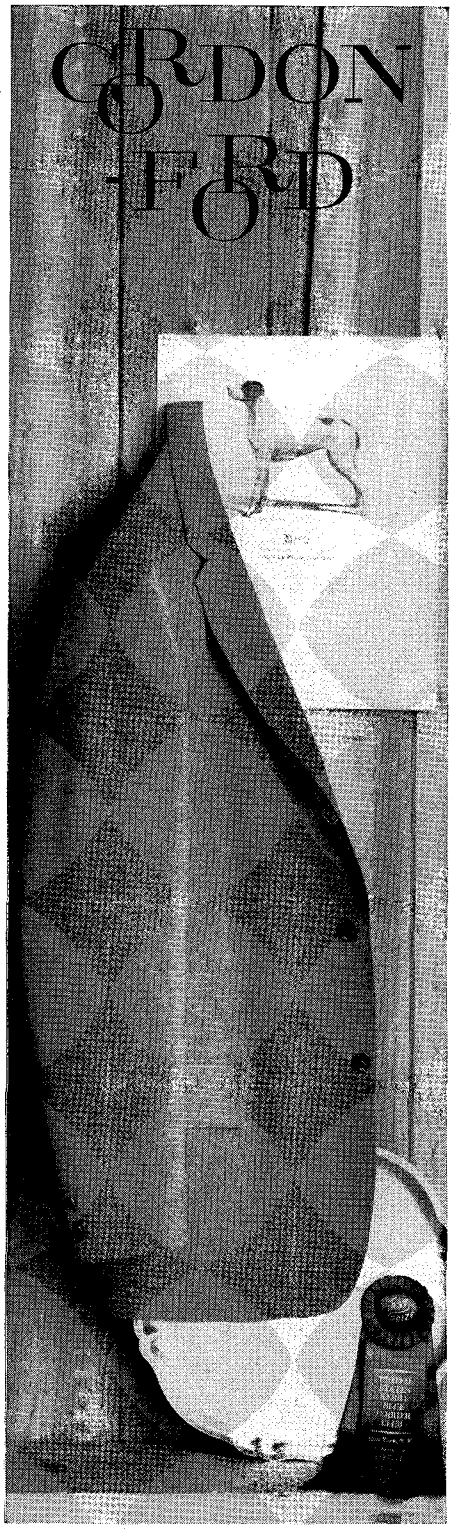

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years, and, if the cheers that followed the performance can be taken as indicative, scored a great hit with it. Most of the cheers were for the German soprano Inge Borkh, who sang the title role with a superb understanding of its dramatic values. Not only does Miss Borkh possess a splendid, ringing voice, capable of all the wide-ranging inflections that the role demands; she is also—as I noted in speaking of her Salome at the Metropolitan a couple of years ago—an extremely interesting actress, with a remarkable feeling for the progressive development of character. She did not simply wallow in unrestrained emotion, as many Elektras do; her impersonation was carefully built, with nicely calculated changes of mood, and the contrast between the tense, furious suppressed virago of the first few scenes and the almost lyric, womanly creature who comes to light following the encounter with Orest was set forth with real theatrical magic. Hers was not perhaps the most totally imposing Elektra I have ever seen (Rose Pauly, who sang the role at the Met many years ago, outdid her in sheer volume and energy), but it was certainly among the most effective and most stirring ones.

The rest of the cast was generally first-rate, and the voice of the orchestra—always dominant in "Elektra"—was held at a pitch of eloquence that proved the conductor, Joseph Rosenstock, to be one of the Metropolitan's most valuable recent acquisitions. Jean Madeira sang exceedingly well as Klytaemnestra, and was a frightening picture of dissolute squalor, though I have seen her portray this role with greater subtlety at the Vienna State Opera, where she doubtless had the advantage of more painstaking rehearsal. In the part of Orest, Walter Cassel, who was a last-minute substitute for Hermann Uhde, seemed to me just a shade cautious and self-conscious, probably owing to the suddenness with which he had been thrown into the cast. True, Orest hasn't much to do but stand around and sing sonorously, but Mr. Cassel, when he has had the advantage of proper preparation, is such a good actor that he can stand around with enormous distinction, and this he failed to do. No doubt he will fare more impressively in future performances. Frances Yeend, making a long-awaited Metropolitan début in the role of Chrysothemis, was an appealing figure and sang brilliantly, and the bit parts of Aegisth and Orest's Guardian were adequately done by Albert Da Costa and Norman Scott, respectively. I found

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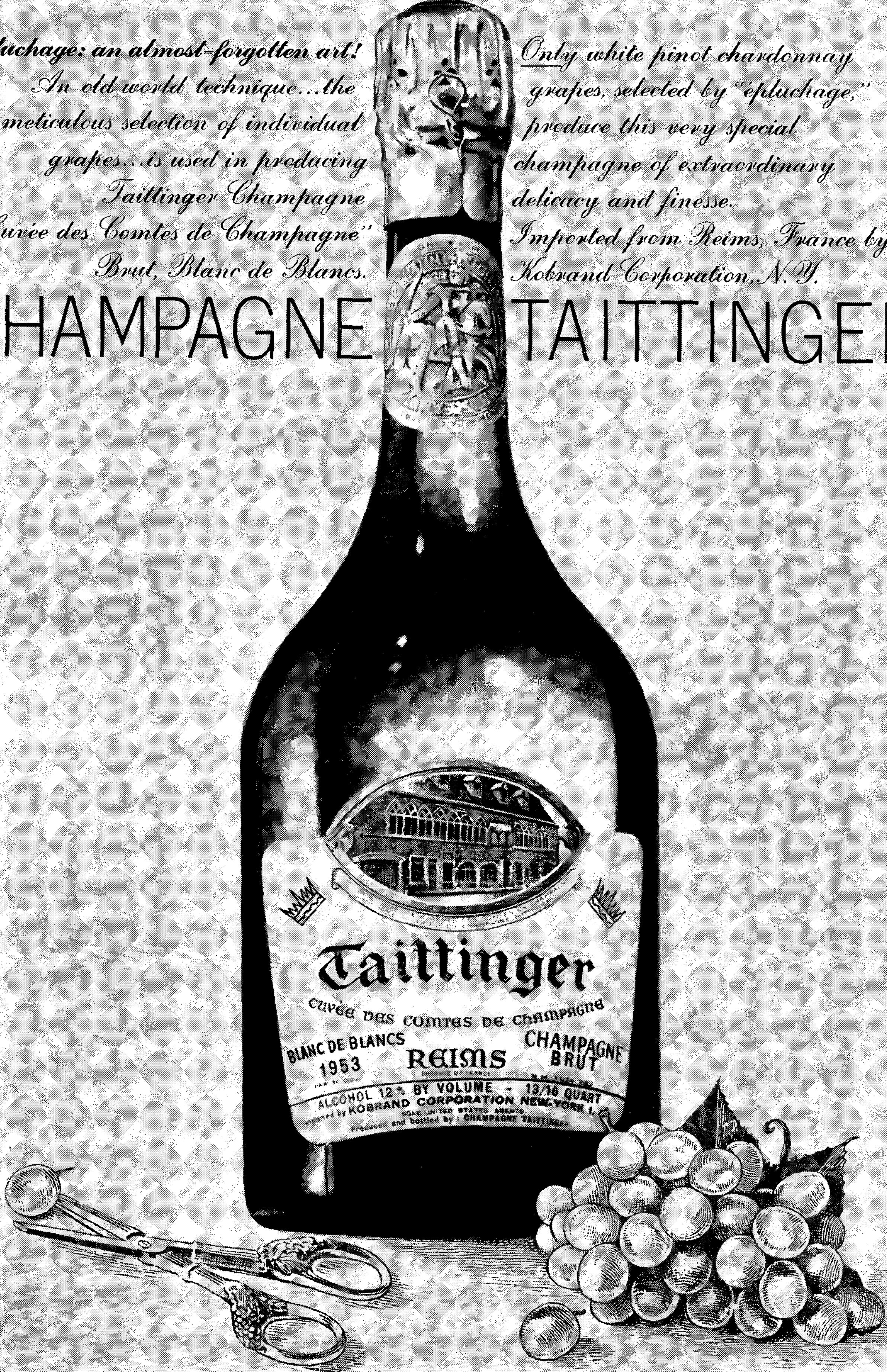
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Michael Manuel's staging a trifle haphazard. There was too much running about and too much attitudinizing by the serving women and slaves; Miss Borkh, at one point, knocked her fists against a stone wall that swayed and flapped very unstonily; and her frantic search for the axe with which her father had been killed took place, rather mysteriously, behind a block of masonry that hid her from the audience and completely obscured what she was doing. These are comparatively minor points, however. It was good to have "Elektra" back again, and particularly good to have such a stunning Elektra as Miss Borkh. It was also good to have such an able maestro as Mr. Rosenstock in the pit, and though I have indicated an unfavorable comparison with the staging that this work gets at the Vienna State Opera, I must say that the Metropolitan's orchestra plays the score with much greater vigor than is ordinarily accorded it at the respected Vienna institution. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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[*From the Congressional Record*]

Mr. BARTLETT. Mr. President, I am not one for flowery speech but last week I received as a gift a beautiful bouquet of flowers from the W. Atlee Burpee Co. With the flowers came a card informing me that these flowers were a new species of American marigolds named Alaska in honor of our great State. As I gazed upon these beautiful flowers I was captured by their brilliant yellow hue and long graceful stems. The sight was a feast for one's eyes.

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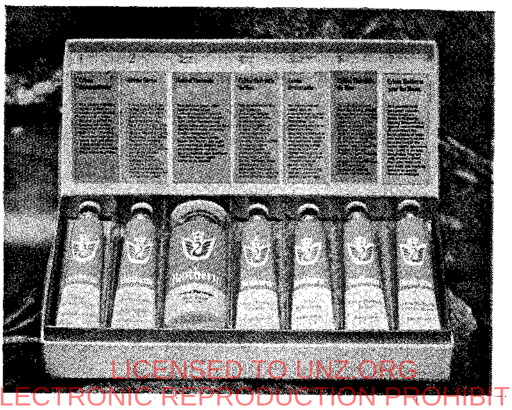

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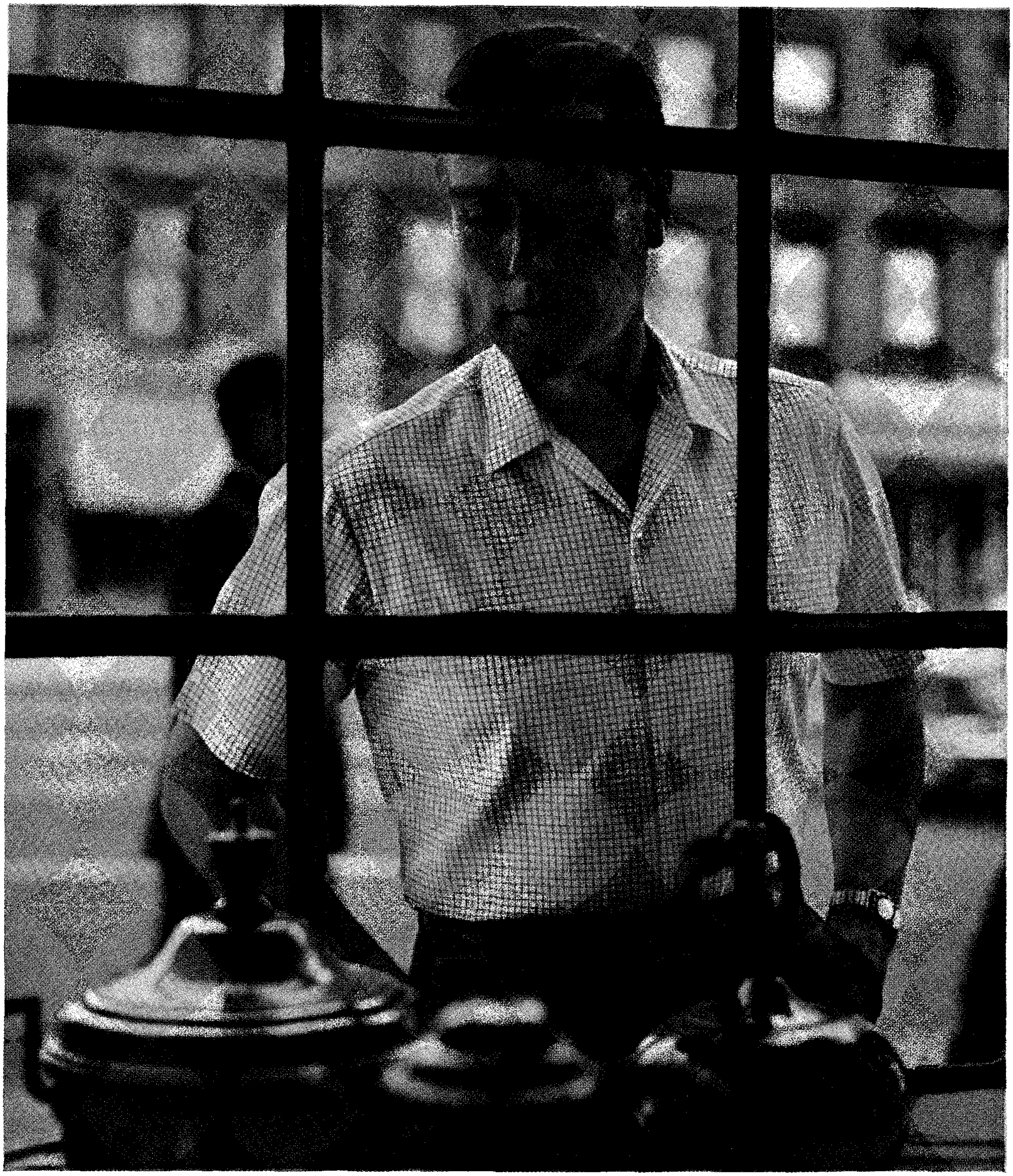

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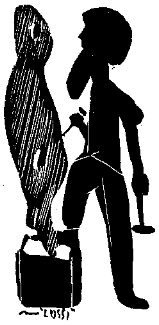

ANDRÉ MASSON is having a show, at the Saidenberg Gallery, which is about the best by this often overlooked Paris painter that I have seen in some time. It is a retrospective, and an extremely well-selected one, with the forty-odd pieces ranging from 1924 to the present; the main weight, however, is on his late work, of the past four or five years, and it was particularly pleasant to see him, in this section, apparently reaching a kind of summation, in which the various and occasionally conflicting factors of his development all seem to be working in a firm and coherent maturity of purpose.

Masson, now around sixty-five, has had a fairly mixed career; like a number of his contemporaries, he did a good deal of experimenting, in his younger days, with both the painting techniques and the philosophic attitudes that followed one another with such dazing rapidity in the decades between the two World Wars. If I'm not mistaken, Dadaism attracted him at the start. But this was only a brief phase, and one that preceded the period of the show. As we see him first in the current affair—in pieces like "Le Dormeur" and the still-life "Verres et Architecture," both of 1924—he is practicing a style that is largely Cubist in derivation. But it is Cubism with a difference, for if it owes much to Braque and possibly Juan Gris in its faceted, layered design, there are also debts, I think, to such quite different men as Léger and (in the classic symbols in the background of the still-life, for instance) the later Chirico. The color is cautious, being held down almost exclusively to shades of gray, and the design is a little too calculated, too carefully organized, to be emotionally effective. "Poisson Volant," however, of the year following, with its graceful, spiralling design and its clean green tonality, is a charmingly successful effort, while the slightly later "Nus," a study of two figures in which the representational references are reduced to a half-dozen swift, looping lines on a field of green, reveals a wholly new compositional compactness and assurance. The same primarily calligraphic influence appears

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again, used more broadly, in such still later paintings as "Les Silènes," with its brown, writhing forms, and "Massacre," in which the forms move in slanting diagonals across the canvas with a marvellously concise yet dramatic suggestion of vengeful figures bearing down on their victims as they advance.

By this time (1932), in another turning in his career, Masson had joined the Surrealists—the *official* body, that is, a close-knit and extremely vociferous group that had André Breton as both priest and prophet, swore gospel faith in the Surrealist Manifesto, and based its artistic theories on the exploitation of dreams, autohypnosis, and hallucination generally. A small group of Masson's paintings in the present collection are of this period, notably "Rêve Tauromachique," the Picassoesque "Hommage au Taureau," and the truly bedlam "Hôtel des Automates." But although he exhibited regularly with the Surrealists until the Fall of France—that nightmare greater than anything the artists themselves had conceived—dispersed the group and almost obliterated it, I don't think he was happy in it, and when he came to this country to stay for a few years he broke away from it.

Yet I feel that in a way it had served him well. Surrealism was, and is, far from being as silly and irresponsible a manifestation as is often supposed. Politically, on its weirder side, it was a frighteningly accurate commentary on the psychotic aspects of European life, from Hitlerism on down, and it seems to me that a good deal of the condemnation that has been directed at it stems from a refusal to admit this. A limp and Daliesque Cassandra, Surrealism is resented for the very things it predicted. It was also the first concerted effort to explore the imagery of the subconscious and to project it, consciously, as evocative subject matter, and in so doing it opened the way—a bit haltingly, to be sure—to an aspect of combined emotional and philosophic expression that had been shut away until then. In this sense especially it benefited Masson, for in much the way that his earlier excursion into calligraphy had freed him, compositionally, from the rigidity of the Cubist manner, so his experience with Surrealism gave an allusiveness to his subjective style that it had lacked, and his work has gained considerably in depth and richness of suggestion in consequence.

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er, and for the most part his paintings of the last decade are as firm in their conception as they are flexible in development. Certainly their themes and their moods are varied. "Le Jardin," a wind-swept, wavelike expanse of blues, is as poetic in its treatment as, by contrast, "Tumulus I"—in which sand is mixed with the pigment to present a rougher texture—is harsh and uncompromising, and the range in others is from the bird-flight abstraction "Migration en Vert," almost Japanese in its misty gentleness, through the glowingly golden "Le Poète," to the whirling, concentric "Dévoration IV," which creates the impression of a whole world being sucked into a titanic maelstrom. The swift, discursive "La Baigneuse Blessée" suggests a momentary return to his calligraphic manner, and the whole collection is, in fact, a fascinating illustration of the painstaking, frequently tortuous ways in which an artist perfects his equipment.

PHILIP GUSTON, now showing at the Janis, is to me one of the more puzzling members of the new New York School, particularly because of his recent paintings. He, too, has had a varied career, and one that also reflects the changing currents of thought around him during his development. As with Masson, Surrealism attracted him for a while, in the nineteen-forties. But his approach to it was more in line with the less doctrinaire American version; the whole concept had suffered a sea change in the course of its travels from Europe to this country, and in the case of Guston, and some of his contemporaries here, the imagery, though still employed to project a disjointed and dreamlike impression on the canvas, was deliberate in its arrangement and was used—so to speak, metaphorically—to point up a direct social commentary. Guston passed from this to a semi-Cubist abstract phase (thus reversing Masson's procedure) and then moved on, ten years ago, and gradually, to the almost purely coloristic compositions that now engross him.

At the start, these seemed to be closely linked, perhaps by way of the Tachistes, to the Impressionist school, and were characterized by areas made up of small flecks of related color—reds fading into pinks, blues into mauves, and so on—all shimmering like the reflections of flowers in one of Monet's garden pools. Lately, though, the color areas have grown larger and weightier, and especially in the present collection, all of which dates from last year,

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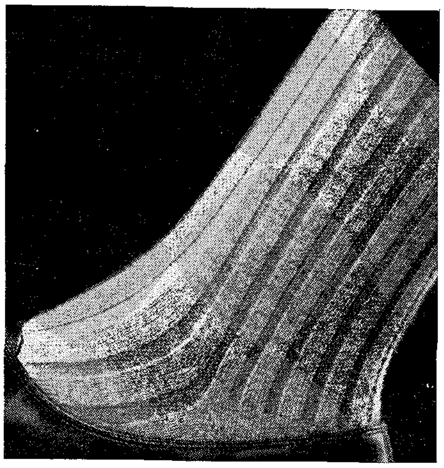

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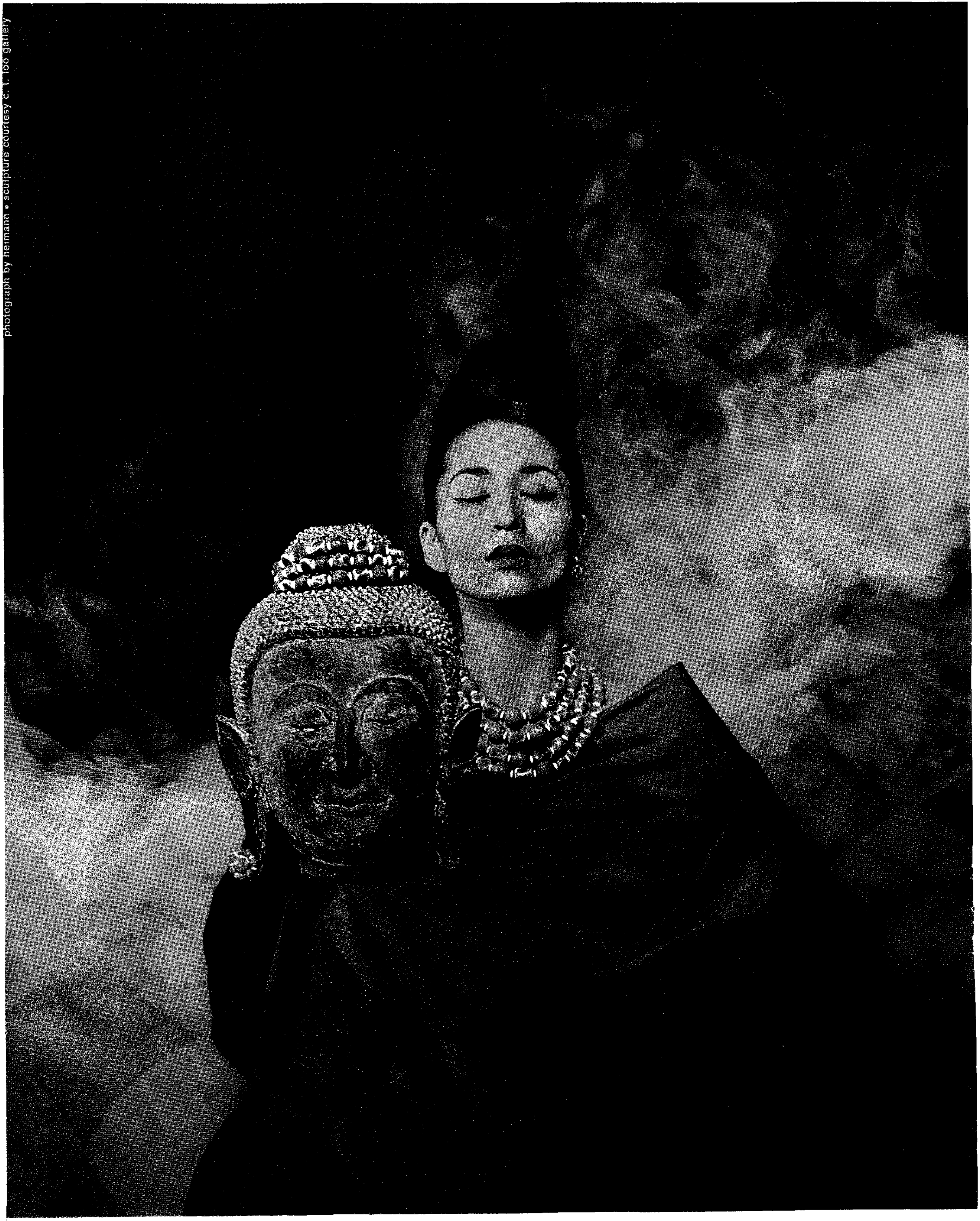
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the figurative references are considerably stronger. The enigma, to me, lies in Guston's apparent reluctance to develop these representational references, or at least to come to grips with the problem of what to do with them as elements of the picture. As a result, there is a quibbling feeling about a number of the pieces. In "Cup," the representational element is clear indeed, for the big blue mug that is the main motif nearly fills the smallish canvas, and in "The Mirror, to S. K." and "Garden of M" the subjective pattern, though more restrained in treatment, is also recognizable. (The last, with its trees and shrubs and grasses treated with a wonderfully playful exuberance, is one of the most attractive items in the show.) In others, however, like "Sleeper III," there is less definition, and the composition sags, dissolving into a disturbingly uncommunicative welter of shapeless forms. On the whole, I imagine, Guston is still in an experimental stage, investigating the possibilities of his new venture. Meantime, color remains his strong point, for it is almost always handled with a fine mixture of audacity and taste. I liked especially the way the little burst of red (a tree?) enlivens "Traveler III," and I enjoyed, too, his "Painter II," with its black, profiled head set against a cascade of varyingly toned grays.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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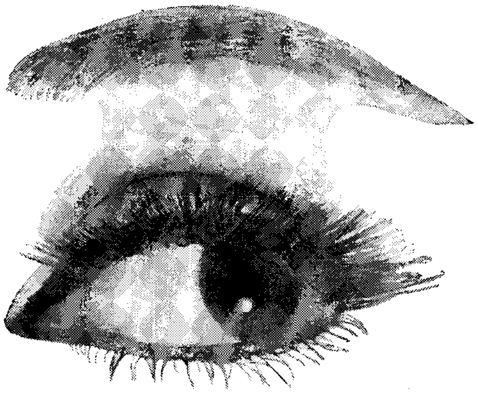

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WAKEFIELD, RHODE ISLAND,
FEBRUARY 2

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

I FOUND Mr. E. J. Kahn, Jr.'s, account of his station-wagon tour of the United States especially enjoyable, because it brought me such vivid memories of my own tour, the summer before his. Like Mr. Kahn's, mine was a family outing undertaken for the purpose of going somewhere and seeing as much as possible of our country's scenic wonders and natural attractions. Mr. Kahn took along three little boys. My husband and I had to make do with one—an eight-year-old. The Kahns did nine thousand miles in six weeks, in a new station wagon. We did ten thousand four hundred and eighty miles in seven weeks, in an old station wagon. We visited twenty-six states and Canada, and, I believe, covered much the same route as the Kahns.

As I read Mr. Kahn's story, I found myself comparing notes with him and joyfully making emendations and additions. Some of my joy was due to the rising certainty that in Mr. Kahn I have at last found someone who would really like to hear about *our* trip. One thing I particularly wonder about is whether, upon his return, he found the same saddening letdown we did. After a few evenings of getting together with our friends and showing our color slides, we found it harder and harder to turn the conversation to our trip, and keep it there long enough to tell all the things we wanted to tell. People asked us how many miles we had driven, whether we had had any accidents, and whether it had been hot. (It was very hot and we had no accidents.) After that, they seemed to lose interest, and a whole flock of nice details—of the sort Mr. Kahn evidently cherishes, as I do—went untold. I wonder if this experience is one of the things that prompted Mr. Kahn to write his excellent report. If it is, I'm sure he'll be kind enough to listen to me.

The biggest difference in our two trips is that the Kahns stayed in motels. We camped most of the way, in a borrowed tent. Occasionally, the heat or the bleakness of the terrain or an overwhelming yearning for a hot bath drove us to a motel, but we always succumbed regretfully. Our trip from New York to our goal—Citrus Heights, California, where my husband's mother lives—took eighteen days. We gave in to motels five times. Coming back, in fourteen days, we gave in four times. Pretty good, eh?

Camping in the United States is something that has to be experienced to be believed. My notion of camping was that it would be something like Martin and Osa Johnson's safaris, without the lions. I had kept the urge to go camping ever since I read their wonderful books, twenty or thirty years ago. I thought that as dusk came on, we'd turn off the highway onto some beckoning dirt road, turn off that into some grassy pasture—with a brook, of course—and manfully make our little home in the wilderness, enjoying the slightly scary pleasures of solitude and independence. Well, it wasn't like that at all. We crossed very few dirt roads anywhere. There were no grassy pastures that weren't fenced in or plastered with "No Trespassing" signs or intimately attached to someone's house. The few dirt roads we might have taken when dusk came on weren't shown on our road maps (the makers seem to assume that motorists are interested only in highways), and we didn't dare chance them, for if they turned out to be a bust, it would be too late to find another spot. So we did the only thing possible, aside from giving up camping entirely: we camped where Americans are supposed to camp, on sites maintained as part of state or national parks. These camps are about as sylvan as Central Park—and, as Mr. Kahn noted, at least equally well regulated. Most of them are absolutely jammed. The first night in one of these—a comparatively small one, at Tygart Lake, West Virginia, four hundred and forty-six miles from the Holland Tunnel—was something of a revelation to me. Leaving U. S. Highway No. 50, we joined a line of cars following directional arrows along a paved road, pleasantly landscaped and lined with signs that said "No Camping," until there suddenly burst upon us a formidable encampment—rows and rows of tents, side by side, each with a car parked beside it. Each site was marked out by posts, and each was about

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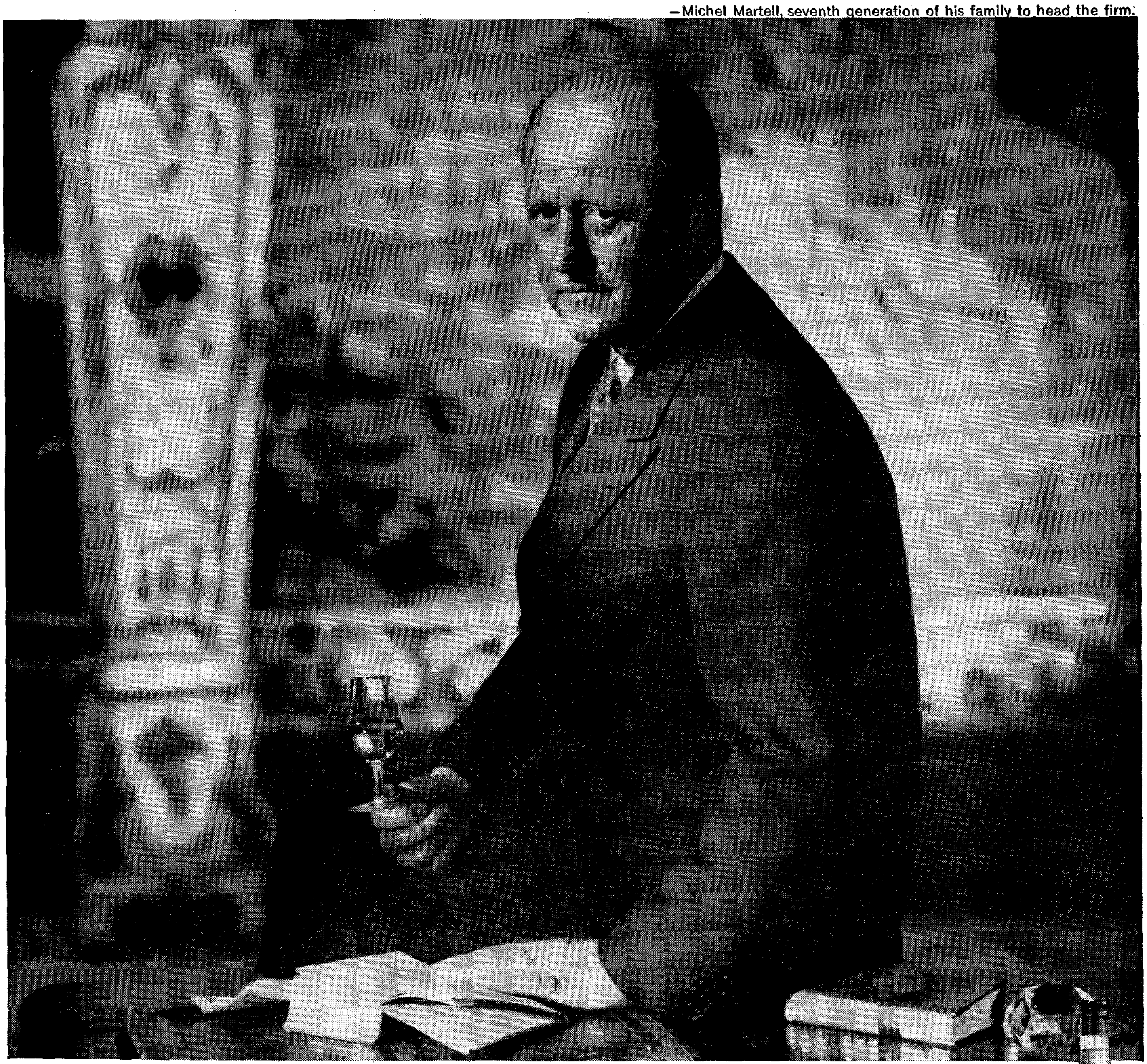

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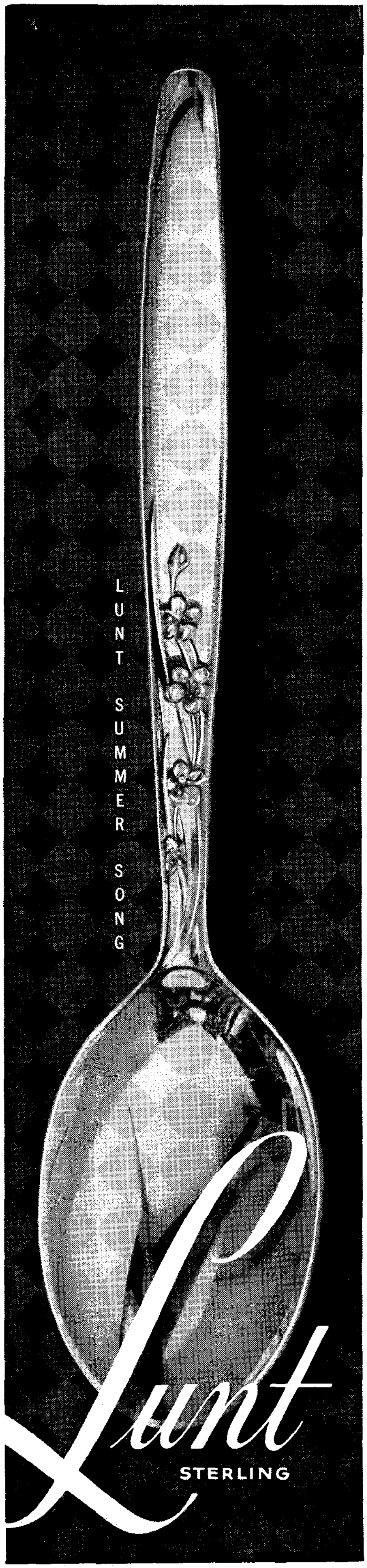

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the size of a large living room; if you stepped out of your site, you'd be stepping into your neighbor's living room. Each site was equipped with a stone fireplace, a picnic table, and benches. At intervals along the rows were trash cans and water faucets, and at one end of the camp were two buildings, in Modern Rustic design, offering bathing facilities. The whole place was as busy and as merry as the zoo on Sunday. Kids were running around or lugging green or yellow plastic buckets (just like the one I'd bought and later threw away, in favor of an old-fashioned tin bucket) to and from the faucets. Everywhere I looked, there were rows of mothers bending over the picnic tables and unwrapping hamburger. On each site there were fathers engaged either in fanning the logs in the fireplace or in pumping up the Coleman stove (just like ours), with identical gestures. It looked like some sort of crazy ballet—Americana by Agnes de Mille.

At bedtime, with towel and toothbrush, I joined the ladies trooping to the ladies' facilities. From the sociable chatter within, I discovered that these families were mostly old camping hands and that they liked their camps just this way. A great deal of the talk concerned the relative elegance of the facilities at campgrounds all over the country. (The facilities are good everywhere, I later found, but some places are quite luxurious. Some have diaper washers and washing machines, and a faucet for every tent.) Campers form a sort of mobile summer society. Since this was a society whose existence I had never even suspected, it was something of a shock to find myself suddenly in it.

Darkness veiled most of the going-to-bed preparations, but by the morning light the place looked the way I imagine Central Park might if some great alarm or disaster drove a large part of the population to spend the night there. People wandered unabashedly about wearing the most astonishing assortment of *robes-de-nuit*—the ladies often with their hair in curlers. Nobody but me seemed to think that it looked at all odd. Sociability, not solitude, I discovered, was these campers' delight. When, in the course of the trip, I mentioned the idea of solitary camping to any of our campmates, they looked puzzled or dismayed. "You mean you want to camp where there's nobody *around*?" a woman in Zion Park, Utah, asked, in horror. "Why, I'd be scared simply stiff!"

I pretty much said goodbye to the Martin and Osa Johnson vision on that

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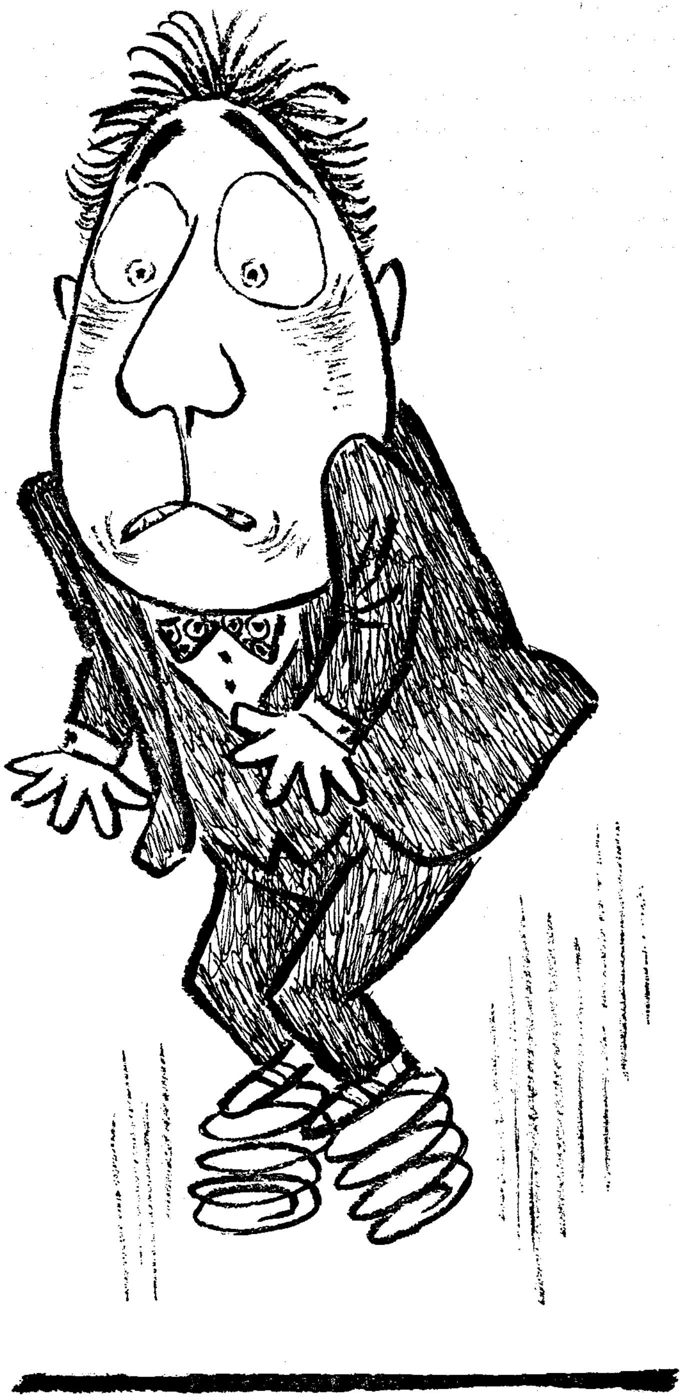

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first night, but enough of the hankering survived so that, at my insistence, we did find solitary, unofficial camp sites several times. I loved them, but by then, like the woman in Zion Park, I had become so accustomed to the benevolent presence of the Park Service, symbolized by trash cans and water faucets, that I did feel just a tiny bit scared.

As I said, the main difference between our trip and the Kahns' was the camping business. Otherwise, there were many parallels. My husband played a license-plate game in which he tried to find double letters, beginning with "AA" and ending with "ZZ." He finished it at Logan, Utah, and went on to triples. This is much harder, and now, two years later, he is stuck at "JJJ." We packed *our* good clothes in cartons stowed in the back, and these were so hard to get at that we didn't dress up even once. In the matter of preparations, I greatly admire the insouciance with which the Kahns set forth. Of course, for camping we needed a lot more stuff, but I am such a thorough list-maker, and have such a strong tendency to live trips in advance, that there wasn't a contingency that wasn't covered by some piece of equipment. To pack it all in, my husband took the back seats out of the station wagon. He made a wooden chair to fit the eight-year-old, and bolted it to the floorboards just behind the front seat. This seat became a sort of nest, in which the eight-year-old sat comfortably, reading comic books most of the way, and almost completely enclosed by the piles of stuff.

The first day out, I started to make a master list in my notebook of all the things in the car. It became so staggering that I never finished it, but I'd like Mr. Kahn to take a look at some of it. Even in its abridged form, it should impress him. I started my inventory with the bottom layer, where my husband had packed his tools. He itemized them from memory, and the tools alone came to fifty-five objects, counting all the different kinds of wrenches, pliers, ratchets, hammers, screwdrivers, and so on. We also carried a Scout axe, a rubber-patch kit, a roll of solder, a bottle of rubber cement, his spare eyeglasses, four pairs of tennis shoes, a tire pump, string, a hundred feet of rope, a bundle of clean rags, my husband's good black shoes, two cans of tennis balls, three rackets, ten tent stakes, a gallon of lubricating oil, a gallon of gasoline, two cans of auto wax, a quart of gray enamel paint, a paintbrush (he'd been touching

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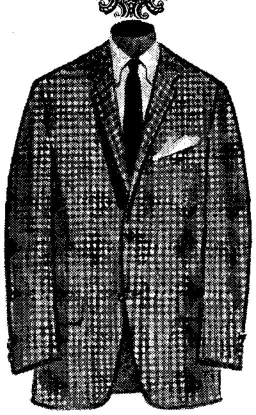

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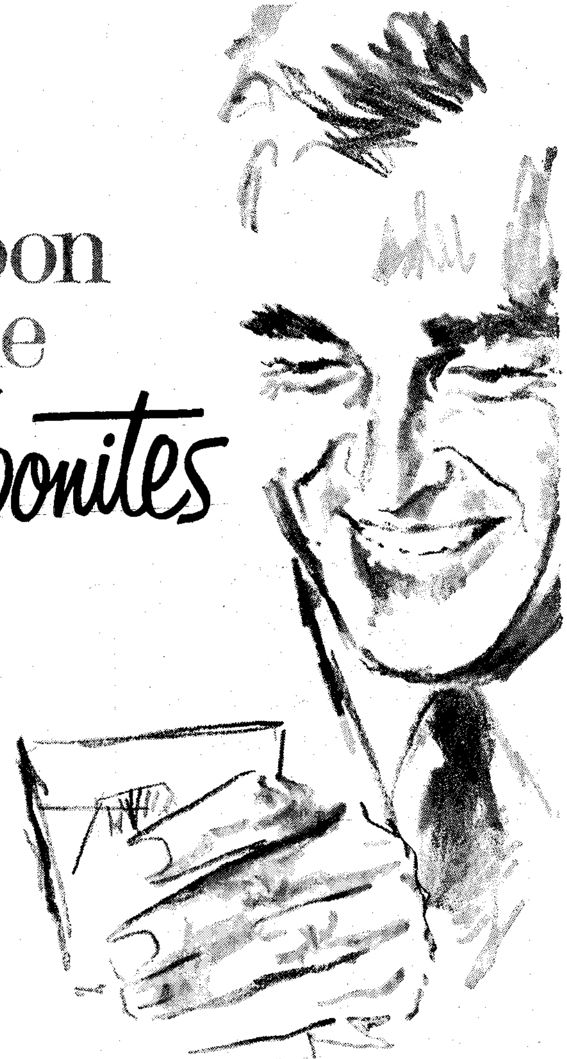
up the car when we started out, and didn't finish the job until we got to Yellowstone), two mosquito bars, two window nets, one Coleman stove, a lantern, an icebox, a photographic bag (this contained two cameras and more than a dozen pieces of related equipment), binoculars, a fire extinguisher, two bug bombs, "Lady Chatterley's Lover," "The Life and Selected Writings of Thomas Jefferson," an unmailed letter, two thermos bottles, an alarm clock, two flashlights, writing materials, a pencil sharpener, a sewing kit, a first-aid kit, a fishing rod, six boxes of clothes, the eight-year-old's knapsack, a carton of cooking utensils, a five-gallon can for water, two pails, a carton of groceries, a picnic basket, a briefcase full of road maps and tourist guides, a beach bag with towels and suits, a bridge table, two chairs, a clothesline and pins, and—Well, that isn't nearly all, but I'll just finish up by listing the items that I happened to notice under my feet one day toward the end of the outgoing voyage: a deer skull, the red queen from our chess set, a box of shiny stones, two empty pop bottles to trade at the next stop, and a Rand McNally atlas, which had turned out to be ideal to insulate me from the heat of the floorboards. I bet the Kahns, even with three boys, can't match a list like that. The deer skull and the box of stones represented one of my happiest discoveries, and might provide a valuable tip for any family travelling with an eight-year-old boy. Like the young Kahns, our boy was anxious to visit every souvenir joint on the road, though even he found their contents somewhat stupefying. We weaned him away from them by encouraging him to collect stones and bones, objects with which the West abounds. They're free, practically unbreakable, and much prettier than the stuff that's for sale.

At Cody, Wyoming, where the Kahns played miniature golf, we had one of our most exciting adventures. My husband asked a gas-station attendant if he could direct us to any dinosaur bones. The attendant advised us to consult a local paleontologist named Robert Witter, who, he said, would be hospitable to interested travellers. We found Mr. Witter, and, sure enough, he was. He piled us in his 1949 Ford station wagon, which he treasures because its high road clearance allows it to ride over the sagebrush wastelands that surround Cody, and drove us to a fossil bed in which he had been doing some digging. The trip, at sunset, over a trackless, undulating sea of sand and



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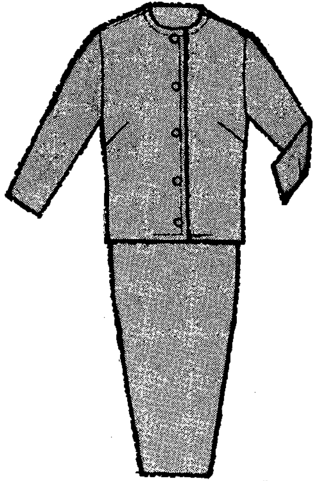
sage, seemed wildly romantic. Mr. Witter made it more exciting by professing to be uncertain of just where he was going, and pointing out that if one of the bumps busted an axle, we'd remain there until the sheepherders, the only denizens of the badlands, came by, in a matter of weeks or months. The fossil site turned out to be a sandstone hillock—the remains of an island in a prehistoric river. Erosion had so carved it that, silhouetted against the sunset, it resembled a mysterious ancient city—perhaps a Mayan ruin. Witter dug into it, and in a matter of minutes found a Coryphodon tooth (Coryphodon was a once flourishing Eocene mammal that looked something like a tapir), a fossil alligator tooth, and pieces of a fossil turtle shell. He gave them to the eight-year-old. As we drove back, in darkness, jack rabbits jumped away from our headlights in such numbers that they reminded me of popping popcorn.

Mr. Kahn mentioned bears, and if he's still with me, I'd very much like to tell him about our bears. We, too, were all agog at the prospect of bears, especially since the couple who lent us our tent (they had already done the national-park circuit) had told us that it wasn't in tiptop condition, because, as one of them explained, "the pole got bent when a bear sat on it." At the gates of Yellowstone National Park, a forest ranger took our license number and handed us a paper bag for trash and a folder of informative literature. This included a leaflet headed "Warning: Bears Are Dangerous Wild Animals." The message was illustrated with a picture of a bear—not the benign image of Smokey, leaning on a rake, but a ravening beast reared on its haunches and with menacing jaws agape. The leaflet cautioned against feeding or teasing bears, and noted that sixty-seven people had been injured by them in the past year. This modified my cordiality toward bears but not that of most visitors. We saw dozens of people stopped by the roadside feeding bears. One very soon becomes sophisticated about bears. At the sight of our first few, stationed along the narrow roadways like panhandlers—and that's exactly what they are—we pulled up and marvelled, stopping traffic for miles behind us, I am sure. Later on, we hardly glanced at them as, cursing mildly, we tried to pull around the roadblocks caused by newcomers not yet tired of bears.

The main camp sites at Yellowstone were full. At evening, they are like the



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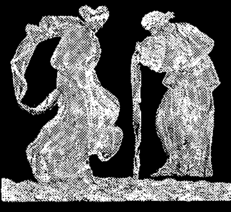

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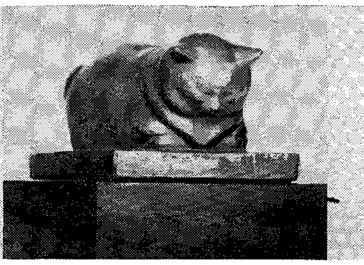

AIC-33—CAT by Jane Poupelet. French (1878-1932). Art Institute of Chicago. Original: bronze. Ht.: 4¾″. Length: 5½″. **$10.00.** ($1.00 shipping, insurance)

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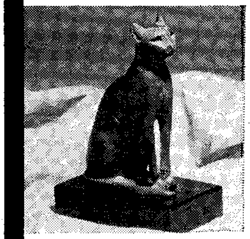

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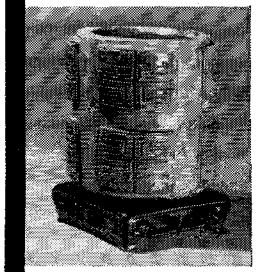

NH-33—CHINESE VASE. 202 B.C.-220 A.D. Museum of Natural History. Original: jade. Watertight liner. Ht.: 6½″. ....**$15.00** ($1.50 shipping, insurance) rookeries of ocean birds. Cars drive in by the flock, and wheel around and around looking for a place to settle. We found none, and a ranger directed us to an overflow site—a small campground with room for only eight or nine tents, and without the hot and cold running water that most campers count on. It was beside a lovely stream, and we found it so delightful that we stayed there several days. The camp also had its complement of bears. Every trash can in the park, I discovered, is monitored by a particular bear. To hold its station, the bear has to defeat successive challengers. Their squabbles are ugly. It seems that there are more bears than trash cans. The trash-canless bears are forced to panhandle on the highway or snoop around the tent sites. A middle-sized black bear, having been defeated by the huge ginger-colored she-bear who held title to our camp trash can, sat around watching me cook supper. It may have been only a middle-sized bear, but it was a lot bigger than I am. It clearly wanted my hamburger. We appraised each other hostilely. The bear kept inching up, and I kept shouting "Beat it!" At a moment when I had turned my back, the bear made a dash for the hamburger. Recklessly, I picked up a frying pan and a pot and banged them wildly together. The bear slunk back and the hamburger was saved. For the rest of our stay, I rather enjoyed being able to advise new arrivals, in an offhand way, that the way to get rid of bears is to clatter pots and pans.

In the mornings, when the other campers had left, the bears came out of the shrubbery and, as conscientiously as those park attendants who pick up litter with pointed sticks, ransacked the fireplaces and cleaned up under the tables. A nice big black bear—a female who was even bigger than the one who had jurisdiction over our trash can—sat down in the stream beside our camp and took a bath. She dried herself on the grass, looking as voluptuous in the process as a man with a Turkish towel, and then sat on her haunches to eat, delicately, the blossom of a primrose growing on the bank above.

Once when I had filled a garbage bag and approached the trash can, our hulking brute of a trash-can bear came forward eagerly to meet me. I tossed the bag from a good distance and watched as she tore it open. She quickly picked through the waxed paper and coffee grounds, throwing them aside. She found a large baked-bean tin, pinned it to the ground with one forepaw, and, inserting the claws of the other, ripped it open so that it resembled a tin

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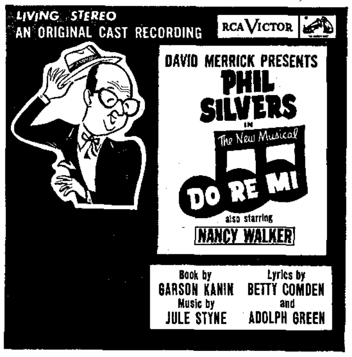
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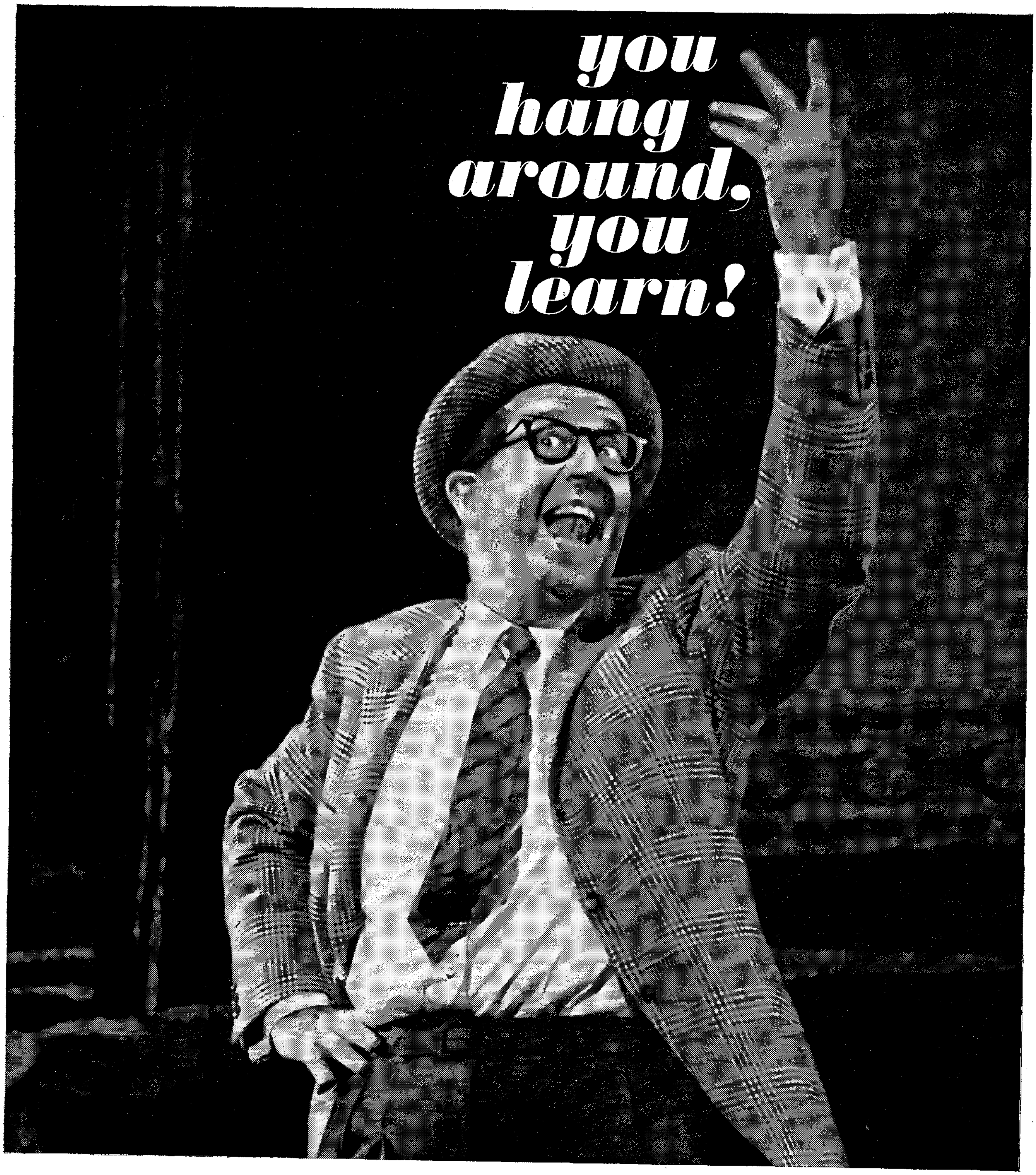
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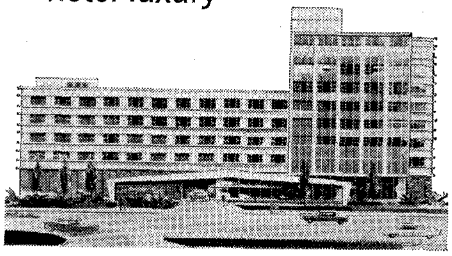

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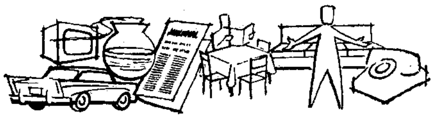

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daisy. She licked a few beans from the petals and gave me a wink. I was mightily impressed. If this girl made a play for my hamburger, she could have it.

When the camp garbage truck came around, I asked one of the men, as he scooped up the tins and papers that the bears had strewn, if he had any special advice on dealing with bears. "Well," he said, "if there's a particular bear you want to make a complaint about, you can go to headquarters and report it. The rangers will come and pick it up." I'm no squealer, so I didn't report any of our bears.

I agree with Mr. Kahn that Indians are as indispensable as bears to a trip of this kind. I enjoyed meeting one at Taos—a big, hatchet-faced old man with a blanket draped over his undershirt and khaki trousers, who was sitting on a camp chair outside his adobe dwelling. Something about him attracted me, and I strolled over. He was cordial, and we smoked a cigarette together and chatted. Suddenly, he explained what had attracted me. It was the haunting familiarity of his granitic features. This was the Indian who had posed for the famous Santa Fe Railway posters, years ago. He sold me some postcard portraits of himself in the familiar pose and wearing a Santa Fe feather bonnet—an eagle-eyed Warren G. Harding in redface. The cards bore his name, but I didn't keep them, so I can't report it here. I can, however, confirm Mrs. Kahn's observation that some Indians wore wigs. We went to an Indian rodeo in Sheridan, Wyoming. The most exciting contest, we thought, was the squaws' tepee-raising race. About a dozen teams of squaws, two to a team, in flowery regalia of beads and feathers, crouched on the starting line with tepee poles and canvas at the ready. On signal, they dashed onto the track and fell to work. Within five or six minutes, most of the tepees were up. One fell down before the judges could get to it, and a couple of others were so wobbly that they were disqualified. The team we'd been rooting for won. All the squaws wore long braids, and my husband, watching through binoculars, reported that some of the braids looked phony. The suspicion was confirmed in the next event—arrow-throwing by young braves. They had braids, too, but since they were less skillful hairdressers than the squaws, you could see, even without binoculars, that they were attached not to the scalp but to beaded headbands.

Like the Kahns, we brushed past a Rockefeller. This was in Arkansas,

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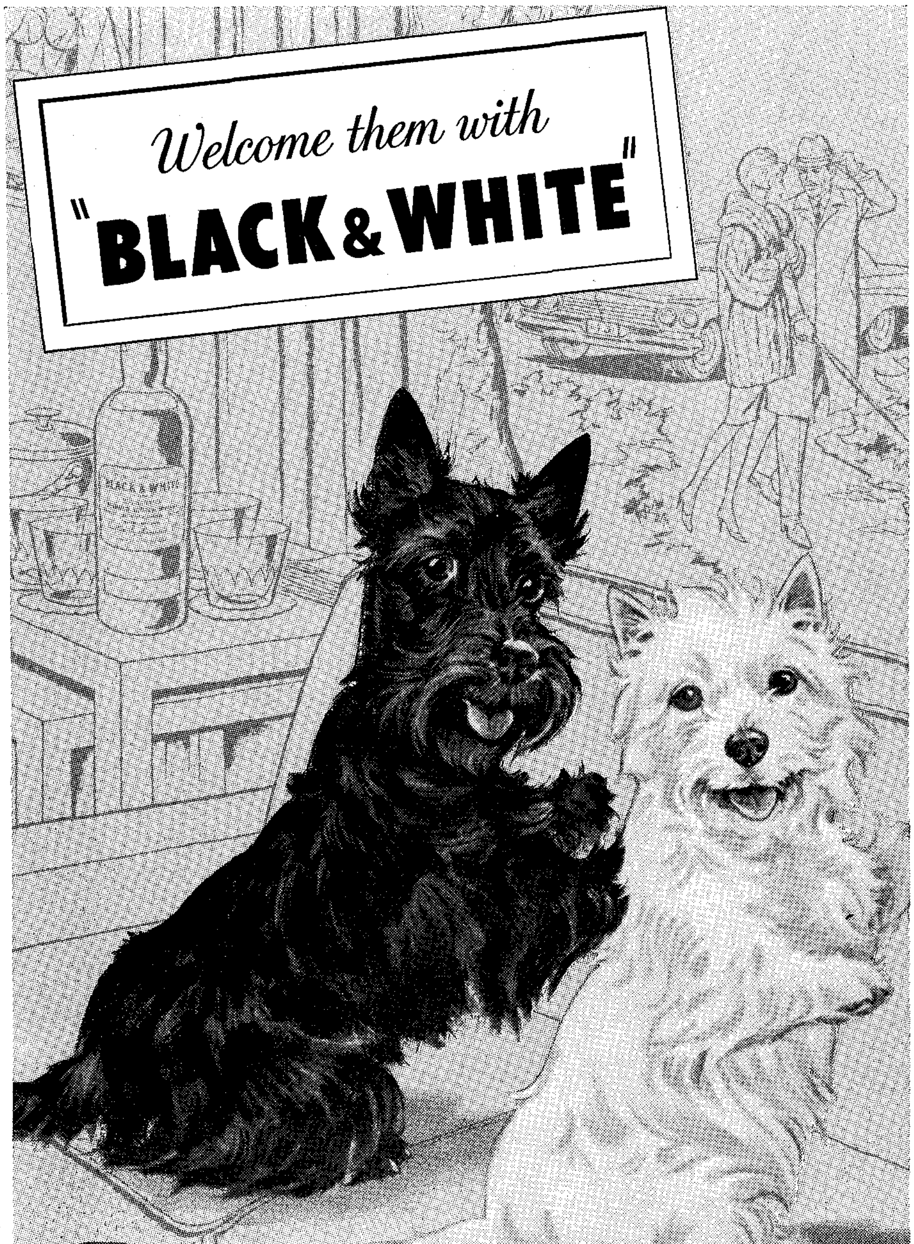
where the highway ran for miles and miles alongside Winthrop's ranch. We spent the night at the park on Petit Jean Mountain, and I was bitten by chiggers. After that, as far as I'm concerned, Winthrop Rockefeller can have the whole state of Arkansas. Utah, I found, is a state where apricots grow in profusion. The roadside was studded with fruit stands selling them by the basket. They were awfully good, but more expensive than in my neighborhood A. & P.

Driving through the Hopi reservation in Arizona, we picked up a young itinerant preacher, a lanky white boy in a big hat, who had a bulging satchel of duds in his grimy hand. The waterless wasteland around us looked uninhabited and incapable of supporting life, but the preacher pointed out tiny green places within view of the road. They were corn patches, some with no more than six or eight plants poking through the sand. He said the Hopis had learned to live by thus planting the desert. They walked miles, he said, carrying water to their little gardens and watering each plant with a Lily cup.

Also like the Kahns, we did a cave—Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky—along with a party of other sightseers. Some thirty of us trooped its corridors behind a guide who, like the Kahns' guide, concentrated on pointing out, with suitable witticisms, things that looked like something else—stone formations resembling fried eggs, roses, sharks' teeth, a Madonna and Child, and so on. I was utterly distracted, however, by one group in our party—a family who had gamely brought grandfather along, even though he was in his nineties and barely ambulatory. He navigated with two canes. The subterranean hike covered three-quarters of a mile of territory that fazed me, even though I am in what I've heard called the prime of life. Grandpa and his relatives brought up the rear. At intervals, the main party stopped in one of the caverns to wait for them to catch up. At each stop, I was certain that the old man had given up the ghost somewhere behind us, but each time we heard the gallant tap-tapping of the canes and the urgent whispers of his middle-aged sons and daughters boosting him on from the rear. At the last cavern, just before the blessed stairs to daylight, the whole crowd burst into spontaneous applause when he hove into sight.

THAT'S about all I have to tell Mr. Kahn at the moment, though a lot more will probably come to me now that



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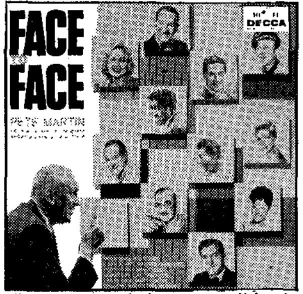

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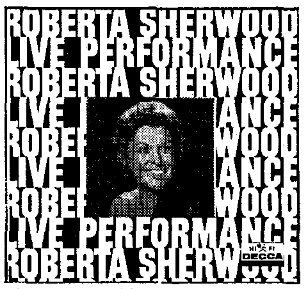

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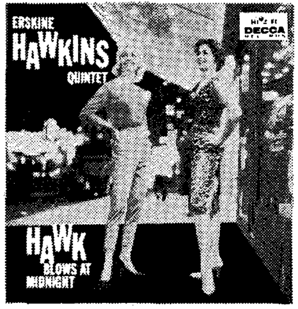

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he has started me thinking about the trip again. I find that after two years we don't talk about it often, or even look at the two hundred pictures my husband took. Sometimes I'll say something like "Remember how the wasps sat on my steak at Zion?" or the boy will have the pleasure of piping up in geography class to tell about how he got soaked at Niagara Falls. Like the Kahns' trip, ours was partly inspired by the idea that it would be instructive for the boy. We were disappointed to find that for thousands of its most scenic miles he hardly looked up from his reading. He loved exploring and sightseeing, but on the drive he seemed indifferent to scenery. If we pointed out a mountain or a canyon, he'd glance at it and go back to reading. Just recently, I discovered why. His teacher reported that the boy couldn't see the blackboard in school. We got him glasses, and when he put them on he was astounded at seeing individual leaves on the trees, instead of clumps of leaves. Obviously, he saw nothing on the trip that was farther away than twenty paces. There is the possibility, now, that we will have to show him Bridal Veil Falls, Angel's Window, and Devil's Tower all over again. If we do, I hope I can count on Mr. Kahn to listen to an account of that trip, too.

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Bourne had tried to know himself, which is a witless phrase indeed since it implies a psychical status quo, a state which would be irresponsible to the community. He did try to examine the seams of the soul he took off every night and, before it was sent back to the cleaners of forgetfulness, he did check its size against the expanding waistband of his infamy. Bourne could use a word like infamous because he sat in the bleachers with the other people when he measured himself. Try as he might, self-search as he would, he never could retrace his motivational spoor to the fork in the forest where he had become trapped by money.—*From "The Oldest Confession" by Richard Condon.*

At least he kept busy.

•

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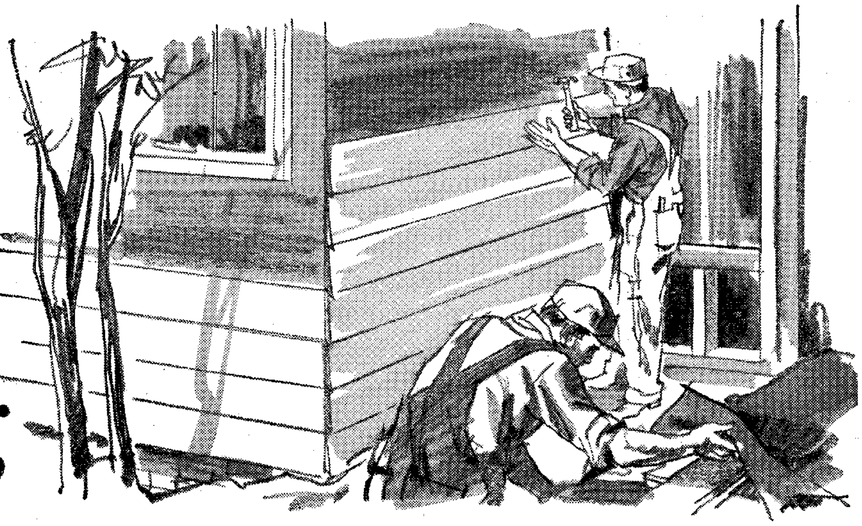

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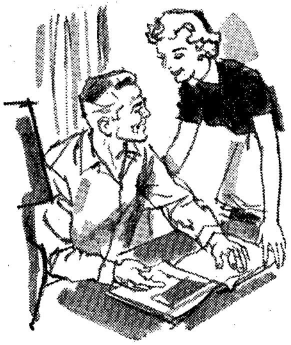

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

TALKING THROUGH THE MASHED POTATOES

LATE in December, I described in these pages the curious case of drama critic Walter Kerr, whose reviews were, I'd noticed, thick with figures of speech that had to do with food. I suspected that this phenomenon was caused by Mr. Kerr's having gone on a diet, but early this year Mr. Kerr himself provided, in answer, an alternative explanation. In one of his weekly pieces in the Sunday *Herald Tribune*, he wrote, "I am not on a diet, though I have been watching my weight. (When I say that I have been watching my weight, I mean just that: I don't do anything about it, I just watch it.) . . . [But] I have been conditioned in my theatregoing for some months past by an incident directly related to this matter of menu. . . . On the very first theatre evening of the fall just past, I had dinner in a restaurant. . . . I ordered judiciously, lingered over a drink, waited no longer than a suitable interval, and then was served a one-legged soft-shell crab. I swear it."

Well, dining out has its perils, and I've no doubt that Mr. Kerr really *was* offered a gimpy crab and that the episode may have had some effect on the nature of his verbal imagery. (I wish, by the way, that he'd told us whether he actually ate the poor thing; the trauma of sight is nothing to the trauma of ingestion.) But I feel that I may have an even better reason for doubting the adequacy of my first diagnosis than Mr. Kerr's misadventure, and it is this: A veritable A. & P. warehouse of food and drink is currently being displayed and consumed on Broadway. Nearly all of the plays that Mr. Kerr is obliged to sit through are full of things to eat, and the mystery is, perhaps, not why Mr. Kerr is preoccupied with cuisine but why his fellow-critics fail to be.

No doubt I should have hit on this solution sooner, but it was only a recent, freakish bout of almost nightly showgoing—relatives came to town and stayed and stayed—that led me to realize that the contemporary theatre is choked with food and practically awash with drink. To my surprise, one result of seeing a great many shows in a short time has been that I've caught myself responding to them in a fashion not unlike Mr. Kerr's. The other day, somebody asked me my opinion of "Camelot," and I replied at once that I'd found it delicious. It took me a while to realize that what lay behind this dubious answer was just that the show contains a suckling pig, a pheasant, and innumerable apples and grapes. I swear it.

THE discovery of this unexpected bond with Mr. Kerr has spurred me into unwonted diligence. With the help of a couple of friends who are even more frequent theatregoers than I am, I have taken the trouble to tot up the C.Q.—or comestibles quotient—of the current theatre, and the figures are, to my mind, fairly startling. As I write this, of the twenty-eight shows running on Broadway, fifteen call for both eating and drinking, nine call for drinking, two call for eating, and only two manage to get along without either eating or drinking. Moreover, even in the case of the two mavericks food is present, if not devoured; in "Show Girl" a jug of water and a plate of matzos are among the conspicuous props, and in "The Music Man" an apple and a marshmallow have small walk-on, or held-on-to, parts.

Why this almost unanimous employment of food and drink onstage? I put the question to an academic friend whom I spotted between the acts one evening at the Belasco, and, breaking from the barrier at top speed, he said that he would identify it as one facet of the crystallization of the attempt to give the stage the complete illusion of reality. Did I know, he went on, that in the Greek theatre the actors wore masks, and that consequently eating was out of the question? That in the Renaissance theatre the leading characters were largely rulers and nobles, and that, except at an occasional royal banquet, it would have seemed infra dig to show

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them eating and drinking? That Voltaire's play "L'Ecossaise" caused a sensation when it opened, in 1760, because, for the first time in a serious play, actors were shown drinking a real beverage—hot chocolate—onstage? And that it wasn't until the latter part of the nineteenth century, when the theatre became naturalistic, that actors took to munching and guzzling practically ad lib? It came to seem the height of naturalism to talk straight through one's mashed potatoes.

Whether my learned friend is right or wrong in his theory of why the modern stage has become a second Stouffer's, it's a fact that all sorts of plays depend on food to lend them verisimilitude. If a lighthearted romance like "Camelot" uses pig, pheasant, and fruit, a darkling study of real life like "A Taste of Honey" uses chocolate, biscuits, and cake (no honey); "Toys in the Attic" uses shrimp, rice, and caviar; and "The Miracle Worker" shores itself up with roast beef, ham, eggs fried and scrambled, cereal, rolls, radishes, carrot sticks, pickles, a peppermint stick, mints, and several pieces of cake.

But to speak of the plays first and then of the food they contain marks me for the outsider I am; I suspect that within the profession plays must be categorized entirely in terms of what gets eaten in them. The candy plays, for example, include not only "A Taste of Honey" and "The Miracle Worker" but "Gypsy" (a lollipop), "All the Way Home" (a sack of the old-fashioned candy known as speckled pennies), "The Tenth Man" (a Hershey bar), "Wildcat" (a tray of Mexican candy), and "My Fair Lady" (chocolates). The four lettuce plays are "Critic's Choice," "Irma la Douce," "Under the Yum-Yum Tree," and "The Wall." Besides "Camelot" and "The Miracle Worker," the meat plays are the appropriately titled "Tenderloin" and "Wildcat," both of which feature chicken drumsticks; "Critic's Choice" (beef Stroganoff); "Irma la Douce" (steak); and "Gypsy" (spareribs). When it comes to fruit, so great a variety is served onstage that the category has to be subdivided into species. The banana plays are "Critic's Choice," "Tenderloin," and "Midgie Purvis;" the grape plays are "Camelot" and "Wildcat." A distinction must also be drawn between the cake plays, such as "The Tenth Man" (honeycake), "My Fair Lady" (spongecake), and "Gypsy" (a birthday cake); the cookie plays, such as "All the Way Home" (Zu Zus) and "The Sound of Music" (ladyfingers); and the raft of bread,

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toast, roll, sandwich, waffle, and pancake plays.

Wide as the present choice of foods on Broadway plainly is, the choice of beverages is even wider. "A Taste of Honey" is the only play that boasts coffee, tea, *and* milk, but there are six straight coffee plays, two tea and coffee plays, two milk and coffee plays, three tea plays, one milk play, and three plain-water plays. Among the more innocent potions that actors are kept busy downing are orange juice ("Toys in the Attic"), lemonade ("All the Way Home"), ginger ale ("Advise and Consent"), and 7-Up ("The Best Man"). As you might expect, there's a lot more drinking in plays than there is eating—the proportion is twenty-four to seventeen—and a lot more drinking of alcoholic than of non-alcoholic beverages. Thirteen of the twenty-four plays that feature beverages feature both alcoholic and non-alcoholic ones, nine of the twenty-four feature only alcoholic ones, and two feature only non-alcoholic ones. There are thirteen plays in which whiskey is served, five in which champagne is served, and six in which still wines are served. There are also four beer plays, two brandy plays, one tequila play ("Wildcat"), one vodka play ("The Wall"), one juniper-juice play ("Becket"), and one pulque play ("Under the Yum-Yum Tree").

HERE we come on something peculiar in our survey: much of the food and many of the drinks onstage are far from being what they seem. If the hoped-for "complete illusion of reality" is one thing, the complete sobriety of the actors is another, so the alcohol served in plays is rarely real. In most of the current musical comedies, as well as in "Rhinoceros," nonexistent liquor is poured out of dummy bottles into painted, rosined, frosted, or obviously empty glasses. The six Scotches that Henry Fonda puts away in "Critic's Choice" are actually water colored with caramel, the Scotch in "A Taste of Honey" is Coca-Cola, and the Scotch in "Advise and Consent" is tea. Tea is transmogrified into bourbon in "The Best Man," but the bourbon in "All the Way Home" is watered Coke. Watered Coke also substitutes for champagne in "Period of Adjustment," while the champagne in "Toys in the Attic" is ginger ale, and in "The Unsinkable Molly Brown" it is water. The pulque in "Under the Yum-Yum Tree" is watered milk. The wine in "Camelot" and "The Tenth Man" is grape juice at full strength, and the port in "My Fair Lady" is grape juice that has been di-

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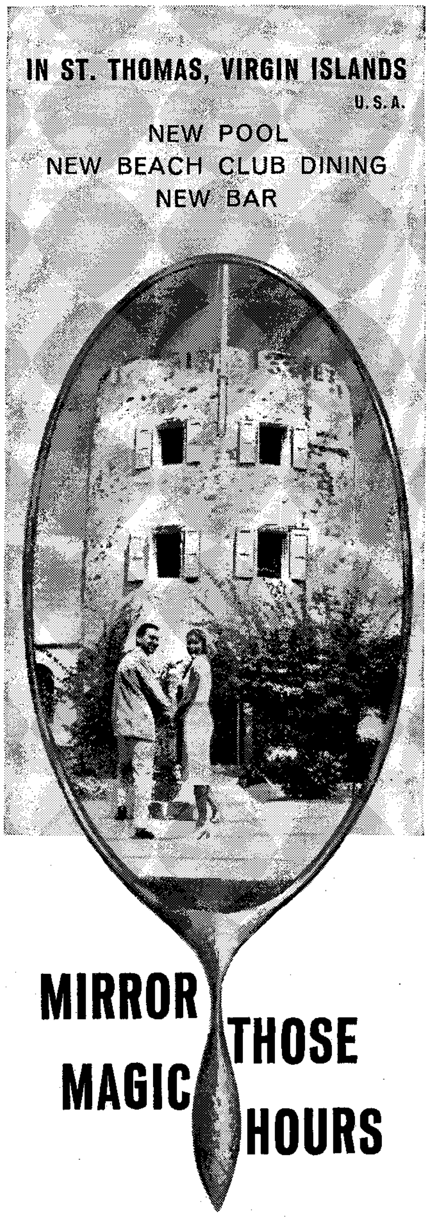
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luted. (I understand that the drink first tried out for the port part in "My Fair Lady" consisted of vegetable coloring and water, but because it didn't look real it was replaced by grape juice and tap water. Rex Harrison, the first Henry Higgins, found this blend unpalatable, and a third try resulted in a mixture of Poland water and grape juice that looked fine and tasted fine. Mr. Harrison was so pleased with it, indeed, that when a subsequent role in "The Fighting Cock" required him to drink wine, he asked the stage manager of that play to secure the recipe for fake port from the stage manager of "My Fair Lady.")

The only real beer in a Broadway theatre appears in "Bye Bye Birdie," where the hero takes three gulps from three separate cans. "Period of Adjustment," though it uses counterfeit champagne and beer, can claim to be the only play now serving authentic hard liquor. In the course of the evening, a snifter of brandy is poured but not drunk; instead, it's set afire, and Miss Barbara Baxley warms her hands with it, which is more than she could do with 7-Up. An odder glass of brandy (thin air) is poured in "Rhinoceros" from a bottle clearly labelled "Calvert Reserve American Blended Whiskey."

It's perfectly understandable that alcoholic beverages have to be false, but non-alcoholic beverages are nearly always false as well, sometimes for the sake of illusion, sometimes for the sake of the actors' tastes, and sometimes for the convenience of stage managers. Coffee is coffee in only four and a half of the eleven plays in which it appears. In "Fiorello!" and "The Sound of Music," it's instant; in "The Best Man" it's percolated; and in "Advise and Consent" it's sent in from a nearby restaurant. The half play is "A Taste of Honey." When coffee is served to Nigel Davenport in the first act, he says, "What sort of coffee is that, anyway? It's hardly strong enough to climb up the spout," and what he sips is weakened instant coffee, but the coffee Andrew Ray drinks in the second act is tea, because Mr. Ray likes tea. In "All the Way Home," the coffee drunk by Arthur Hill is Coke and brown sugar—Coke because Mr. Hill prefers it to lukewarm or cold coffee, and brown sugar because the script calls for coffee grounds.

In plays that call for coffee *and* alcoholic beverages, stage managers often contrive a single substitute for both. For example, caramel-colored water is used for coffee as well as the Scotch in "Critic's Choice," while in "Period of Adjustment" Coke and water in a certain proportion produce champagne and

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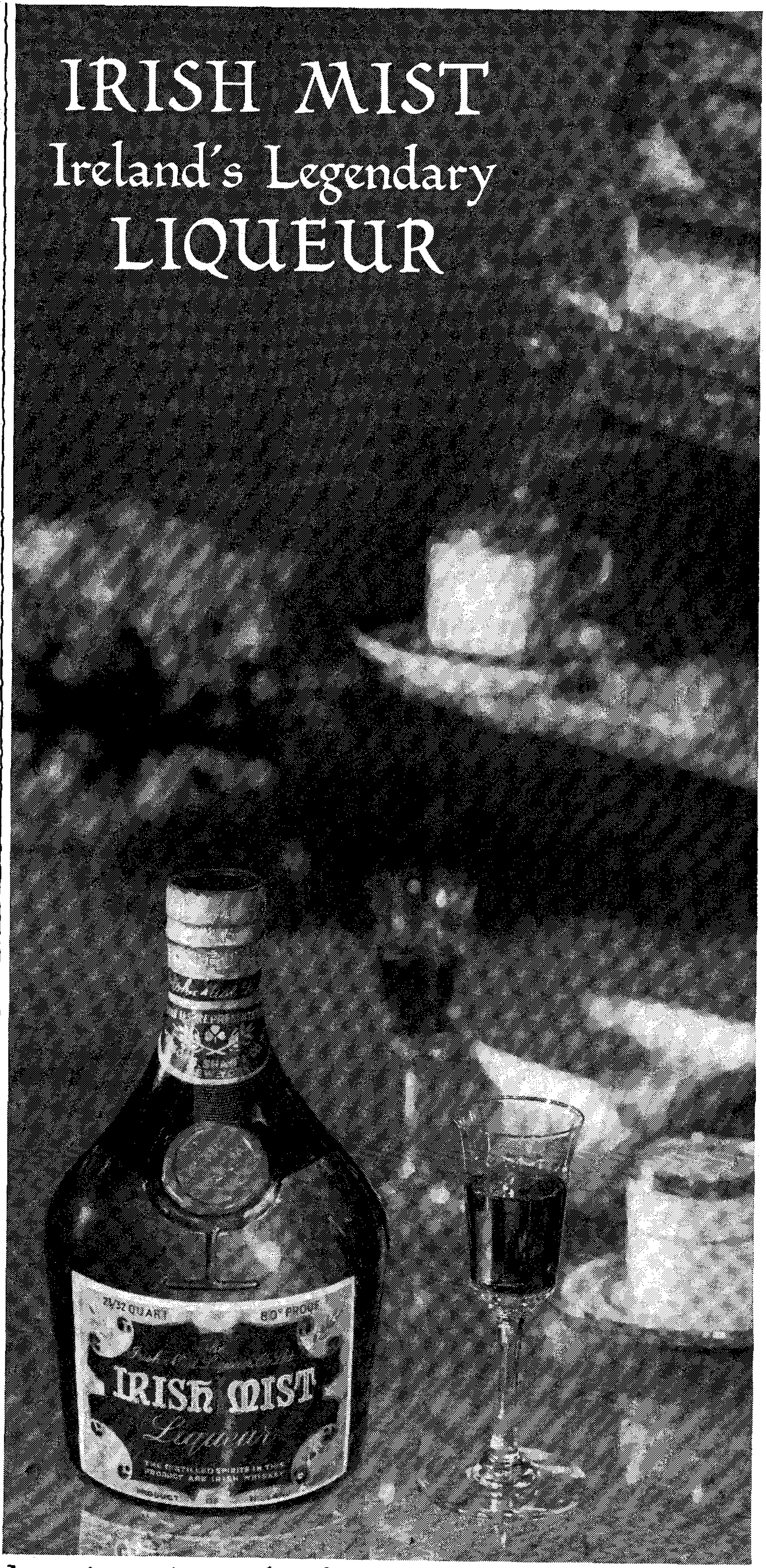
in exactly the same proportion reversed produce coffee. Tea on Broadway is almost sure to be true tea, though in "Toys in the Attic" the iced tea of Act I becomes the supposedly hot coffee of Act II, and in "All the Way Home" tea is water laced with shreds of brown rope. The reason for this extreme disguise is that the tea in the play must be spilled on a chair; real tea stains, but water and shredded brown rope do not.

Oddly enough, it's often more important to fake foods than to fake drinks. One liquid is just about as wet as the next, but some solids are less solid than others. Contemporary good manners onstage require actors to talk over and around rather than straight through their mashed potatoes, and foods that slide down fast are therefore preferred to foods that must be chewed. The cheese in "Under the Yum-Yum Tree" is peaches, the baked beans in "Wildcat" are raisins, the various Chinese foods eaten in "Gypsy" are apricots, the breakfast cereal in "Critic's Choice" is custard, and the teacake in "The Miracle Worker" is a slice of apple. (Cake, being dry, is hard to swallow; the advantage of raisins over baked beans is that beans make it hard for the actors to speak, and, when spilled, they're slippery.) In "The Miracle Worker," more food happens to be thrown on the floor than is actually eaten, and to avoid making an unholy mess of the stage at every performance, the genuine scrambled eggs served in the early days of the play's run quickly became corn muffins (also too messy), then yellow popcorn (too light in weight), then bread (too fine to pick up), pancakes (too slippery), and, finally, waffles. Almost as quickly, the peppermint stick in that play became a wooden dowel on which red stripes were painted with a non-toxic nail polish; real peppermint sticks proved hard to locate except during the Christmas season, and tended to gather lint in the pocket from which they were handed to Miss Patty Duke, who doesn't like lint.

The grapes eaten in "Wildcat" and "Camelot" on opening night were real, but some of them fell to the floor, making the stage too slippery for the dancers. Like beans. Since real dancers are harder to replace than real grapes, plastic grapes were substituted. Real lettuce was used originally in "Critic's Choice," but it was not a sturdy performer; it wilted under the lights and had to be replaced by plastic leaves. The lettuce in "Irma la Douce" and "Under the Yum-Yum Tree" is cloth; that in "The Wall" is paper. The chocolate bar in "A Taste of Honey" is strawberry cream



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only in the dialogue; it is actually peppermint, because, though the actors have no preference, the backstage crew, which polishes off what's left, likes peppermint best.

Sometimes smell is a factor in producing substitutes. The smell of the caviar in "Toys in the Attic" offended some of the actors, so the stage manager switched to tapioca steeped in a navy-blue vegetable coloring. Permanence also counts; fried eggs are very likely to be plastic in any play, and all the meat now visible onstage is made of something else. "Camelot's" suckling pig is wax. "Tenderloin's" drumsticks are a mixture of plaster and papier-mâché, while "Wildcat's" are painted wood. The beef Stroganoff in "Critic's Choice" is a burned sponge. (I say all the meat that is *visible*. A canine player in "Wildcat"—the only member of the cast of a Broadway play who is currently served real meat—is party to a double fake that involves substituting the meat for a beverage that's supposed to be present but isn't. A human member of the cast pours nonexistent turnip juice out of an empty whiskey bottle into a dog's bowl; the dog appears to be lapping up the juice, but what is in the bowl—and unseen by the audience—is some chopped chicken.) Another factor in providing substitutes is sheer toughness. "A Taste of Honey" is laid in Lancashire, and when the lid of a box of chocolates is fired at the head of one of the characters, by all the laws of complete illusion it should be an English box lid, but in point of fact it's a box lid from Schrafft's, because Schrafft's box lids have the old firing power and English box lids apparently don't. This is a change of countries. A change of centuries takes place in "The Miracle Worker," in which, in 1887, little Helen Keller eats Cheerios, a confection not available until 1941.

IN concluding my survey, I'd like to mention a minor mystery and utter a warning. The mystery has to do with a refinement of fakery whereby certain products are noted as being used in plays when they're not. In the course of establishing how crammed with food and drink Broadway is, I started reading the credits in *Playbill* for the first time. Most of them turned out to be legitimate, but in many cases I couldn't find a trace onstage of the items gratefully acknowledged in the fine print of *Playbill*. In "Wildcat," for instance, all of the bottles are empty, but the *Playbill* credits read, "Whyte and MacKays Scotch Whisky used," "Gavilan Tequila courtesy Foreign Vintages, Inc.,"

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and "Coca-Cola products used." Though in "Under the Yum-Yum Tree" and "The Best Man" the credits read, "Chocolates by Van Dungen of Holland. Biscuits by Parein of Belgium," I'll be darned if I saw any chocolates or biscuits onstage. The "Do Re Mi" program says, "Coca-Cola Bottling Co. products used," but there is not a single bottle of Coca-Cola on the stage, and the one whiskey that is poured is burnt sugar and water, not Coke. I asked the stage manager how he would explain this, and he told me I had seen the play and not the press agent's office. The playbill of "A Taste of Honey" has a notice saying "Bourbon, scotch, and gin courtesy of Barton Distillers Corp." While I was puzzling over bourbon's being drunk in Lancashire, I noticed that the only Scotch (I later learned it was tea) was poured from bottles labelled "Usher's" and "Cutty Sark." I asked the press agent how he would explain this, and he told me I'd seen the play and not the producer's office. Perhaps the solution lies somewhere in these regions.

As for my warning, it's directed mainly to playwrights, and is to this effect: Easy on those mashed potatoes! The critics, as Mr. Kerr bears witness, are already beginning to crack under the strain of prolonged exposure to food and drink on the other side of the footlights, and the audience will be next. As more than one of my relatives would be glad to tell you, people visit the theatre to be entertained, not to be made hungry. Moreover, some of the more audacious of your colleagues have already broken new and dangerous ground (I almost said "bread") by writing scenes in which actors are obliged to eat objects that are, by nature, inedible. In "The Silver Whistle," a few seasons ago, José Ferrer was called on to bolt some lather off a shaving brush, and in "The Fighting Cock" Rex Harrison was obliged to swallow a mouthful of red blotting paper. (The soap was whipped cream, and the blotting paper was Communion bread, baked by a Hungarian baker in Kingston, Pennsylvania, and reddened with vegetable coloring.) Surely it's plain that when you go from using real food and drink onstage to faking food and drink onstage to faking soap and paper, the situation is getting out of hand.

—Susan M. Black

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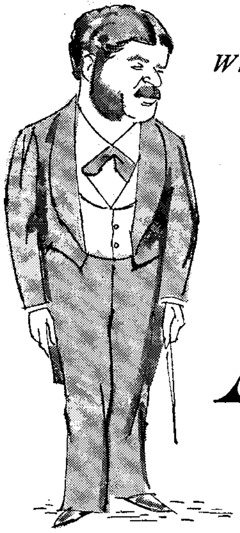
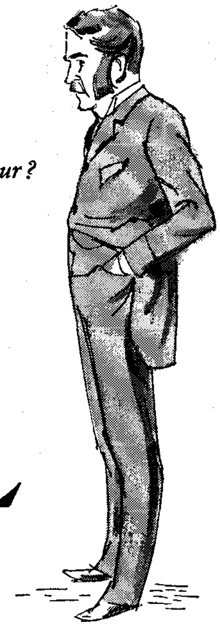
WEALTHY TRIO
ALTAR BOUND?
—*Headline in the Herald Tribune.*

Sincerely hope not.

(conversation that may—or may not—have taken place)





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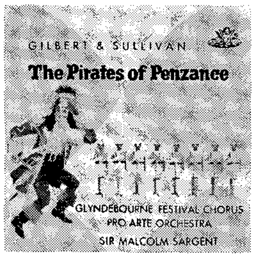

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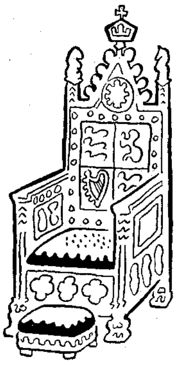
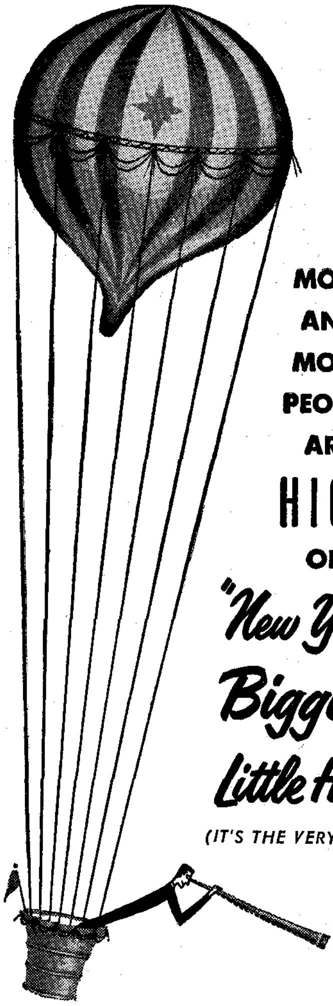
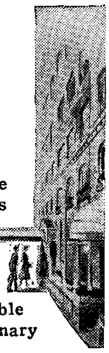
FEBRUARY 15



THE welfare state has just had to swallow some unpleasant economic medicine, but, to judge by the reactions last week, the Labour Party, while thundering its disapproval, has found the dose remarkably tonic to its hopes of getting back into the public view as a vigorously united Opposition. In the Party's brand-new optimism, it is even being said that it may somehow be able to patch up its yawning split over unilateral nuclear disarmament. However that may be, the disagreeable news that drew it together and sparked off last week's crashing row in Parliament—where it is likely to go on rumbling until the next general election—was the Government's announcement that National Health Service charges and insurance contributions are to be sharply jacked up this spring and summer to help meet the steadily mounting bill for the service. Prescriptions will cost two shillings over the chemist-shop counter, instead of the one-shilling charge that Labour itself introduced in 1949. From March onward, Britons will have to pay more for their false teeth and spectacles bought on National Health, more for a semi-private bed in a hospital, more for various welfare extras, such as orange juice for children and vitamin tablets for pregnant women (now sold at less than cost or given free), and, in the case of male employees and their employers, more for their shared weekly insurance stamps. Ever since the Conservatives got back into power, the Labour Party has been advising the country to keep a suspicious eye on them and to watch out for any stealthy attempt to dismantle the welfare services. Following the publication of the new tariff for health, the air has been thrashing with bitter Labour charges that the Tories have begun the threatened dismantling in full view of all, clamping down a levy on the sick and the poor in order (the Socialists suspect) to help the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, please the better-off with possibly a cut in surtax in his forthcoming maiden budget. Last Wednesday, the House of Commons began debating the censure mo-





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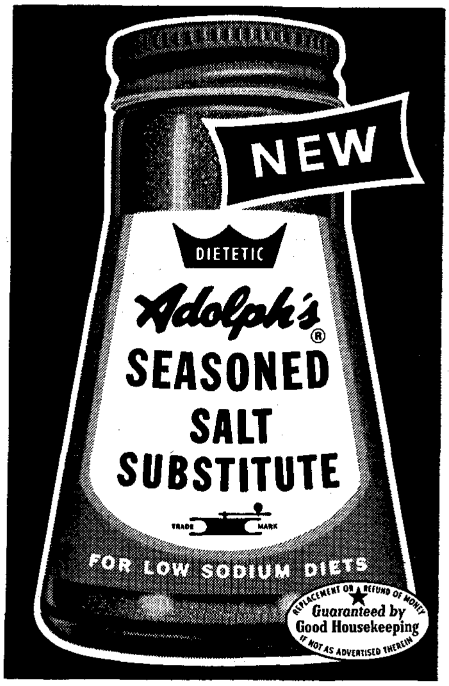
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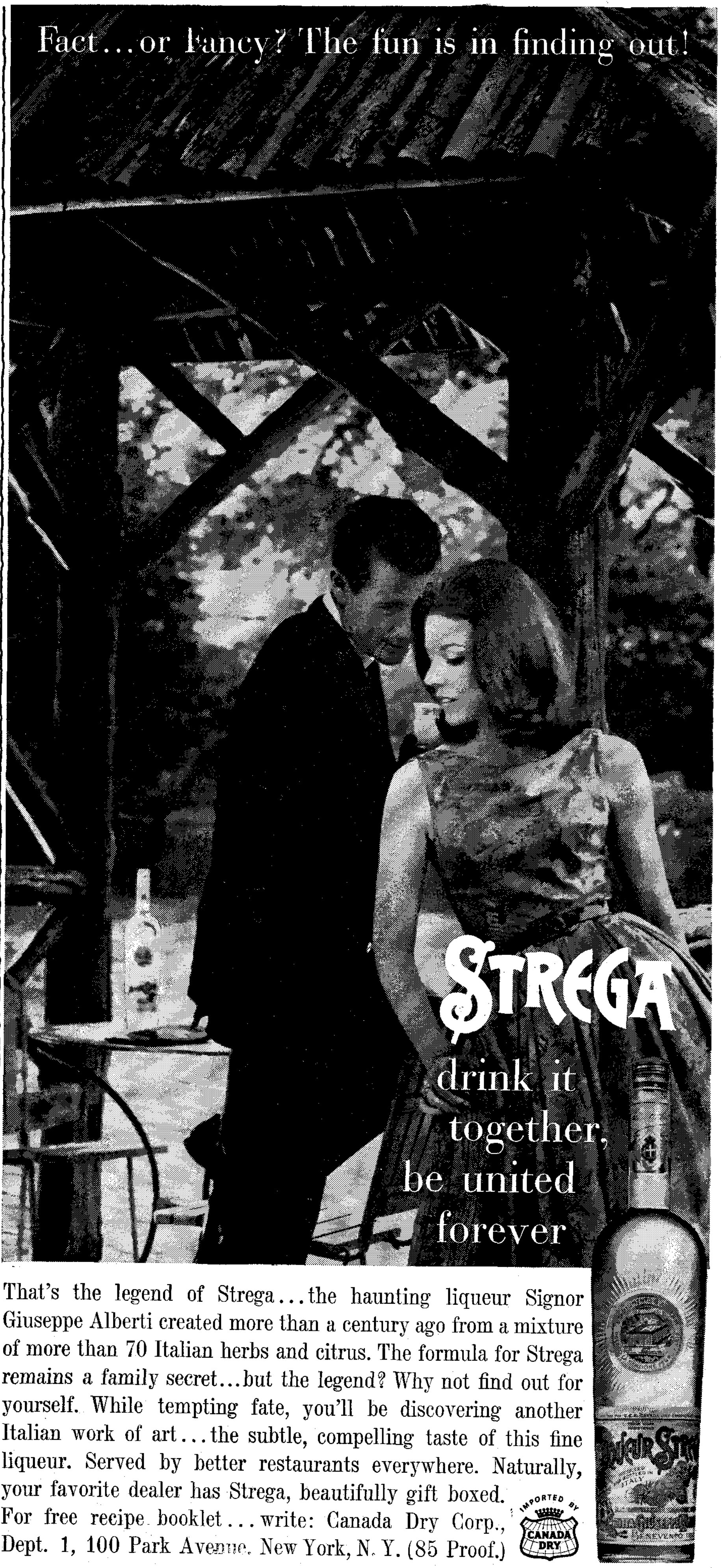
tion that the Opposition had instantly slapped down on the Government, and the temperature was so high that in the early hours of Thursday morning, when the debate was still proceeding, there was an extraordinary scene of pandemonium. The Deputy Speaker rose to adjourn the House, furious Labour members who had not yet spoken and who felt that he was forcing them out of their rights booed him, and the resulting uproar took the journalists present straight back to the violent days of Suez, the last time the House rang with such noises. Subsequently, the Opposition slapped down a motion of censure on the Deputy Speaker, too, and did not withdraw it later—a Parliamentary snub unprecedented in recent years, apparently.

The debate was the first major tussle to be handled by Mr. Enoch Powell since he returned to the Government as Minister of Health. He resigned as Financial Secretary to the Treasury in 1958, along with his chief, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, the then Chancellor, over not seeing eye to eye with the rest of the Cabinet on a question of economies in public spending. Now they are both back, Mr. Thorneycroft having also returned to the Government front bench as Minister of Aviation. Mr. Powell, an intellectual who looks like a sketch frugally executed in India ink—strong, thoughtful white face, black hair, and neat mustache—is therefore a Minister who, by walking out of office, has already once given passionate and publicized utterance to his conviction that the nation's money should be saved when possible. The Labour benches feel with deep anger that he has been given his job because he has the integrity and the courage to take an axe to the health services and lop away—as many other Conservatives would like to do, they think, but lack the stamina. Under Wednesday's noisy bombardment, Mr. Powell certainly showed plenty of stamina of all kinds. Two quite distinct interpretations of the affluent society of the sixties appeared during the debate. In Mr. Powell's view, the citizens of affluence, by and large, are able, and should be willing, to pay for what they receive, on the principle that something for nothing is bad for character, not to mention revenue, and that what is saved must be plowed back into better hospitals and services. The average Briton's wages, he stated, have more than doubled since 1949, when the shilling prescription charge first crept into the free health service, so that two shillings today could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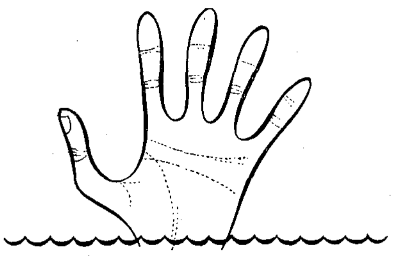

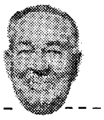

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hardly be said to be dealing a financial knockout to a large newly prosperous section of the community. The old, the really needy, the borderline cases of those with small fixed incomes that have not been touched by the wave of national good times, and others will be able, the Minister said, to get exemption from the increases in various ways—which seem somewhat laborious, unfortunately. In the indignant Labour view, the affluent society can afford to carry the weak entirely. There are many citizens who feel that things have certainly travelled a long way from the original conception of a free, comprehensive service for all, and who may say so in how they vote (or, if Conservative, abstain) in the municipal elections in April. The British Medical Association, for one, has come out firmly against the bumped-up prescription charges.

It is a favorite Conservative point—though the Opposition does not mention it much—that it was Hugh Gaitskell, then Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Labour Government, who started the rot in 1951 by imposing the first, much criticized charges for National Health false teeth and spectacles (over which the late Aneurin Bevan did the walking out of office in protest), thus showing that these things look very different to Governments, bearing the cares of national bookkeeping, and to Oppositions, attacking from outside. At any rate, the Labour Party is now united over an emotional issue about which it has always felt deeply, and that is better news for the Party than anyone thought possible who was at Scarborough last October and witnessed its disastrous falling out and apart over neutralism and the bomb.

THE newspapers themselves have been making big newspaper headlines, though the situation reported underneath is so confused that few readers outside the Fleet Street world can have much idea of what is going on. Ever since the dear old *News Chronicle* and its evening companion, the *Star*, died of malnutrition last October and were eaten by Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mail* and *Evening News*, thoughtful students of the press have been increasingly alarmed by the growth of the few Fleet Street Goliaths and the obvious fate of any small independent Davids who raise their puny slings against them. The latest battle of the giants, which is still going on, is between Mr. Cecil King, the chairman of the *Daily Mirror* group (the cheerful little lowbrow, left-wing

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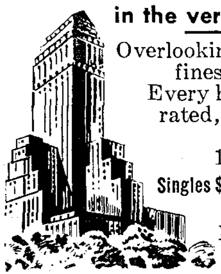

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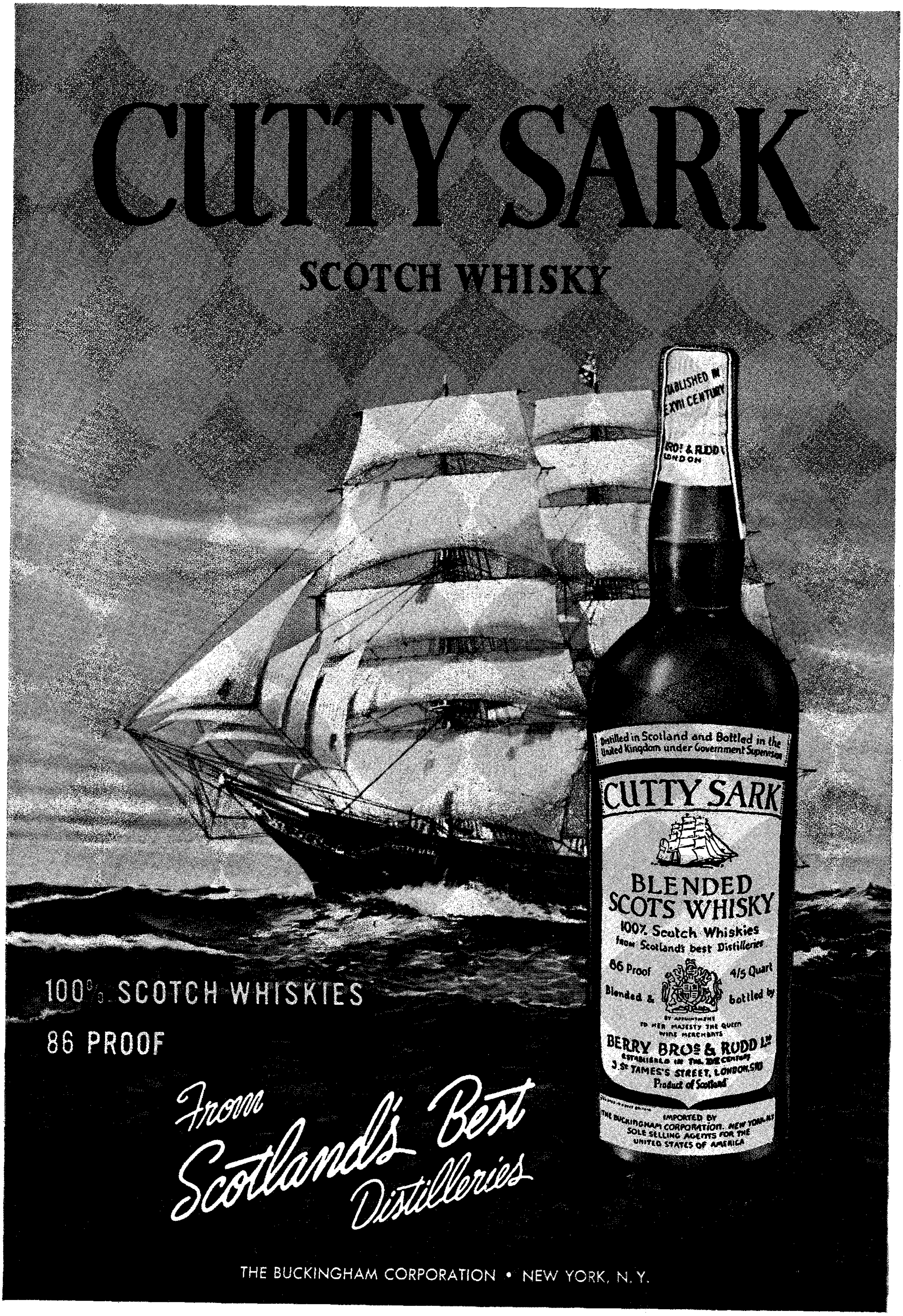
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Mirror has a circulation of over four and a half million), and Mr. Roy Thomson, the Canadian proprietor of a group that includes the *Sunday Times*, and is being fought over the big dish of Odhams Press, which owns the unprofitable Labour *Daily Herald* and the profitable Sunday paper *The People*, as well as—far more tempting to any purchaser—a whole raft of women's magazines and technical and trade papers. Mr. King is reported to be less interested in acquiring the two newspapers than in adding the Odhams women's magazines to the sizable number he already owns, which would give the harem side of his empire a total circulation of around thirteen million—enough to make one wonder how British matrons can ever have time to raise their heads from their reading and take a turn at the stove. The mass-newspaper circulation that Mr. King would control if the deal should go through is also startling. He himself is a somewhat surprising personality to find at the head of the *Mirror*—a tall, aloof man of sixty, whose uncle was the great newspaper peer Lord Northcliffe; who went to Winchester and read history at Christ Church, Oxford; who looks more like the professor his father was than like a newspaperman; and who will probably end by being more powerful in Fleet Street than the Rothermeres, the Beaverbrooks (the Beaver's *Express* is the only popular daily that nearly comes up to the *Mirror* in circulation), the Berrys, and the Astors. Loud cries of alarm are being raised over the possible fate of the *Daily Herald* by the Labour Party and the trade unions, who see their only Fleet Street ally possibly following the *News Chronicle* into limbo, and by large numbers of non-Labour spectators, who are aghast at a situation in which the means of informing the British people are being controlled by fewer and fewer hands. Mr. King stated that he would continue to run the *Herald* as an independent Labour paper, but added that he would not be prepared to carry heavy losses indefinitely, which has not notably reassured anybody. This is particularly unsettling for the *Herald's* employees—not to mention its readers—since the paper has lately bucked up and shown signs of taking on a fresh lease of radical intellectual life under its new editor, John Beavan, a brilliant journalist who used to be London editor of the Manchester *Guardian*. Now the directors of Odhams have unexpectedly rejected the *Mirror's* offer, without saying whether the Thomson deal is on. (Most guesses in the newspaper

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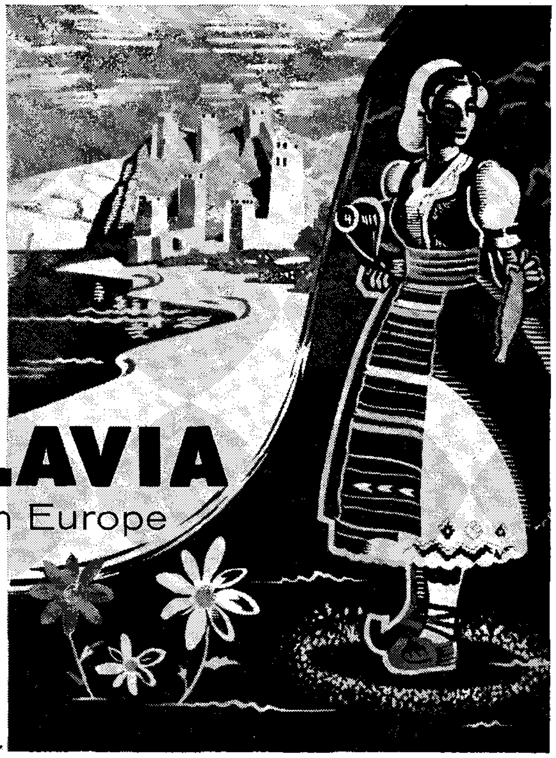

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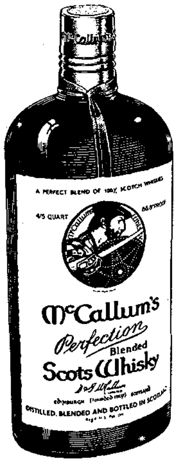

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world, though, seem to be that the *Mirror* will win in the end.) The Prime Minister, after saying earlier that the Government could not interfere in the battle, has announced the old (and usually mighty slow) remedy of a Royal Commission to inquire into what makes the British press tick and when a monopoly starts being a monopoly. It is beginning to dawn upon some of the public, as their papers go up in price and still tend to go bust, that the press does not tick all that efficiently. The Commission will doubtless explore the now frequently heard charge that restrictive union practices hamstring the whole business, benefiting the big owners—who can stand the rap of soaring costs resulting from often antiquated machines and methods, which waste time and money but retain workmen—while the smaller groups go under. What puzzles the public is why papers like the late *Chronicle*, the *Daily Herald*, and others in the tidy circulation class of over a million still cannot make a go of it—the explanation being that the so-called free press is in reality extremely dependent upon the revenue it receives from advertisers, who prefer to concentrate their cash on the mass-circulation boys or on commercial television. If the Commission comes up with any answers, lots of uneasy readers of the popular newspaper of their choice, who are sick of the perpetual threat of finding themselves lifted overnight into the circulation of some rival paper, like snails clinging helplessly to the roots of a transplanted hedge, will certainly be relieved.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN's new opera, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," composed for last year's festival at Britten's home, the little East Coast resort of Aldeburgh, has just come to the big stage of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, where its first night was rapturously received by the critics and the public. It is one of those rare operas that ravish the ears and the eyes simultaneously. The libretto is straight William Shakespeare, brilliantly condensed by Britten and Peter Pears, who have shifted the emphasis from the Athenian court, the often tiresome quartet of lovers, and the rustic actors to the court of Oberon and the mysterious forest, in which only these spirits seem to have purpose and the stumbling human beings pass truly like dreams. The forest dominates throughout, from the first weird rustling bars to the final scene, where the fairy troop enters the Athenian king's darkened halls, lighted candles in hand, to sing its lovely and

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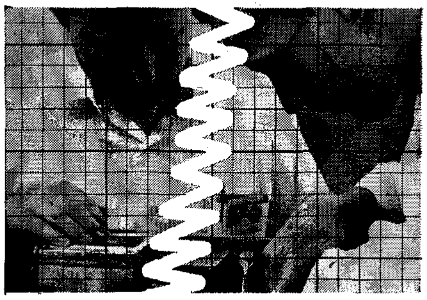

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moving blessing on his bridal. Britten's fairyland is absolutely different from Mendelssohn's romantic German one, being at once more English and, curiously, more sinister, ruled by an Oberon who seems to be a close relative of the enchanter Merlin. This Oberon is scored for the now rare countertenor voice (Purcell, who is perhaps Britten's musical master, wrote much for it), which adds to the extraordinary otherworldliness of the role, most beautifully sung, with never a syllable of Shakespeare lost, by the American Russell Oberlin. The elves, far from tripping gauzily, are sturdy urchins dressed rather unbecomingly in what look like small green-and-silver versions of Edwardian shooting capes and deerstalker hats. The production, by Sir John Gielgud, and the playing of the orchestra, under Georg Solti, who is to be the new musical director at the Royal Opera House, interpret every shade of the marvellously inventive score. John Piper designed the sets, which are enchanting, especially the bank of wild thyme where Titania sleeps with her ass, and a glade of giant grasses glistening white in midsummer (as another touch of otherworldly fantasy) with hoarfrost.

IN spite of the record hard weather elsewhere and lugubrious predictions here that this year would exceed all others in ice and snow, Britain has had an exceptionally mild winter and, last week, appeared to pass painlessly into spring. In the warmest February sunshine since 1899, people have been sitting basking in the parks, the crocuses are in sheets under trees where birds are hopefully carrying on their courting, and the primroses are out in the country lanes. Though a blizzard may easily be around the corner, right now London is at its most pleasant.

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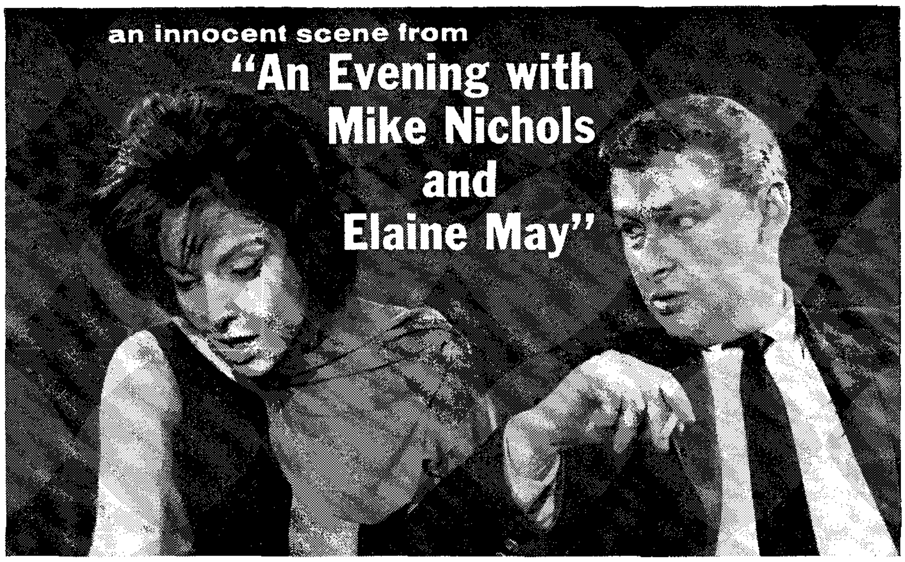

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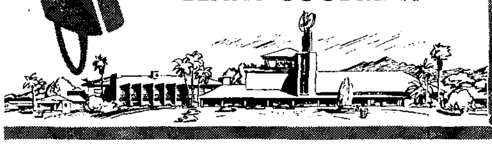

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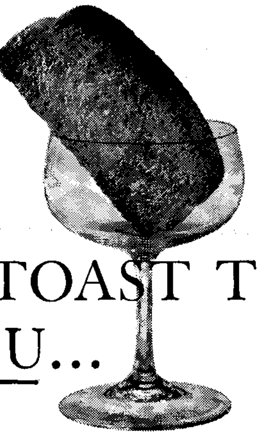

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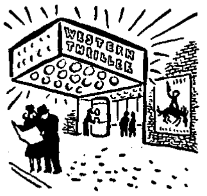

ON warm afternoons at the Old Moviegoers' Home, there's nothing we like better than sitting out on the west porch and just rocking and whittling and talking. Once the sun gets a mite low, the old, *old* inmates—the members of the "Covered Wagon" Sodality and the little mauve ladies who still cry over "Broken Blossoms"—usually totter back inside for tea, and that gives the rest of us a chance. "Old Ironsides" and "Dawn Patrol" and "Skippy"—that's the stuff for us, and, like as not, we end up gabbing about "Cimarron." Richard Dix as Yancey Cravat! Irene Dunne as Sabra! Remember George E. Stone as Sol Levy? Remember when Yancey pulled little Cim out of the path of the horses? Remember Richard Dix's chin? Oh, the good times we have! Well, sir, now they've gone and ruined everything. They've made a brand-new "Cimarron," twice as big, and it's a dull, dim work indeed, and that means, of course, that maybe we've been wrong about the first one all these years. Maybe "Cimarron" never was any good. I say they shouldn't have done it. They shouldn't shake a man's faith in his past.

This new "Cimarron," which has been directed by Anthony Mann, retains all the familiar, soapy Ferber ingredients—Yancey and Sabra Cravat and the Oklahoma Land Rush. Yancey, done out of his land claim, becomes a crusading newspaper editor, shooting lynchers and bully-boys and making the town of Osage safe for womenfolk and Indians, only to find respectability so galling that he must abandon his family and continue his pursuit of the dwindling frontier. Returning momentarily for the oil boom, he declines the territorial governorship and vanishes forever, leaving his mate with the bittersweet knowledge that you just can't hog-tie a pioneer. Whatever interest this remake has gained from its wide screen and its bright colors it has lost to the clock, for it drags on for almost two and a half hours, presenting the urbanization of the prairie in such excruciating detail that I feared it would manage to encompass such problems as hot-rod racing and football scholarships. Once

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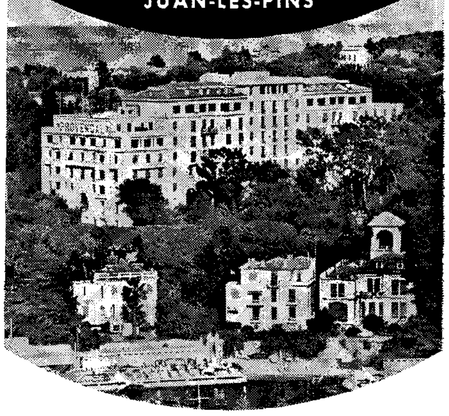

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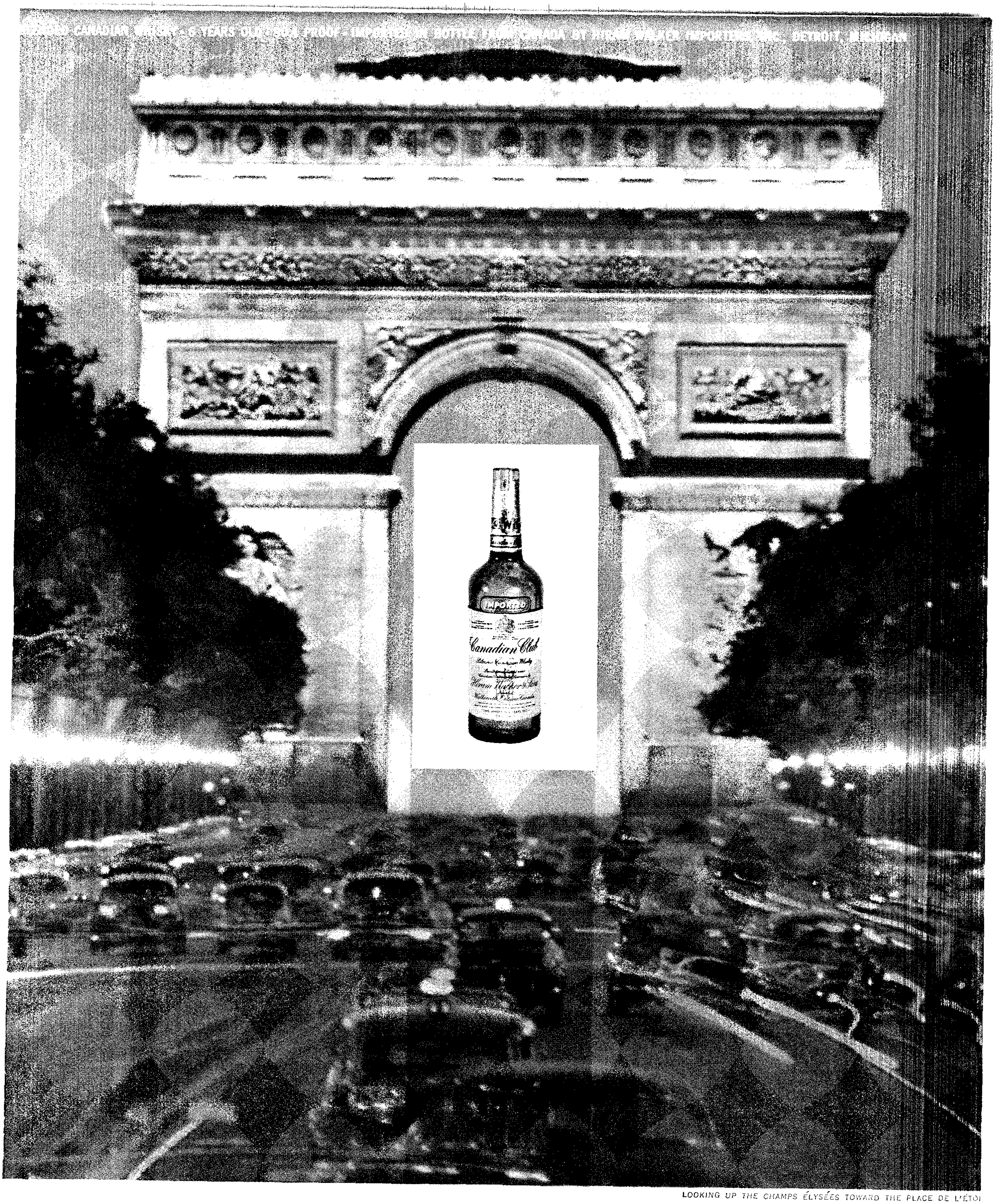

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the Cherokee Kid has been gunned down and the boardfronts have given way to brick, there is little that happens in Osage, Okla., to hold the attention of the spectator, who, alas, is not permitted to join Mr. Cravat in his flight from such a nine-o'clock town.

The cast of "Cimarron" is large and willing, though powerless to resist the dreary passage of the years. Glenn Ford, as Yancey, is properly narrow-eyed and drawly, and my only complaint about Maria Schell, who plays his wife, is that she is entirely too pretty to make a convincing middle-aged shrew in the latter reaches of the film. Anne Baxter, Arthur O'Connell, Russ Tamblyn, Mercedes McCambridge, Charles McGraw, and David Opatoshu are the other notable Sooners. They are all admirable, but I still dare to hope, unfairly, that none of them will manage to interfere for long with our memories of their earlier counterparts. Remember Edna May Oliver in the old "Cimarron"? Remember Roscoe Ates? . . .

ANOTHER wide-dimension, color-splashed, and largely inconsequential drama is the new film made from Bernard Shaw's play "The Millionairess." I recall experiencing spells of heavy-liddedness during a fairly recent stage presentation of this talkfest about an heiress in pursuit of an impoverished but overprincipled Indian physician, and I suffered the identical symptom at the movie, in spite of director Anthony Asquith's attempts to divert me with lavish sets, fast changes of scene, and moments of slapstick and double-entendre. The real fault, I suspect, lies neither with me nor with Mr. Asquith but with the original material, which is so crammed with long-winded ironies that it requires an absolutely first-rate cast to keep Mr. Sandman at bay. Unfortunately, Sophia Loren, who plays the moneyed lady here, possesses neither the lightness of manner nor the lucidity of tongue to make her Shavian observations seem sparkly, and she is so lovely that I was simply unable to believe that she could have any problems worth talking about at such length. Her co-performers—Peter Sellers, Alastair Sim, Vittorio De Sica, and Dennis Price—are less eye-catching but more talented, particularly Mr. Sellers, who plays the doctor, and who almost makes "The Millionairess" worth seeing simply for his pronunciation of the word "Madam." His "Med-dam" gives more information about the character he plays than poor, lovely Miss Loren can convey about hers in the entire movie.

—ROGER ANGELL

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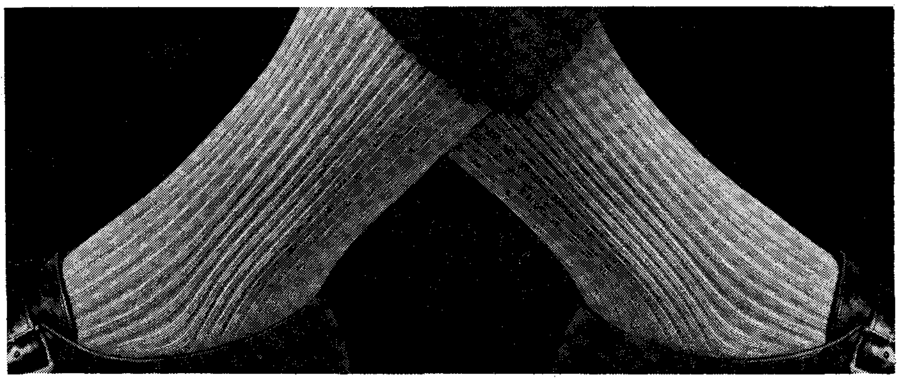

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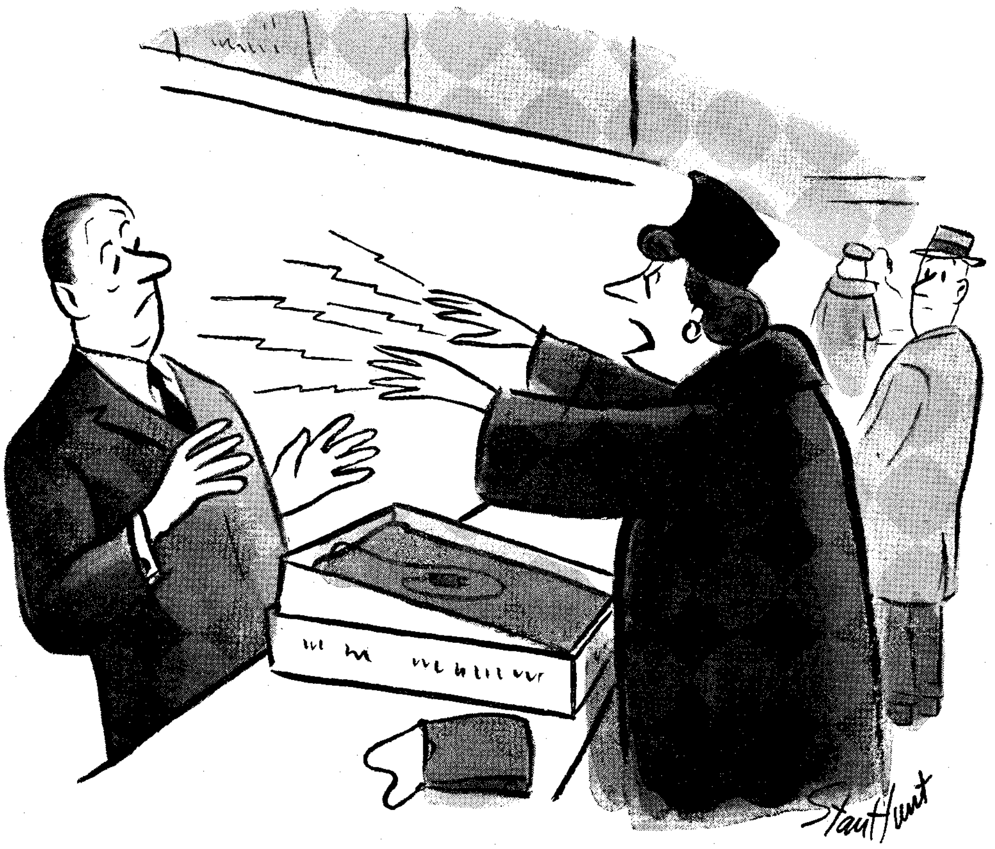
BOOKS

Home Truths

"Why don't you go to church, Cotton?"
"There is no god."
"Don't split hairs with me, dear."

FINDING, in his new book, a number of such boffos, we can recognize in Mr. Peter De Vries one of those novelists whose real affinities are with the theatre. It is no accident that one of his tales has been successfully dramatized; his sense of construction is theatrical, so is his dialogue, and so—perhaps most strongly of all—is his relish for the kind of physical symbolism that comes naturally to playwrights. The theme of "Through the Fields of Clover" (Little, Brown) is a houseparty presented not in Peacockian idiom but (fittingly, since it is also a family reunion) in terms that, from first to last, suggest the theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Marvel have been married forty years, and at her desire (overriding his passive resistance) they gather their children, an assorted flock of divorcées, and the (in consequence) confusingly variegated grandchildren for a bonanza that is also intended to set the final seal on the Marvels' standing in the town of Hickory, Massachusetts. Mrs. Marvel's family prepare a surprise for her by secretly installing floodlights in the garden, to be switched on at a prearranged time after nightfall. When the lights go up they reveal Bushrod Marvel, a Pecksniffian ethnological do-gooder, embracing the colored kitchenmaid. This is what I meant by "physical symbolism;" it is found in novels, of course, but playwrights use it in stronger, bulkier, more directly visual ways, and Mr. De Vries is of their mind.

To be precise, all Mr. De Vries' books remind one of Restoration comedies. This is perhaps not surprising, for the fragmentation of American manners today is not very unlike that of English manners in the later seventeenth century: on the one hand a highly literate, subtle, and self-aware intelligentsia, identified not formally but in practice with the ruling power (President Kennedy's calling on Robert Frost for an inauguration ode recalls Charles II's involvement with Dryden), and on the other a populace half-resentful, half-respectful toward these sophisticates, willing to humiliate them and yet ready at any time to call on them to work their special magic. Somewhere to one side of both groups is an articulate uncultured—and anti-cultured—third force; the salvation-preaching tinkers and tailors of the sixteen-sixties reappear as the Zen weirdies of the nineteen-sixties, and Mr. Kerouac's probable attitude toward Mr. De Vries would not be very different, allowing for a scaling down in genius, from Bunyan's toward Congreve.

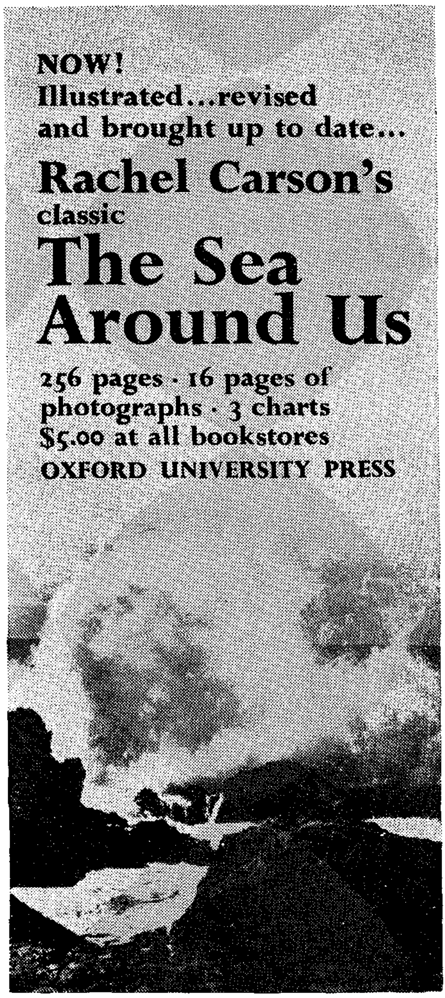


"Well, all I can say is I didn't do this before I got the electric blanket."

Presuming that this historical parallel is as workable as most—i.e., not utterly untrue—we need not hesitate to point out the many closer resemblances between the work of Mr. De Vries and that of Congreve, Wycherley, and Etherege. Like them, he writes about suffering; of course, all comic writing is about suffering, but the Restoration writers achieved a special effect by narrowing the field to one form of pain—the sexual—and at the same time strongly lacing the mixture with wit and irony. This description fits "Through the Fields of Clover" very fairly; almost every adult character in it has come up against the problems of the marriage relationship and found them insoluble, with the result that the children's teeth, too, are set on edge. One exception to this rule is Evelyn Marvel, who has found happiness with Johnny Glimmergarden, a handsome buccaneer type whom she admiringly describes as "a sex fiend." Their marriage, like that of Millamant and Mirabell, seems likely to succeed by a combination of libido, hostility, and wit.

If we linger for a moment over Mr. De Vries' presentation of the triumphant Glimmergardens, the reason is that a slight uneasiness, a certain misgiving about the affirmatives that underlie his laughter-moving negatives, becomes localized at about this point. Here are Johnny and Evelyn as they appear at the garden party:

> They were never altogether unaware, the Glimmergardens, of the figure they cut, not just as a handsome couple but as a pair about whom there was something special. Both of the "lean, clean breed," they made a glittering unity. Each had in him more than a dash of the other, a straightforward flashing emotional voltage that made their hostilities head-on but at least ephemeral. . . . Both had been known in school as "talented." But if an admirer recalling them were asked "Talented at what?" he would be at a loss. Not at anything in particular, just talented. Which was their trouble, Johnny's more than Evelyn's since it meant he could never find a job consonant with his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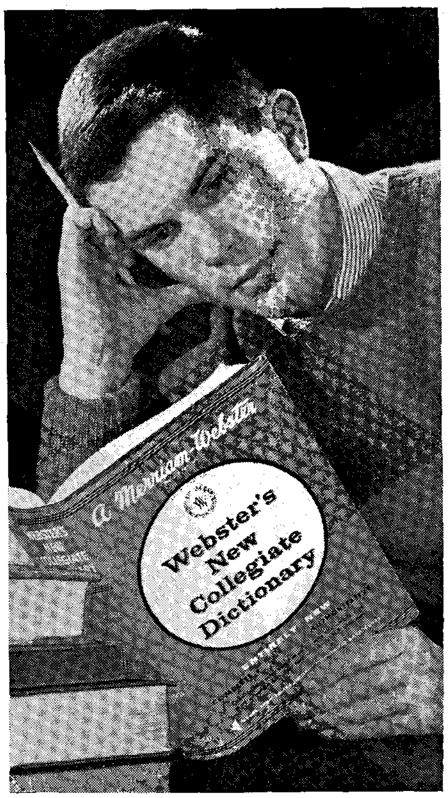
gifts. He was at present the advertising manager of a large Chicago department store, *and miserable in it*. They were famous on the lower North Side and along the lakefront Gold Coast as a glamorous couple, a term that would *never* have crossed their lips.

The uncertainty here, the rather shamefaced tone, suggests that Mr. De Vries, like many satirists, is having trouble with his "positives." Johnny, whose role in the story is entirely sympathetic, or as nearly so as is possible in a book so drenched in mockery, is naturally represented as unable to find a workaday activity that suits him—naturally, since the world we glimpse through the chinks of the fable is out of joint. (The very opening words of the first page convey this by a piece of that physical symbolism: Ben Marvel, approaching the magic-eye door of the local supermarket, is too confident about modern gadgetry to discern that it is out of order, and breaks his nose.) In such a world, Johnny must be content—or, rather, discontented—with negative capability. But the discontent, the uncertainty, spreads to the author. The attempt to present the Glimmergardens as the ideal sophisticated couple of the ad agencies, and yet somehow *not like that*, is bound to fail, and it does fail. The embarrassed quotation marks around the words "lean, clean breed" indicate that Mr. De Vries wishes to disown a form of words he finds himself compelled to use. The same applies even more flatly to the half-hearted attempt, in the closing words of the paragraph, to box in the word "glamorous." They were glamorous but they wouldn't have called themselves glamorous. Nor would *any* glamorous people, presumably; the word was invented from below, to describe something adored or slavered at as a wish fulfillment.

It is for these reasons that when Johnny Glimmergarden makes a statement, toward the end of this scene, about sex, marriage, and human relationships, the reader uneasily feels that he is being got at. The actual content of this statement is good, but the presentation, being insufficiently bedded in the fable, strikes one as external and unsatisfactory. (I ought at this point to admit, having tried to write novels myself, that I know how hard it is to avoid this trap, particularly in satire. Still, in reviewing Mr. De Vries, one unconsciously adopts high standards, so I will go on talking in critic fashion, as if novel-writing were easy and anybody could do it, especially me.)

A more successful attempt to state positives occurs in the scene in which



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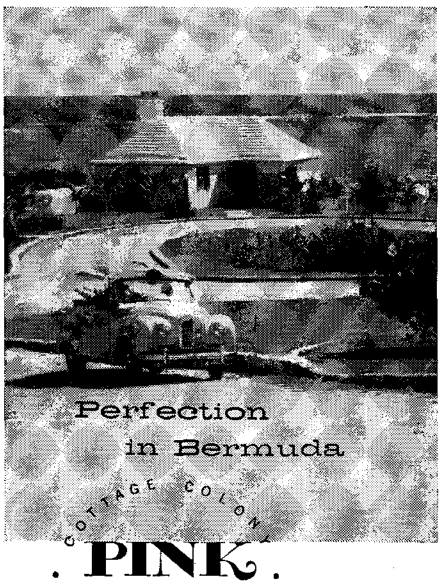

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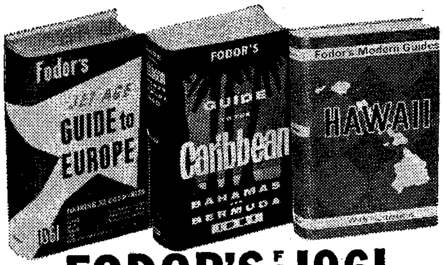

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Mrs. Marvel confronts the local ancestry-snob, Mrs. Wetwilliam, and delivers herself of some pent-up truths: "What we call the New England heritage . . . who knows that the sense of guilt that ravages modern man, mucking our attitude toward sex and what not, isn't directly traceable to it." I was reminded, here, of the more successful absorption of this theme in Kingsley Amis's novel about Welsh life, "That Uncertain Feeling." ("It would be nice to lay one's troubles at the door of John Calvin, the noted French reformer and theologian. But it wouldn't really stand up, none of it would.") The two writers have more in common than any other transatlantic pairing I can think of, but Mr. Amis is more successful in absorbing his subject matter entirely within novelistic techniques, whereas Mr. De Vries, preferring techniques transferred from the theatre, sometimes has to pay a price for them in terms of speechifying and soliloquy.

For the rest, Mr. De Vries' methods, here as elsewhere, are the immemorial procedures of farce, that form which, cold-shouldered in an epoch with more appetite for solemnity, has made so triumphant a reëntry in the last fifteen years. The seriousness is all directed, as in farce it must be, toward exterior problems rather than interior; there is no particular effort at psychological penetration, each character simply representing a "humor," and the clowns (some supremely funny ones among them) soaring altogether out of the framework of credibility. The sheer range of comic invention is, as usual, startling; any sample ten pages can provide the whole gamut of mirth, from the slow, meditative smile to the sudden hit-or-miss yock. One of the characters is a television comedian in the robust last-of-the-clowns burlesque tradition, useful for working off jokes too rubbery for any of the others. ("I'm a do-it-yourself man myself. Every time my wife tells me to do something I say 'Do it yourself.' ") The author's own style, outside the dialogue, is angular, stilted, pedantic—all qualities deliberately selected and combined for their comic possibilities.

Range, then, and restlessness, and sardonic honesty of vision are here; Mr. De Vries writes in the spirit of a man poking a stick into a hornets' nest. I found everything to enjoy and—allowing for the limitations of farce—nothing to dislike. Well, perhaps one thing. The indecencies (every modern novel has to have them, by iron conven-

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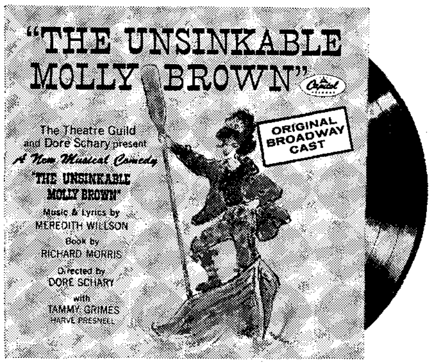
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tion, as every Victorian novel had to have pious moralizing) are, in places, rather sniggering and distasteful. But tone, in these matters, is difficult to control. Let's just say that one hornet threw away the script and stung the wrong person. —JOHN WAIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DOUBLE AXE, by Lauren R. Stevens (Scribners). Mr. Stevens, who writes in a very individual style, offhand and distantly humorous, and who has a habit of leaving his sentences in fragments that, although they make good sense, create a jagged and somewhat irritating effect, tells the life story of Henry Sawyer and his wife, Pasiphy, who decide to build their house and raise their family in a remote and very hard-to-reach section of the Maine woods. Henry and his wife are both eccentrics in a mild, bland way, and they have five odd children, each of whom is unfortunate in one sense or another. The story begins in the early nineteen-thirties, when Henry and Pasiphy, not long married, are already settled in their retreat, and ends in 1951. A first novel.

A WINTER'S TALE, by Jon Godden (Knopf). A lighthearted love affair between a successful playwright and an ambitious young actress is spoiled by the jealousy of the playwright's Alsatian dog, Sylvie, and by the vindictive comments of the playwright's repulsive manservant, Peter. The scene is the playwright's comfortable English country house, which, for the six days of this exceedingly silly and overwrought story, is snowbound.

THE GODDAM WHITE MAN, by David Lytton (Simon & Schuster). A bitter story, told in a tone of great intensity in the first person singular, of how it feels to be poor, colored, an orphan, a South African, and a bastard. The scene is present-day South Africa, and the narrator is male.

CHARLIE GALLAGHER, MY LOVE!, by Simon Kent (Macmillan). This touching and romantic novel takes us back to the year 1868, when a small Italian circus tried its luck in the Wild West of America. The circus, owned by its only clown, dwindled as it travelled toward Texas, and its fate is described by the only survivor of the venture—Sophie Venturi, the clown's daughter, who also tells of her love for the pathetic

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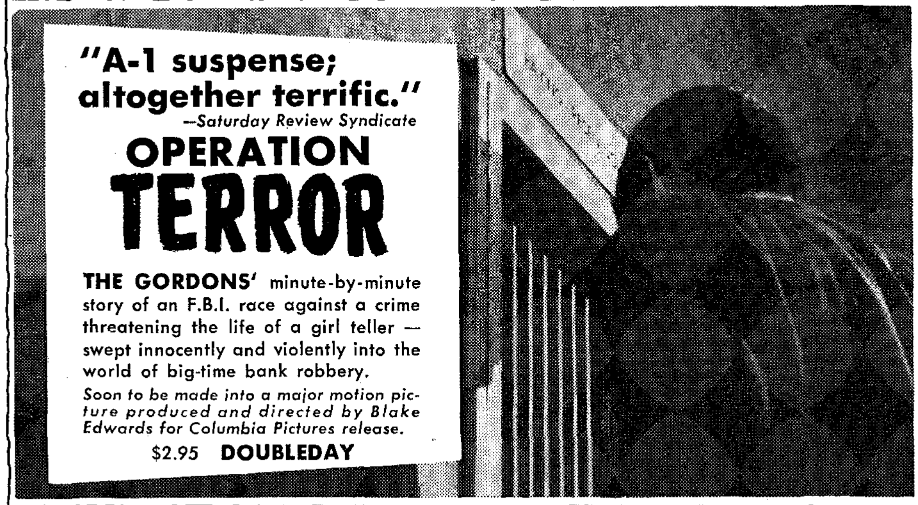
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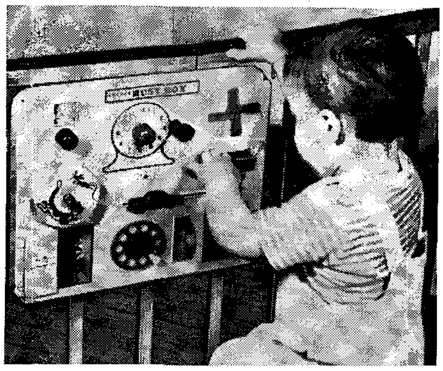

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young gambler who became her husband.

NOTE: "The Stone Arbor," a volume of fourteen short stories by Roger Angell, all of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Little, Brown. . . . McGraw-Hill has issued, under the title "Saturday Lunch with the Brownings," a collection of twelve short stories by Penelope Mortimer. Eight of them were originally printed in this magazine.

GENERAL

TO A YOUNG ACTRESS: THE LETTERS OF BERNARD SHAW TO MOLLY TOMPKINS, edited, and with an introduction, by Peter Tompkins (Clarkson N. Potter). Mrs. Tompkins and her husband, Laurence, both of them Americans, went to England in 1921 to seek out George Bernard Shaw and ask his blessing, for they intended to use their own money to create a perfect Shavian theatre, in which Mrs. Tompkins would act in Shaw's plays. Nothing came of this ambitious plan except a friendship between the Tompkinses and their hero, who took a benign interest in their assorted projects and problems for the rest of his long life, as these letters demonstrate. They are only a fraction of the total Shaw-Tompkins correspondence—all but one of the letters Shaw wrote to Laurence have vanished, as have the letters the Tompkinses wrote to Shaw—but they make sense by themselves, with the aid of clear notes by the editor, who is the Tompkinses' son. Shaw was just as funny and stimulating writing privately as he was when he wrote for publication. His letters contain good advice on how to get along in the theatre, and marvellous advice on how to get along in the world: "A malicious fool thinks everybody else a malicious fool. Beware of such fools." "The art of saying No in a convincing manner . . . is the most useful accomplishment in the world." "One of the first arts of life is to have no delicacy about money." An enchanting and educational book. Photographs.

THE BLIZZARD OF '88, by Irving Werstein (Crowell). An East Side, West Side, all-around-the-town account of the celebrated out-of-season storm that struck New York City (and most of the Atlantic seaboard) in the early hours of March 12, 1888, destroying twenty million dollars' worth of property, killing some two hundred

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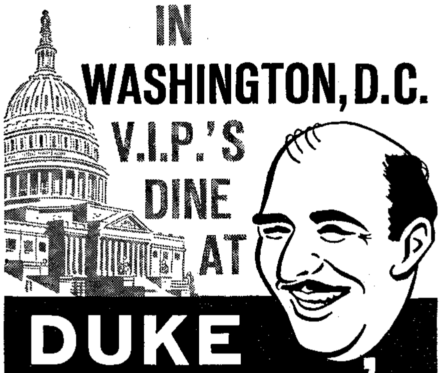

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people, and making the fortunes of hack drivers, street cleaners, and saloonkeepers. Mr. Werstein has done a thorough job of ransacking the newspaper files and personal memoirs of the period and has organized his material well enough, and though we might wish that his powers of expression equalled his industry, the result is nevertheless an entertaining book. Illustrated with contemporary drawings and photographs.

THE GODS WERE NEUTRAL, by Robert Crisp (Norton). Mr. Crisp, a South African journalist serving as a lieutenant in the Royal Tank Regiment, was a member of the British expeditionary force that was rushed to Greece in March, 1941, in a doomed attempt to halt the Nazi sweep through the Balkans. His squadron reached the front, near the mountainous Yugoslavian border, just in time to turn tail ("We were a defeated army without having had a fight"), drop everything, and run. This book is a glimpse in microcosm—a view from the turret of a shambling tank—of that bloody and bewildered rout, and it is an indelible one. Highly recommended. Photographs and two end-paper maps.

ONE WEEK IN MARCH, by Mark Sherwin and Charles Lam Markmann (Putnam). Another of those arbitrary books, invented rather than written, in which a date in recent history is seized upon, records are sifted, and the reader is invited to an orgy of collateral facts. For this one, the authors have chosen the first week in March, 1933—the week in which Franklin D. Roosevelt took office for the first time, in which the bank holiday was declared, and in which the Nazis came to real power in Germany. Like most books of the genre, the present one is diverting enough, in an idle fashion, but one cannot help feeling that the historians do this kind of thing better. Illustrations.

VERSE

SWINBURNE: A SELECTION, compiled, and with an introduction, by Dame Edith Sitwell (Harcourt, Brace). Dame Edith does her best, by sympathetic comment on Swinburne's life and delicate analysis of his work, to bring him into direct relation with the great line of English verse. Her introduction, filled with delightful quotations from Pound and Maritain, Richard Wagner, Longinus, and

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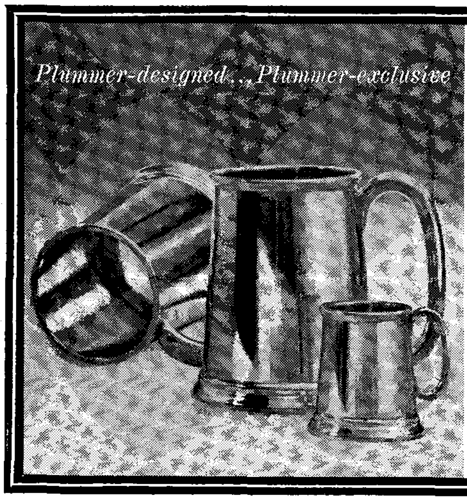

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LITTLE, BROWN

MAN OF ONE'S TIME

One of the great debates of modern times—most often discussed in literary circles but actually having far broader implications—is whether one should be *engagé* or *dégagé*, whether to participate in the affairs of men or to be a bystander, whether to be involved or deliberately uninvolved.

The question may be in good part academic because we are all involved willy-nilly. Still, how we choose to be involved is up to each of us individually. Surely to be men of our time, to be alive in the fullest sense of the word, implies a willingness not only to stand up and be counted but also to engage in some activity in which we believe.

At the risk of sounding pompous, may we suggest investing? The usual motive for buying securities is, of course, to make money, and we're all for that. But owning shares in American business also implies that the investor is willing to run a risk in order to have a stake in the future of our capitalistic system. There is no reason why profit and principle should not coincide.

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many others, not only describes Swinburne's nature and accomplishment but goes on to evoke the essential and timeless power of poetry itself. Her selections, although they omit Swinburne's more revolutionary and blasphemous moments, are well chosen, and "Atalanta in Calydon" is given complete. The poetry still remains fixed in its period, however; Swinburne does not carry over from his time into ours, as Blake, to whom Dame Edith compares him, continues to do. But it is a pleasure to have him presented with so much generous affection.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF CANADIAN VERSE, chosen, and with an introduction, by A. J. M. Smith (Oxford). This remarkably interesting anthology is the first to present Canadian poems in both French and English, and place them side by side in chronological order. The editor, himself a prominent figure in the contemporary Canadian literary situation, has outlined in his introduction, with much skill and insight, the development of Canadian poetry from its beginnings, in pioneer times in the early nineteenth century, through the derivative period that characterizes all colonial writing, to the late nineteenth century, when distinctive voices began to be heard. At present, poets writing in either language have fully assimilated the modern poetic idiom, often in a brilliant and independent manner. Mr. Smith points out that the psychological subtlety noticeable in the Canadian modern poems in English is balanced and reinforced by the spiritual delicacy of those written in French, and he looks forward to a future in which the "eclectic detachment" of the newest Canadian schools will continue to be used with "intelligence and discrimination." The accomplished work of the youngest generation, here included, certainly reinforces his prediction.

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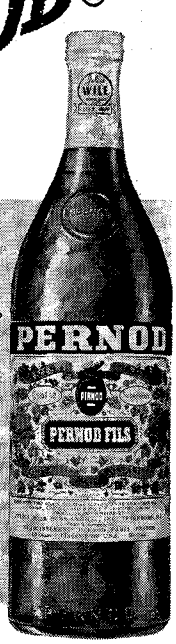

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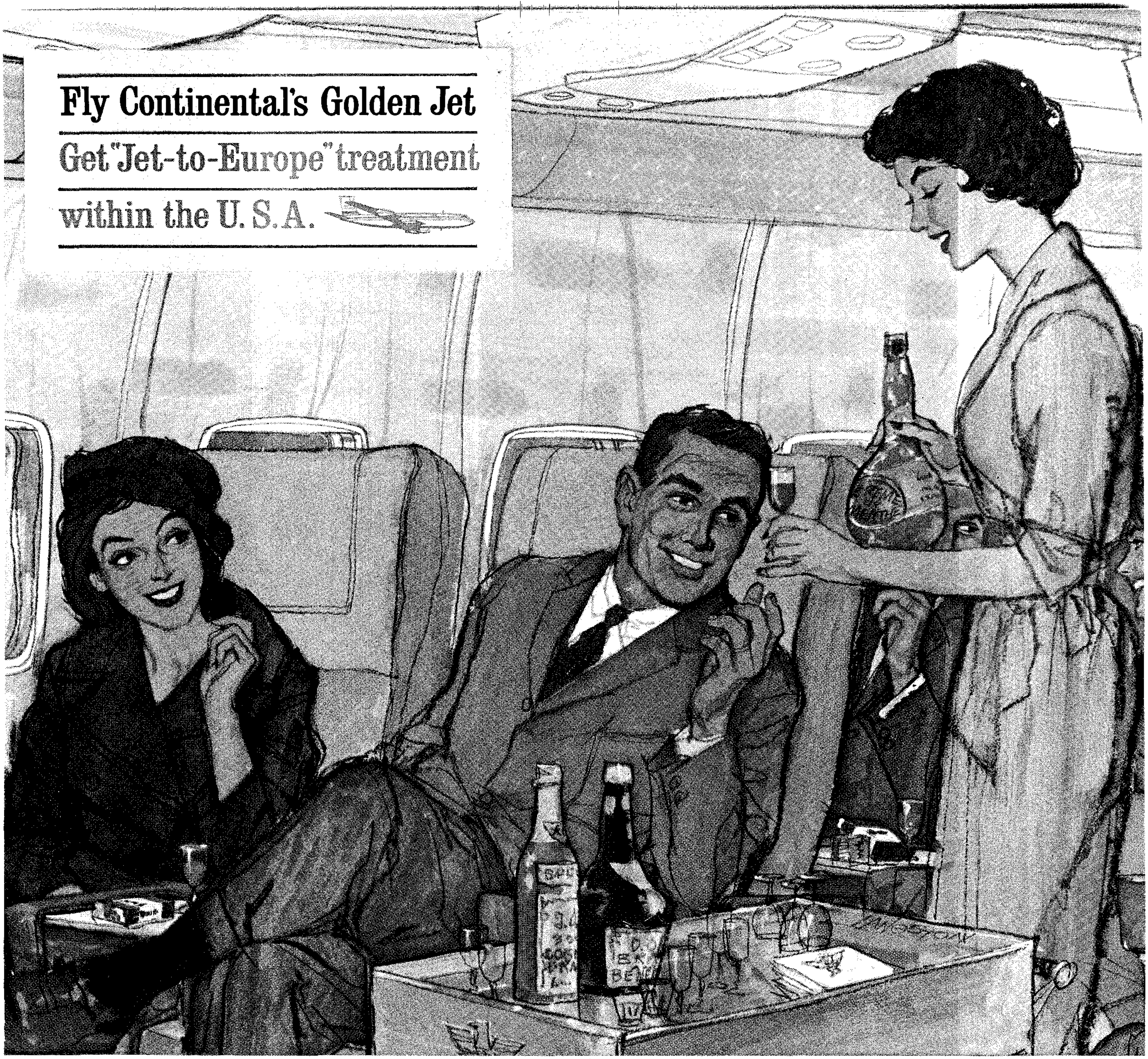

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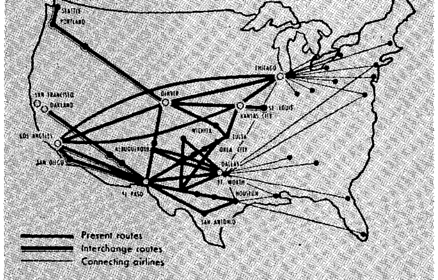
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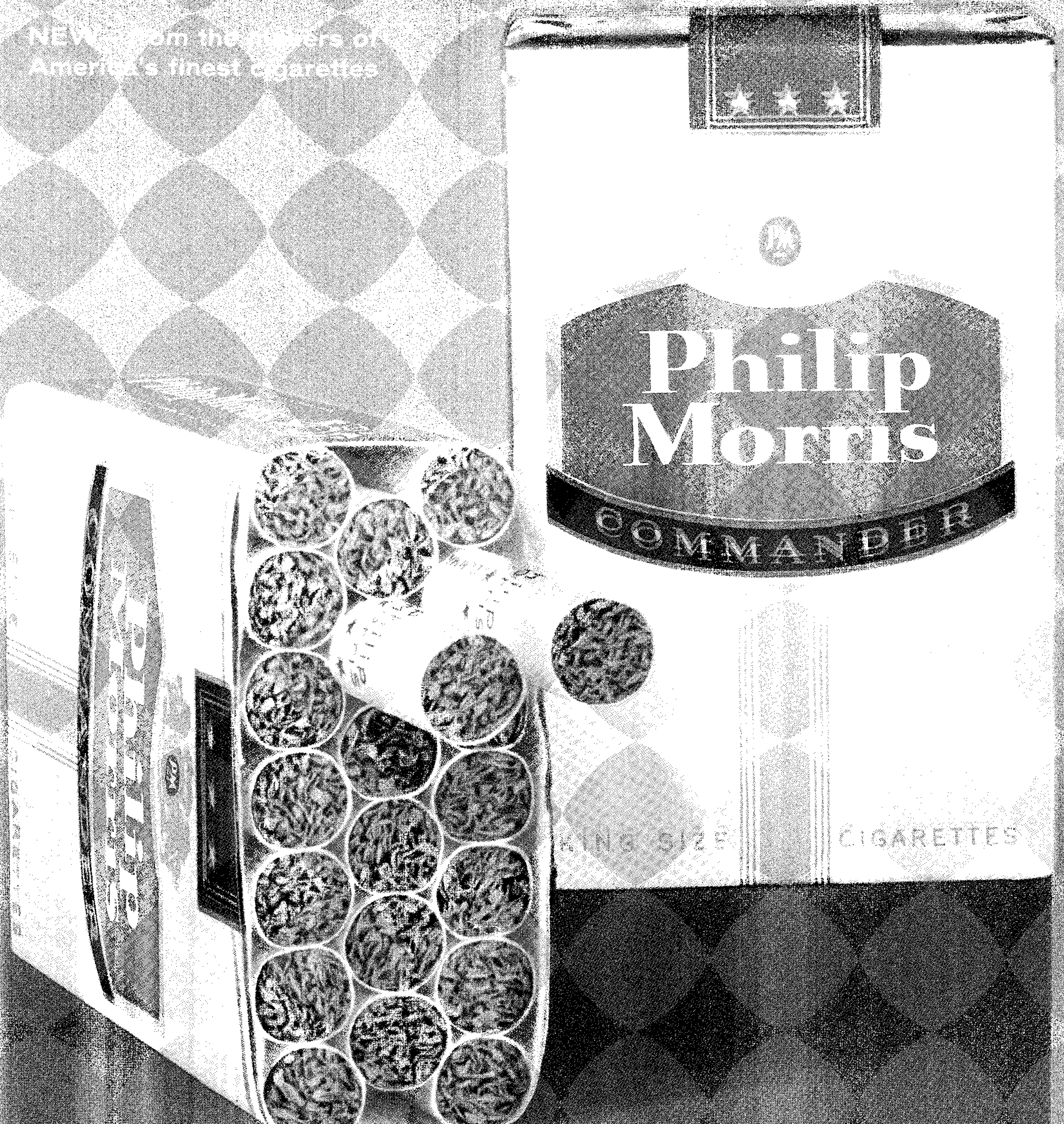

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